Vol. XXVI. No. 102 June 1937

STUDIES

An Irish Quarterly Review

I. Corporative Organization of Society .. *Denis O'Keeffe*
II. Stephen MacKenna and Plotinus .. *John Murray*
III. Policy of Carlism in Spain .. .. *A. A. Parker*
IV. Paul von Hindenburg .. *Daniel A. Binchy*
V. Irish Bardic Poems—No. 42 .. *Lambert McKenna*
VI. Castlereagh .. .. *Philip Hughes*
VII. Brave Days at Cambridge .. .. *Henry V. Gill*
VIII. Alfred Noyes on Voltaire .. .. *Mary Ryan*
IX. On Revisiting Soviet Russia .. .. *Violet Conolly*
X. From Swinburne to the Moderns .. *J. J. Hogan*
XI. Some French Impressions .. .. *V. M. Crawford*
XII. Reviews of Books

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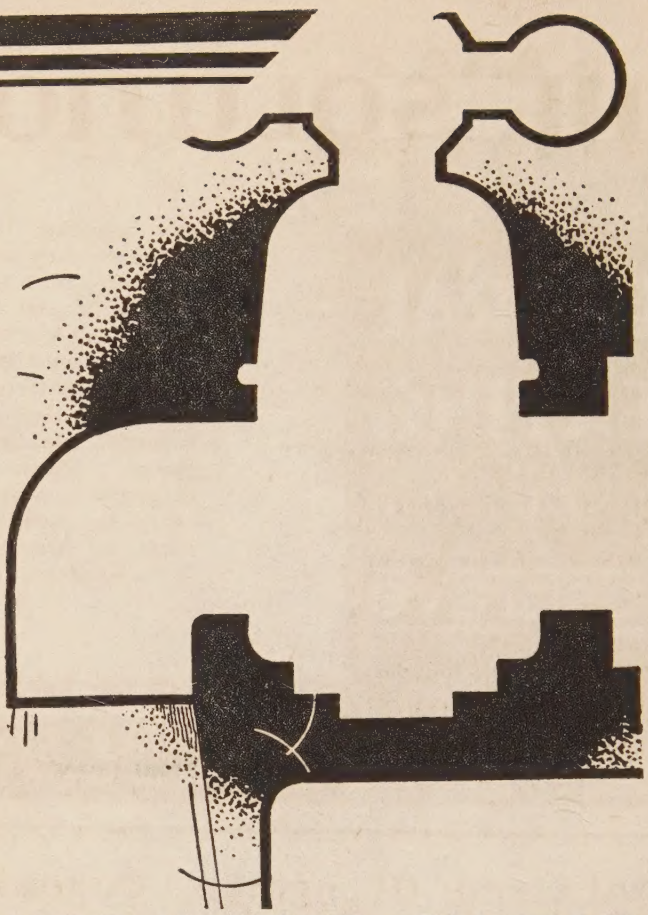

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VOL. XXVI No. 102

STUDIES

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JUNE 1937

CONTENTS

			PAGE
I.	CORPORATIVE ORGANIZATION OF SOCIETY	*Rev. Prof. Denis O'Keeffe, M.A.*	177
II.	STEPHEN MACKENNA AND PLOTINUS	*John Murray, S.J.*	190
III.	HISTORY AND POLICY OF CARLISM IN SPAIN ...	*A. A. Parker, M.A.*	207
IV.	PAUL VON HINDENBURG ...	*Professor Daniel A. Binchy, M.A. Ph.D.*	223
V.	IRISH BARDIC POEMS—No. 42	*Lambert McKenna, S.J.*	243
VI.	CASTLEREAGH	*Fr. Philip Hughes*	249
VII.	BRAVE DAYS AT CAMBRIDGE	*Henry V. Gill, S.J.*	267
VIII.	ALFRED NOYES ON VOLTAIRE	*Professor Mary Ryan, M.A.*	281
IX.	ON REVISITING SOVIET RUSSIA	*Violet Conolly, D.Econ.Sc.*	297
X.	FROM SWINBURNE TO THE MODERNS ...	*Professor J. J. Hogan, M.A., B.Litt.*	310
XI.	SOME FRENCH IMPRESSIONS	*Virginia M. Crawford*	316

XII. REVIEWS OF BOOKS :

Baron von Hügel, 321.—Autobiography of G. K. Chesterton, 323.—G. K. Chesterton : A Portrait, 323.—Blessed Agnellus and the English Grey Friars, 326.—Dialogue of Complaint against Tribulation, 326.—Mother Margaret Mostyn, 326.—Safeguarding Mental Health, 327.—Education with a Tradition, 328.—Histoire de l'Eglise, 329.—Cambridge Medieval History, 331.—English Monks and the Suppression of the Monasteries, 333.—The Foundation of Australia, 336.—Irish Saints in Italy, 337.—Die italienische Platonrenaissance, 339.—Neoplatonism of the Italian Renaissance, 339.—Aesthetics and Psychology, 341.—Art and Morality, 341.—Realization : A Philosophy of Poetry, 343.—Die Geistesstroemungen der Gegenwart, 344.—Les Races humaines, 345.—Le Destin des Races blanches, 345.—Heroisch, 347.—The Mystic Life of Graces, 348.—Dictionary of Writers of Thirteenth Century England, 349.—Fakirs et Yogis des Indes, 349.—Historic Cyprus, 350.—Le Pèlerin de Paris, 351.

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THE CORPORATIVE ORGANISATION OF SOCIETY

BY REV. DENIS O'KEEFFE, M.A.

Professor of Politics, University College, Dublin

Dr. Johannes Messner: *Die berufständische Ordnung.* (Tyrolia. 1936. RM. 11.50).
Albert Muller, S.J.: *La Politique Corporative.* (Rex. 1935. pp. 223).
[Various Authors]: *L'Organisation Corporative. Semaines sociales de France.* Angers, 1935. (Gabalda. 1936. 30fr.)
Roland Pré: *Le Bilan du Corporatisme.* (Librairie Technique et Economique. 1936. pp. 214).

THE literature of what the French conveniently call "*Corporatisme*" is immense and is constantly growing. Like all such literature, it varies greatly in quality. Much of it is frankly propagandist and uncritical, concerned in exploiting the so-called Corporative State. It is not very engaging or persuasive reading, and is to be avoided if one can detect it in time. Much again seems to emanate from persons, pious but uninformed, who, having got hold of an idea—or perhaps one should say a *word*—seem satisfied that all our pressing social problems are solved. There are, however, many able books which will repay careful reading. The whole problem is full of difficulty, and it will take some time before its bearings and significance can be realised. Yet it is certainly very remarkable that so many political theorists and practical statesmen are convinced that, in some such organisation of society or of the State is to be found the solution of many economical and social problems.

Of the books at the head of this article Dr. Messner's is an admirable exposition of the philosophical and sociological basis of the theory. It discusses with solid learning the relations of vocational organisations to the political, to the economic and to the social order. Father Muller's book is a detailed study of the many attempts to apply the Corporative system in European countries. *L'Organisation Corporative* gives a series of papers read at the "Semaines sociales de France" at Angers, in 1935. Naturally, for readers outside

Men are dangerous in their diversity and especially in their organised diversity. It is better to mould all of them into simple citizens or comrades. Such theories either reject or fail to appreciate that it is precisely the function of the State to form a unity without sacrificing man's infinite variety of talent and to include within the great society the lesser societies which so enlarge individual personality.

Curiously enough, from another side, individualist theories, although favourable to the promotion of personal talent, have been unfriendly to the group or corporative idea. They look upon the group as hampering the free play of individual initiative, particularly in the economic sphere. The individual is supposed to have a shrewd idea of his own interests and to fare best if he is allowed to further them in his own fashion. It is a matter of history that the dominance of the *laissez faire* view in economics helped to lead to the collapse of the guild system. The survival of individualist views, psychological and social, is one of the factors which makes the introduction of a corporative system difficult, although it is now generally recognised that nothing is more dangerous to the individual than individualism.

It is interesting to contrast with such theories the doctrines of the Encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno* :—"The aim of social legislation must therefore be the re-establishment of vocational groups. . . . . For as nature induces those who dwell in close proximity to unite into municipalities, so those who practise the same trade or profession, economic or otherwise, combine into vocational groups. These groups, in a true sense autonomous, are considered by many to be, if not essential to civil society, at least its natural and spontaneous development."

There is something more menacing to society than any political theories, however influential. To whatever causes it may be due, the tendency of society, in all the industrialised countries, to split into rigorously delimited *classes* is a dominant feature of the nineteenth century and of what is called, somewhat ambiguously, the capitalist system. Society arranged itself, as it were, along horizontal lines of cleavage. The working-classes, the so-called proletariat, came to be dis-

tinguished from the bourgeois class or classes. In reality, there may be no genuine discontinuity, but there is sufficient diversity to give the impression of it. In so far as the proletariat won the right to organise itself, it formed unions or syndicates to try to vindicate its rights. The employers formed analogous associations. And society found itself organised for the purposes of a class-war. It is a fundamental conception in Marx's theory of Communism that this splitting-up of society into classes is a *necessary* result of the capitalist system. The bourgeois State inevitably implies this division into classes and exists for the purpose of exploiting one class for the benefit of the other. The system is in no sense voluntary. It presupposes no genuine element of will. Men may seem to make history, but historical development is in fact the result of the working of economic forces over which they have no control. There exists a rigid economic determinism, and the factors which determine production determine all the other features of society—religious, philosophical, moral, cultural and legal.

Whatever may be thought of this "materialist interpretation of history"—and it has certainly the odd quality of being incompatible with its own truth—it may be admitted that class division is in fact a feature of modern society. Society before the Industrial Revolution was not, in this unique sense, a class society. No doubt the division into classes was a feature of it—it is a feature of all societies—but it did not then totally dominate industrial society. Under the guild system, society tended to arrange itself rather along perpendicular than along horizontal lines. The masters, the craftsmen, the apprentices and so forth all belonged to the same vocational group or guild. The common interests of the group rather than the particular interests of each section of it were dominant. The arrangement was by no means perfect, nor did it work without friction and injustice. It is easy to idealize it. But when all is said that may be said against it—and a very great deal may be and has been so said—it fulfilled a useful function for hundreds of years. And it still appeals to many modern minds as the possible solution for some of the evils of our times.

Admittedly it is impossible to go back. History, whatever else it may be, is irreversible. Yet there is in society a community as well as a diversity of interests, and society may be saved without reducing it to a common level and sacrificing all differences of quality. One must despair if society does not contain within itself the impulses and forces which are necessary for its own preservation. The problem is to bring the impulses and forces into activity. A classless society, even if it were possible, is no solution. Society must, in the nature of things, be hierarchical. All governments, it has been plausibly argued, are aristocracies of one kind or another. And it is to be feared that a classless society, in the common meaning of the term, would involve, in Byron's phrase, "an aristocracy of blackguards." But it should be realised that the problem of the corporative organisation of society is enormously difficult. Almost all problems of practical statesmanship—especially problems concerned with the initiation of institutions—tend to be overwhelming. And it may also be freely granted that too much of the literature of the corporative movement is of the hortatory type, too much easy optimism and too little realisation of the practical difficulties. The wisdom of the philosopher is necessary, but it cannot be a substitute for the insight of the statesman—the rarest of rare gifts. "All those," says Bacon, "who have written of laws have written either as philosophers or as lawyers, and none as statesmen. As for the philosophers, they make imaginary laws for imaginary commonwealths, and their discourses are as the stars, which give little light because they are so high. As for the lawyers, they write according to the states where they live what is received law, and not what ought to be law; for the wisdom of a lawmaker is one, and of a lawyer is another."

Apart, however, from theory, there is in almost all European countries a definite movement towards some form or other of corporative organisation. The variety of systems examined in Father Muller's book is very impressive. The most elaborate machinery—if one may call it so—is that of the Italian Corporative State. It has been gradually perfected

and adapted to meet changing problems with quite remarkable skill. It is curious to notice that the corporation, which was regarded by historians like Gierke, Maitland and Lord Acton as the ultimate bulwark of individual freedom, is in this system converted into a technique for realising and perpetuating autocracy. For that is what in fact it is. The details of this impressive organisation are neither interesting nor suggestive for anyone who believes in human freedom or initiative. They are ingenious variations on the theme of bureaucratic control. They may have ample historical justification as a means of escaping greater evils. And it is intensely interesting to speculate upon their possible permanence or their enduring qualities. If at any stage they collapse, what will replace them? The complete centralisation of control, however, is fatal to human liberty. In the hands of able men it may secure immediate results of great value, but no device for securing a constant succession of able and disinterested politicians has hitherto been discovered. History shows that autocracies may last for a long time, but whether this is possible under modern conditions it is difficult to determine. The study of these Totalitarian States and their organisation has more interest perhaps for political psychology than for political theory, since so far they are peculiarly weak on the theoretical side. A weakness on the side of theory, it must be admitted, is no bar to immediate political success. How far men in groups are swayed by ideas, what part reason plays and what part emotion is much disputed.

The Totalitarian State in the modern world is a reaction against the greater danger of Communism, but a reaction which in certain directions arrives at similar results. The experts assure us that the Marxian theory is bad philosophy, bad history, bad economics, and yet it has almost upturned society. Its logical appeal to competent scholars may be negatory. But it makes an enormous psychological appeal to the propertyless classes because, as Professor Laski points out, it seems to them to be a fair account of the experience of life that they have themselves encountered. It puts before them an ideal and holds out a hope. That the

ideal is unattainable and the hope illusory it takes time to discover. The Totalitarian States have taken over something of this same technique. "Communisme et fascisme sont des mystiques." Much that is irrational, much that is foolish and even ludicrous in the propaganda of the Totalitarian States may be explained by their effort to substitute for the psychological appeal of Communism an appeal of an analogous type—an appeal to nationality, to tradition, to racial pride, to history, even to an absurd ethnology or mythology. For such States, subordinate groups and corporations are useful not as a means of giving expression to a great variety of experience or to enable every man's personality to find adequate realisation in the work of the State. They are merely an instrument of discipline and a means by which the decrees of a central authority, wise or unwise, permeate through the masses.

That the final remedy of social and economic ills is to be found in bureaucratic organisations of this kind is difficult to believe. It would be absurd to deny that something may be accomplished in this way. A great deal has been accomplished. But much is sacrificed; above all, individual initiative and human freedom. Freedom cannot be regarded as the end of the State, because it is not an end but a power or faculty—and therefore a beginning. Still it is perhaps the most important of all means to the good life. St. Thomas emphasises the fact that man is made in the image of God precisely because he is intellectual, endowed with free will, and capable of personal initiative. It may be conceded that bureaucratic methods are less antipathetic to peoples who have a bureaucratic tradition. But the gathering of all power into the hands of the government—which means in practice into the hands of a small group of politicians—is in the end fatal to a progressive society. Freedom is the growing force of society, and without it a people will tend to remain in an infantile condition. State regulation is vital to society, but so is individual initiative. And one of the results which a genuine corporative organisation of society should be designed to achieve is a devolution of powers from the State to the

smaller vocational groups. Catholic theorists seem universally to favour autonomous groups, growing out of the free functioning of society rather than the direct offspring of the State. The entire criticism of the totalitarian idea in the *Quadragesimo Anno* is worthy of the most careful study. Here I can only quote the concluding passage :—

"There are some who fear that the state is substituting itself in the place of private initiative, instead of limiting itself to necessary and sufficient help and assistance. It is feared that the new syndical and corporative institution presents an exclusively bureaucratic and political character, and that, notwithstanding the general advantages referred to above, it risks serving particular political aims rather than contributing to the initiation of a better social order."

If the corporations or vocational groups are not to be the direct creation of the government, how are they to arise? There can be no single or simple answer to such a question. There is no such thing as a universal corporative structure suited to all occupations and professions and to all countries. And there is much wisdom in the words of M. Duthoit, in the opening lecture at Angers :

"It would be rash to identify Catholicism with solutions, technical and doubtless of a provisional nature, which are always open to attack in some direction or other." An admirable counsel only too often neglected. The root of the difficulty is obvious enough. It is almost impossible to improvise readymade institutions with much hope of success. Successful political institutions are the slow growth of time. They embody tradition and history. The most carefully devised institutions of an artificial type are apt to encounter unforeseen obstacles. A classical instance which will occur to everyone is the Constitution of Weimar. It is, therefore, an obvious maxim of prudence to build upon institutions which already exist. There seems to be general agreement amongst Catholic writers that where unions already exist for the protection of the worker or for the organisation of industry, they must be rather strengthened than abolished. It would be quite fatal to any system, in democratic countries, to give

the least suspicion that it proposes to interfere with the independence of such organisations. Even in Italy a pretence is made of retaining the voluntary unions. It seems equally fatal to interfere with individual initiative in particular industries. The nerve of the problem is so to combine control with initiative as to secure the good effects of both. Vocational groups can only be successful if members can be got to realise their solidarity and community of interest. Unless there *is* such community of interest, the problem is insoluble.

The Catholic system—based on the teaching of the Encyclical—aims at autonomous, freely-formed vocational groups to which the State will devolve certain social and economic functions. What these functions are to be cannot be determined by any rigid principles. These are problems of detail which call for the careful consideration of experts. There are obvious limitations to the vocational control of industry. Industries live and advance by elements of individual initiative which must necessarily limit any attempts at group-control. But there is, apart from this, a sphere of common interest, problems social and economic to which vocational organisations can contribute. They can be successful only if they abolish the proletariat as a class—" campé mais non installé dans la nation "—and give a new dignity and a new social status to the worker. Discussion of this general type is necessarily somewhat trite, although a realisation of general principles is essential to bring about a change of heart in society.

To fail to recognise that the whole subject bristles with difficulties would be naive. When one realises how great and how obvious these difficulties are, it is most impressive to discover the wide scale upon which some form or other of corporative organisation has been attempted. In Father Muller's book corporative organisations are described in almost all the important European countries except England. Some writers regard President Roosevelt's " New Deal " as proceeding along corporative lines. Professional economists seem to have taken little notice of the movement or to be unfavourable. Father Muller gives an excerpt from the report of the Congrès des Economistes, meeting at Paris in 1934, in which

the problem was raised. The question was asked whether any of the economists present viewed the corporative system with favour : " Cette éprouve a été concluante : personne n'a pris la parole pour préconiser le corporatisme. . . . Le corporatisme peut être une façade qui couvre la dictature : au point de vue économique on ne voit même pas à quoi il peut répondre."

This, I think, tends to show that the problems which now confront society are wider and deeper than mere economic problems, and it is perhaps intelligible that economists should hesitate about any suggested solution. It is not a sufficient answer to urge that economists are now discredited, that their obvious blunders in the past or the inadequacy of their present knowledge make their opinion negligible. Knowledge of such complicated problems will always be inadequate, but expert knowledge must always get due weight in problems into which expert knowledge enters. Economic categories, however, are not the ultimate criteria of human values. And it is now only too clear that society must not be constructed merely for the " economic man." Presumably if economic categories – or the dominant economic thought of the moment—collide with deeper human and moral needs, society can no longer follow the path of *laisser faire* and sacrifice human lives and human happiness to a theory. But it is part of the corporative idea that there is, in the long run, no insoluble contradiction between man's general happiness and his economic efficiency, and that such collisions as seem to occur are merely apparent or transitory.

The difficulties which confront the corporative movement in England and in countries which are in the English tradition have their roots in causes economical, political and psychological. Communism has not hitherto been in British countries the menace that it is in Continental countries. Such labour troubles as have arisen– and some of them, like the General Strike, have been very serious –have been met by the ordinary machinery of government. The necessity for new organisations is not widely felt. The extension of bureaucratic methods and institutions is opposed to the conservatism and the individualism of British tradition. Admittedly there has been

a great growth of bureaucracy in the last century and particularly since the Great War. But it has insinuated itself very slowly and has never replaced the philosophy of individualism. It is viewed with suspicion and criticised as a "New Despotism." Individual freedom has receded, but it is still a dominant factor in the British legal system. It may be plausibly argued too that many of the devices actually used in England to bring employers and workers together—*e.g.*, the Trades Boards—are of a corporative kind. The labour movement in England has not run into extremes like similar Continental movements. Moderation and the spirit of compromise have been operative here as in all spheres of British politics. Professor Laski is of opinion that the causes of this moderation are economic. In a period of expanding trade, such as England experienced all through the nineteenth century, the governing classes have been able to make concessions to the working classes at moments of crisis and so to allay discontent. This can be no longer done. And as a consequence, he thinks, growing discontent is inevitable and the older type of political system will break down. Whether this breakdown will lead to Communism he seems to think is doubtful. Simple explanations of complicated social phenomena are always too narrow. And this seems true of Laski's economical explanation.

Walter Bagehot, writing in the middle of the nineteenth century, was of opinion that the success of the British in working free institutions was psychological. It rested on two qualities of the average Englishman: his deferential character and, curiously enough, his stupidity. In sheer stupidity, he urged, there is nothing to rival the Briton. His deferential character has been responsible for the fact that he has allowed the aristocracy to carry on the government, a task for which the aristocracy was admirably equipped; for it has always been able to throw up men of character and ability. The average Englishman is not interested in political systems and ideas. He is more interested in securing immediate results by a wise compromise than in following out ideas to a logical issue. He is suspicious of ideological schemes. If all this is stupidity, it seems a very valuable form of it. England seems

to trust more to the slow growth of institutions than to those political schemes so dear to revolutionaries—systems of ideas, ready-made constitutions, and so forth, which are to reform mankind and settle the ills of humanity for ever. For these and other reasons the imposition of a corporative system by the Government from above would be difficult, if not impossible, in England. But if the need for it were felt, the British system would enable it to develop voluntarily within the framework of the ordinary law. Professional corporations –as *e.g.*, those governing medical and legal matters—already function admirably. And although the problem is not the same as in the industrial and commercial worlds, the difference is one of degree rather than of kind.

In matters of government I suppose that it may be said that the Irish Free State is broadly in the British tradition. But so far the country has been so little industrialised that we have not encountered the problems which beset other countries in the last hundred years. No doubt we have had manifold troubles of our own. But the economic problems of an agricultural type had been admirably met, if not solved, by a system of individual peasant proprietorship. Being a relatively poor country, we have not those striking disparities of fortune which elsewhere lead to social discontent. There is now practically no capitalist class in the extreme sense and little proletariat. Of course small-scale industry has many troubles of its own, and no doubt we should gain greatly by any system which would bring vocational units together as the corporative system does. I confess that I should not care to see a corporative system imposed upon the country from above by the Government. Independent observers seem to think that we are departing from the British system in a bureaucratic direction. I hope that this conclusion is incorrect. And I doubt if a bureaucratic corporative system would have much chance of success. A voluntary corporative system is much more difficult, just as it is much more valuable. But I cannot in this paper go into the practical problems which it presents. It should not be beyond the powers of voluntary patriotism.

DENIS O'KEEFFE

STEPHEN MacKENNA AND PLOTINUS

BY JOHN MURRAY, S.J.

IT must be embarrassing to have to explain that one is not oneself—or rather that one has been mistaken for some famous namesake. This was no infrequent experience of the Irish Stephen MacKenna, whose work and utterances were at times attributed to the more widely known author of *Sonia*. The confusion had its humorous side. The former had left a short account of a visit paid by himself and Michael Davitt to Count Tolstoi in 1904 when they " saw the Count, looking eminently County, walking his woods, knocked for long at his door, and were at last let in by the Moujik Tolstoi, as Moujiky as in any of the current photographs, to be seated at a table covered, peasant-fashion, with a cloth foul with stains of eggs and coffee—and never, either of us, I think, felt quite easy again about the doctrine trumpeted forth from that stagy shrine." The story was not published at the time, when MacKenna was the continental representative of the *New York World*, but first appeared from the pen of George Russell in the *Irish Statesman* for October 1st, 1927. It aroused the wrath of Tolstoi's English devotees, but that wrath was to be visited upon the novelist. Amusing and charming letters passed between the two MacKennas, in which the innocent party insisted that he rejoiced in the great underlying delusion that " I am or could ever be capable of translating Plotinus. From the confusion that periodically arises, it is I who get the ha'pence, you the kicks. To rise, between novels, to philosophy is accounted to me for grace ; but to lapse from philosophy to novel-writing can be doing your reputation no good. I should like to think that there are material solaces and that you receive volumes of poetry from voracious novel-readers ; one such reached me this summer, inscribed with the name of ' the brilliant translator of Plotinus.' "[1]

[1] *Journal and Letters of Stephen MacKenna*. Edited with a Memoir by E. R. Dodds (Constable. 1936. 18s.), p. 246. All quotations, unless otherwise stated, are from this book.

A later epistle of the Irish S.M.K., as he loved to style himself, written shortly before his death to an American lady who wished to select an anthology of passages from his translation and who not unnaturally had made the same mistake, contains a characteristic and humorously fierce reply: "If I were not on my deathbed, I could write you an amusing book on 30 years of this confusion—the real S.M. accused of my indiscretions. . . . He is a good fellow, and has always forgiven me in lovely letters when I have had to write him excusing myself for innocently spattering him with mud. But I'm not a good fellow, and don't forgive him; for he has two sins: first he's called S.M., and secondly he misspells our lovely and honourable name, degrading it to a Kaffir click-McK (!!), the noble Mac-ness and Enna-ness quite concealed. . . . All which doesn't matter, except that it infuriates me, this perpetual confusion. One of the joys of dying to me will be the end of that" (p. 319).

I have not been guilty of this mis-identification, at least since the day, some ten years ago, when I made the acquaintance of the first four graceful volumes of the translation of Plotinus. These contained five of the six Enneads or series of nine discourses in which Porphyry had arranged his master's works. The fifth, which represented the sixth and longest Ennead, did not appear until 1930 and on its title page the name of MacKenna stood no longer alone; it was linked with that of Dr. B. S. Page. But the simple dedication remained the same in the fifth volume as in the first. Even a stranger could decipher the Gaelic lettering which consecrated the work to the glory of God and the honour of Ireland.[1] Unfortunately the first phrase of this salutation would seem to have had for MacKenna a changed significance in 1930, as will appear later; the second rang as true as ever, though he had left Ireland for England in 1924. From the point of view of book-production the work was a beautiful one; the text was printed on "pure rag mould-made" paper, and the type is a delight to the eye. But this precious format was not the author's choice. He had

[1] Padraic Colum, in a preface to the *Journal and Letters*, states that this sentence "reproduces the most noble of all dedications, that of *The Annals of the Four Masters*."

once written to his brother that he had tried to secure for 1½d. an Aeschylus and a Vergil priced at 1d. each, and was furious with the "brute" of a bookseller who "wouldn't climb down" (p. 187). It was now his opinion that "poetry should be published at 6d. a volume, and I'd like Plotinus for half a crown" (p. 56).

As a translation, MacKenna's *Plotinus* was received by scholars, not of course as something final (the condition of the Plotinian text would hardly permit of that), but with considerable respect. Dean Inge, lecturing at St. Andrew's in 1917–18, though he had then seen only the first slight volume, referred to its "admirably clear and vigorous English" and promised his hearers that they would soon be in possession of "an excellent English version."[1] It was an initial specimen, a rendering of the essay on Beauty (*Ennead I. vi*) issued in a limited edition in 1908 (—MacKenna judged it at the time "a very pleasant piece of English," but thought less of it afterwards—), which four years later attracted the attention of Mr. E. R. (now Sir Ernest) Debenham, who generously provided the material support needed for the larger scheme. The work, writes Professor Dodds, "is one of the few great translations of our day . . . a noble monument to an Irishman's courage, an Englishman's generosity (Debenham's), and the idealism of both" (p. 81). But its claim to permanence rests not so much upon its scholarship (in the restricted sense of that word) as on its literary qualities and its gift of insight into one of the most difficult and least studied thinkers of all time. "In the matter of accuracy," wrote a reviewer in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*, "Mr. MacKenna's translation, which in English at least is pioneer work, is not likely to be final, but for beauty it will never be surpassed" (p. 81). "I do not think," said Sir John Squire, "that any living man has written nobler prose than Mr. MacKenna" (p. 82).[2]

As far as recognition in Ireland is concerned, Yeats announced at the Tailteann Games in 1924 that the Royal Irish Academy had crowned the work and granted a gold

[1] *Philosophy of Plotinus*. 2nd edit. 1923. Vol. i., pp. 16-7.
[2] *Op. cit.*, pp. 81-2.

medal to its author. This MacKenna refused to accept from his repugnance to any connection of things English with Ireland. Later he declined membership of the Academy for the same reason. "I admire the English in England," he wrote to Dodds; "I abhor them in Ireland; and at no time in more than 30 years of my emotional life—alas I'm 53 now—would I ever have accepted anything from Royal Societies or Cawstles or anything with the smell of England on it" (p. 202). Later he wrote to George Russell that he had no wish to be associated with an Irish Academy. "As I grow older and old, I vastly admire and greatly love the English, but more and more I don't want hoof of them or smell of them in Ireland: I grow furiouser and furiouser at what they have done and will do. The only Irish Academy I'd belong to would be one that won't take me, couldn't; it'd be one entirely Irish, Gaelic, not political but simply unable to understand subordinating Ireland to England or Irish letters to English" (p. 301). But for all that he was pleased that George Russell should appreciate his work and declare that it was one of the books he would take up again and again, reading a sentence and brooding over it. "It takes me a long time to read a real book," A.E. wrote, "and your Plotinus is a real book" (p. 208). And MacKenna records with glee that Yeats "glided into a bookshop and dreamily asked for the new Plotinus, began to read there and then, and read on and on till he'd finished (he has really a colossal brain, you know), and now is preaching Plotinus to all his train of attendant duchesses; he told my friend he meant to give the winter in Dublin to Plotinus. To catch two such fish (the second was A.E. or George Russell)—no cods—at one throw is wondrously bucking up" (p. 235).

Richard Harder, a German scholar of repute, wrote as follows in the first volume of his new translation of Plotinus: "If there are to-day perhaps only twenty or thirty men alive who can read this author after a fashion [a slightly too pessimistic view; I know at least five readers of Plotinus, though I grant that my reading, and possibly theirs, is well described as "after a fashion"], that is mainly due to the

present state of Plotinian studies, which are at the stage reached centuries ago in the study of Plato. We have no adequate text, no commentary, no grammar, no lexicon; no other great author of antiquity has been neglected to this degree."[1] If this is so, we might well ask what led MacKenna of all people to undertake the translation of so difficult a thinker. The answer is by no means obvious. And besides, the difficulty is intensified when it is revealed that he was no professional scholar, that his career as bank clerk and vagabond and wandering journalist was scarcely the most direct preparation for such an undertaking and that his only appearance at an academic examination ended in what is termed a "failure." He had matriculated from school in 1889 and remained there to take the "Intermediate"; it was at this moderate test that the man who was later to be counted as "one of the greatest prose writers of our time," was to fail to satisfy the examiners—and, of all subjects, in English. A commentary possibly upon the tribe of examiners; but, when one recalls the tone of some of his later letters, there is a modicum of sympathy for that much maligned class.

Stephen MacKenna was born in England of an Irish father and an Anglo-Irish mother. His father, Captain Stephen Joseph MacKenna, had served in the 28th Infantry in India and under Garibaldi in Italy. After his military adventures he returned to England to the somewhat less romantic task of raising a family to his name and of writing fiction for the young. There were eight sons and two daughters. In his second aim he was less successful; for one of the young Stephen's earliest memories was that of rejected manuscripts pushed through the letter-box of the small suburban house in Liverpool where they lived. He was sent to school to Ratcliffe in Leicestershire, where he played few games, displayed literary gifts that amazed his contemporaries (one of them recalls the renderings he gave of the *Georgics* and the *Antigone* into a well-rounded English), passed the Matriculation and failed the Intermediate. After a few months in a religious novitiate he passed into the service of the Munster and Leinster Bank;

[1] Harder: *Plotins Schriften*, i., p. vii.

this was uncongenial, but it took him at least to Dublin and woke in him a passion for the Irish language and an insight into the Irish soul. In 1896 he turned to journalism, had a wretchedly paid post as reporter in Paris and there came into contact with characters like Maud Gonne, Arthur Lynch and J. M. Synge. They became his intimate friends, and Lynch was to write much later that " the man who knew Synge best was Stephen MacKenna, and Synge's first book bears evident marks of MacKenna's influence or, as I should say perhaps, MacKenna's active help."[1]

The adventurer in MacKenna was not suffered long to remain idle. In 1897 war broke out between Greece and Turkey. He hurried to enlist in the Greek cause and left Paris as a member of a company of volunteers. He laughingly admitted that his co-volunteers were not exactly the cream of Europe—" in fact I imagine that on the whole scum would be the truer word," but (he added) " we were rare good fellows in regard to one another." He saw no real action. Indeed he was no great soldier, another point of resemblance to the great pagan whose works he was one day to translate. For Plotinus too had his one experience of a military campaign, that of the Emperor Gordian against the Persian King, Sapor. It proved a failure. Gordian was assassinated in Mesopotamia and Plotinus was left to return as best he could to Antioch. Amusing stories are recorded of the journalist turned warrior. Put for the first time on sentry duty, he explained to the company officer that he did not understand the situation and was promptly instructed how to hold his rifle and salute. A further story suggests that he was once involved in a fight. As a fat Turk rushed by him in flight, he prodded him with the butt end of his rifle. A moment later he is said to have stopped and murmured : " Pardon, monsieur." But whatever his military exploits, he loved the dramatic quality and vitality of the Greeks' talk and would speak often of the story-telling and dancing under the stars. It is from this date that his love for Greek in all its forms, modern as well as ancient, began to be active. Ten years later he was to write : " I have

[1] *Irish Statesmen*, October 20, 1928.

vowed to give one half hour at least every day, at any cost, to reading Irish and modern Greek alternately. I cannot bear to think of not being able to read Gaelic fluently before I die, and I will not let modern Greek perish off my lips—if only by way of homage to the ancient land and in the faint hope that someday, somehow, I may see it again with clearer eyes and richer understanding" (p. 100).

More vagabond still is the record of his return from the campaign. Arrived at Marseilles after a voyage on a small Greek trading vessel, on which they had relied for their food on the good will of the crew, he set out with a new acquaintance, an American Greek, to walk the 500 miles or so from that city to the capital. Their funds were soon at an end, and they were forced to rely on chance hospitality. Often they were invited by the host of some small café, who would make capital out of them as heroes of the Greek war; but there were occasions when they spent the night in barns or in the company of doubtful tramps. Once they were locked in the vault of the village church, the only local prison that was available; at Lyons they were again in the hands of the gendarmes. It is about this time that MacKenna, in a small commonplace-book, begins to think in accents that are not at all un-Plotinian: "Behind and above the thinking and feeling and willing soul, or souls, is the real Man—the unalloyed soul, which studies and judges the others. It does not so much feel as see that the inferior souls of him, the outer husk of the spirit, feels [actually a good description of the Plotinian sense-psychology]. This is the calm lonely thing, really untroubled by the vagaries of life, which presides over all" (p. 19).

But the Real Man was not yet to be allowed much scope. For ten years more he remained bound to the press, and almost all his life he was an intermittent journalist. In 1898 he was in Dublin, in 1899 in New York, where he associated with a Greek colony, deepened his Hellenism and incidentally almost starved. The next year he was again in Paris, first as a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, then as European representative of the *New York World*. Berlin saw him in 1903; the following winter found him in Russia, where in the

struggle for the Duma he sensed that a new force was being liberated in the world : " There will be an answering change, both direct and by reaction, similar to that set up by the great liberating movements of a hundred years ago " (p. 25). After a spell in Sweden and Hungary he returned once more to Paris. But he was not happy. He hated the less savoury aspect of his profession and considered that this was no job for a self-respecting man. In spare moments he was toiling at translations of Marcus Aurelius and of Pindar and working through Goodwin's *Moods and Tenses*, as he chased the ephemeral across the Continent. His interest in Plotinus, Dodds tells us, appears to have been born in St. Petersburg in that fateful year 1905 ; for it was then that he bought the Creuzer Oxford text and later, in Moscow, the French edition of Didot. Two years afterwards he was to note in his Journal : " Whenever I look again into Plotinus I feel always all the old trembling fevered longing : it seems to me that I must be born for him, and that somehow someday I must have nobly translated him : my heart, untravelled, still to Plotinus turns and drags at each remove a lengthening chain. It seems to me that him alone of authors I understand by inborn sight, I alone of possible translators " (p. 114).

By the time these words were penned, 5 December 1907, he had severed his connection with regular journalism. The final incident is an amusing one, and reveals his character and independence. The owner and editor of the *New York World* had travelled to Europe and expected MacKenna as his continental agent to dance attendance upon him. The latter endured this humiliation, as long as was necessary—that is until his employer departed from Paris for the Riviera. But he had scarcely settled down to enjoy his release, when he received a telegram from the South ordering him to buy six chickens and six ducklings and then hand them over to a valet who was to join his master. This was too much. His career as representative of an important organ of the American press came to an end with the following telegram : " Refuse de vous acheter six poulets et six canetons ; ceci est ma résignation " (p. 32).

Returning to Dublin (he was now married), he resumed his connection with the *Freeman's Journal* and devoted himself to the study of Gaelic and Plotinus. An ardent nationalist and a member of the Gaelic League, he was one of a group of writers who met every week to discuss in Irish the affairs of the world. English was not tolerated ; if words did not exist, they were invented ; a French or German expression might be introduced, but English—never. He dreamed of the complete emancipation of his country, cultural almost more than political, from the influence of the larger island. " I do not know," he wrote in the Journal, " how Ireland is to be freed or built up : I do not know whether it ever can : all I know is that I cannot imagine myself happy in heaven or hell if Ireland, in its soul or in its material state, is to be always English " (p. 131). It was this vision of a deanglicised Ireland that caused him to reject the Treaty as a betrayal. He remained Republican at heart, though the civil war saddened and alarmed him. During the last ten years of his life, spent largely in Hampshire, London and Cornwall, years of failing health and of loneliness, he was perhaps happier in his self-chosen exile than he would have been in Dublin.

The translation of Plotinus was in a real sense a life-work. Commenced in 1908, it was not finished until 1930. The need of earning daily bread, long months of anxious watching by the sick bed of a cherished wife, frequent periods when he was incapable of work—all these delayed him. Had he not felt himself bound by ties of gratitude and duty to his Maecenas, he would certainly have left the task half done ; he did suggest that it should be made over to some professional scholar. He read widely to cultivate a style and thought his own writing poor. But he had definite principles of translation and views concerning the average translator. For what he called " the Verrall-Jebb pseudo-grand days-of-yore-ish sham " he had nothing but scorn ; towards Lang's *Odyssey* he is frankly abusive. A " literal " version, he writes to Debenham, " turns out to be (1) Liddell and Scott English or (2) a bastard English, a horrible mixture of Elizabethan, Jacobean, fairy-tale-ese, Biblicism and modern slang (not slang

of word but, what is worse, of phrase or construction)" (p. 155). He has no use at all for the much earlier efforts of Thomas Taylor, which have "neither English nor fidelity to the Greek nor understanding of the sequence of the thought" (p. 149); and he is scarcely more tender to the new French rendering of Emile Bréhier. "There is one Plotinus and one MacKenna his fidus Achates and only nursing mother." "My work is avowedly tentative, but France and Germany don't seem even to have tented anything at all, but to get down words as nearly representative as possible (*i.e.*, as the dictionaries allow) of the words of Plotinus; the connection of the ideas seems scarcely to have troubled anyone: yet it is the only thing that can give Pls. value to-day" (p. 213). He entertains the comic picture of himself and his colleagues being chased, through the corridors of Heaven for all eternity, by angry originals whose works they have maltreated. In a long note after the version of the First Ennead he declares his purpose and method with greater earnestness:—

> The present translation has been executed on the basic ideal of carrying Plotinus' thought—its strength and its weakness alike—to the mind of the reader of English; the first aim has been the utmost attainable clearness in the faithful, full and unalloyed expression of the meaning; the second aim, set a long way after the first, has been the reproduction of the splendid soaring passages with all their warmth and light. Nothing whatever has been, consciously, added or omitted with such absurd purpose as that of heightening either the force of the thought or the beauty of the expression, except in so far as force and beauty demand a clarity which sometimes must be, courageously, imposed upon the most negligent, probably, of the great authors of the world.

Before we return to the main and final theme, the affinity between MacKenna and the author whom he chose to render into English, it might be good to glance at the surroundings of this strange Bohemian scholar during the later period of his life. His power of conversation had always been remarkable; he spoke like one inspired. At Vinecot, a cottage near Bournemouth, each room was lined with books "except where in spaces hung musical instruments, mostly stringed ones, guitars, mandolines, balalaika . . .; there were Buddhas of all

shapes, sizes and postures . . .; all the doors had been removed so that the rooms led one into another . . . ; some of the rooms had been dark but in all he had had windows made, the glory of which he loved to show you. On the western side of the cottage he had built a sun verandah of glass, where bloomed golden chrysanthemums in profusion " (p. 73). His visitors talked or, more often, listened for hours, drank tea out of mugs of every kind and colour, and would string his guitars for him (a feat he could never manage himself). Even the very proper little suburban house that was his later at Harrow was soon MacKennaized. " The letter box had been made large enough to receive parcels of books without calling anyone to the door, and you could easily put your hand through and unfasten the door as well. Inside, the walls of every room, including the bedroom, were lined with book-shelves that reached from floor to ceiling . . . The collection of Buddhas always increased, and here they were everywhere, on the window sills, in odd corners, and in the kitchen solemnly meditating among the domestic utensils" (p. 79).[1] From this London retreat poverty, an unrelenting companion, drove him forth to a Cornish village where in a workman's cottage he spent his last two years. When his health allowed, he rode to the moors on a curious motor tricycle that he styled his " pram " and made friends, as he had always been able to do, with the local children. He read still, though less on classical subjects (he now spoke disparagingly of his work), devoting some of his time to economics and labelling himself " a non-statistical socialist or bolshevist or something like that." An operation in 1933 sapped his vitality further ; and though he survived a second, early in the next year, he died soon after it in the Royal Northern Hospital in Holloway Road. The surgeons' verdict was that he had no longer the will to live. A late letter written from hospital in the dreary December days of 1933 (almost the last he scribbled) is heavy with homesickness for Cornish peace. " Not one moment of blue sky yet : sun sometimes, shining prettily on snow on roofs, but never once a gleam of blue : a red rose berry spray flung

[1] *J. and L.*, pp. 73-4 ; 79-80, from descriptions provided by Miss Margaret Nunn.

against a Cornish sky—that with health and wealth and virtue and a guitar and a few thousand books—what more does man want here below?" (p. 324).

A man of genius, and yet so strangely ill-qualified for the task he undertook. What was his inspiration? Was it enthusiasm for all things Greek, the result of his period in that land's service? Hardly this. He was no uncritical admirer; he found evidence of incompleteness and blundering in all the Hellenic dramatists and reserved unstinted praise only for Plato, Pindar and Greek sculpture. Even Plotinus he found over-idealistic, remote from too many common problems: "He builds the soul a fairy palace: enchanted, you follow him through the lovely labyrinthine structure; you mount, breathless, by successive stairways of the spirit, each more pure, more tenuous, more aspiring than the last—but sooner or later there comes a time when you ask yourself where the W.C. is" (p. 70). Was his motive, perhaps, the desire of having ever at hand a serious piece of work that would discipline his changing and elusive mind? In part this was so. The translation was written and re-written, as many as three or four times. His literary labour recalls the last chapter of Ennead I. vi, as he rendered it, where Plotinus is dealing, not however with the composition of a masterpiece, but with the preparation of the soul for its ascent to the world of Nous and God:—

> Withdraw into yourself and look. And if you do not find yourself beautiful yet, act as does the creator of a statue that is to be made beautiful: he cuts away here, he smoothes there, he makes this line lighter, this other purer, until a lovely face has grown upon his work. So do you also: cut away all that is excessive, straighten all that is crooked, bring light to all that is overcast, labour to make all one glow of beauty and never cease chiselling your statue, until there shall shine out on you from it the godlike splendour of virtue, until you shall see the perfect goodness surely established in the stainless shrine.[1]

But it was after all the "lovely labyrinthine structure" and the "successive stairways of the spirit" that attracted him. For though born and brought up in the Catholic faith

[1] Ennead, I, vi. 9 (MacKenna, Vol. i, p. 88).

and outwardly practising it until the death of his wife, he does not appear to have felt the strength and value of that faith, but found a ' natural ' substitute in a pagan thinker.[1] Plotinus was the schoolmaster who brought the heathen Augustine to Christ; for the Christian MacKenna he was the pedagogue who offered him an alternative subject. He could still appreciate the beauty of liturgy and ceremonial. The Good Friday morning service in Westminster Cathedral left him " quivering often with emotion for the beauty of the ceremonies and their old meaning and all the old human *ripae ulterioris amor* they tell of "; and he discovers " far more religion in a Mass, the lowest, with its silences and mystic gestures, or the highest with its gorgeously symbolic ceremonies and its majestic music . . . than in all the Book of Common Prayer, which (though beautiful, often, in literature) seems religiously quite numbed—quite outside the meaning of religion, the awed personal search."[2]

The phrase " awed personal search " is a Plotinian echo. For Plotinus the main interest of philosophy as well as of religion is the ascent of the soul to the realm of Nous (MacKenna insisted upon the cumbrous rendering " Intellectual Principle "; Dean Inge is content with the shorter word " Spirit "), to the Absolute or God. Man's path to goodness is within. External things cannot give him happiness. He must centre his thought upon himself, upon that within him which is in contact with and indeed is part of the Divine. Evil is not positive. It is something foreign to the soul, alien matter that has gathered round it to soil and outrage it: such filth or grime must be washed away in order that the soul's native beauty may be seen. The soul must then be scoured and purified, that is, freed from desires and passions and from

[1] Our main source of information concerning Plotinus is the short life composed by his disciple Porphyry, which may be found in English on pages 1 to 28 of MacKenna's first volume. The philosopher was born at the beginning of the third century A.D. By birth an Egyptian, he studied at Alexandria, which by then had taken the place of Athens as the intellectual centre of the Roman Empire. A life of study and contemplation was but once interrupted, and that by the unlucky expedition of Gordian into Persia. In 244 Plotinus went to Rome, where he taught and later wrote until his painful death some twenty-five years later in a country house in Campania.

[2] Letter 36, p. 207. This letter is to his brother, Robert MacKenna, who, after serving in the Marines and the Imperial Yeomanry, settled in New Zealand, where he became a minister of the English Church.

everything that has settled upon it as a result of too intimate contact with the body. Virtue is primarily a *Κάθαρσις*, a process of purification, of detachment from the body and from earthly activity and interests.

In turning away from exterior occupations the soul must glance, not upward towards God, but inwards to the very centre of its being; and there, enthroned within, it will experience the spiritual world and God, who or which (for the Absolute of Plotinus is not a personal God in the Christian sense but super-personal, transcending even personality) is its goal and crown. It should be an inward vision, the finding of the true self and, in and through that self, contact with God. It is no mere self-analysis, but a penetrating through superficial layers of life to the real core within. The core is soul, and soul is not only in communion with God, it mirrors and contains God and the Spiritual Realm. Therefore the first step is an inward one. The soul must enter into itself, possess itself, translate into reality what is latent in its powers. It is the Christian idea of detachment, a withdrawal from everything that can hinder the soul's ascent. The soul has its "awed personal search"; it must go in quest of God—but within. "We must ascend towards the Good," Plotinus tells us, "the desire of every soul"; and MacKenna has in this passage caught some of the deepest harmonies of English rhythm :—

> Even the desire of it is to be desired as a good. To attain it is for those that will take the upward path, who will set all their forces towards it, who will divest themselves of all that we have put on in our descent . . . until, passing on the upward way, all that is other than the God, each in the solitude of himself shall behold that solitary-dwelling existence, the Apart, the Unmingled, the Pure, that from which all things depend, for which all look and live and act and know, the Source of Life and Being . . . It is for this that the sternest and the uttermost combat is set before the soul : all our labour is for this, lest we be left without part in this noblest vision, which to attain is to be blessed in the blissful sight, which to fail of is to fail utterly For not he that has failed of the joy that is in colour or in visible forms, not he that has failed of power or of honours or of kingdom has failed, but only he that has failed of only this, for whose winning he should renounce kingdom and command over earth and ocean and sky, if only,

spurning the world of sense from beneath his feet and straining to this, he may see.[1]

A wonderful passage, both in Greek and in English. The soul that thus emancipates itself from contact with material things will recognise that there exists superior to it a realm of Nous or Intellect or Spirit. This is the equivalent of the Platonic World of Ideal Forms, that are at once the source of all reality and the objects of every act of knowledge. But, to be brief, Plotinus insists that the Absolute is not the Supreme Being, but something higher even than this; not the object of the loftiest knowledge, but beyond that and unknowable. He (or rather It) is *ἐπέκεινα οὐσίας* and *ἐπέκεινα νοῦ*. The final Principle is not the personal God of the Christian, conceived as the Highest Good, the Supreme Being and the Eternal Beauty. It is beyond these. How then dare we make an approach to God? For Plotinus there is most certainly an approach, even if the last stage of the journey cannot be achieved by the mind alone, but only through the faculties of love and desire. The final ascent is realised in a mystical *ἔκστασις*, in which the soul, freed from every attachment to earthly things, abandons the intellectual realm and is united in an utter communion with the object of its heart's desire. Ecstasy is the ultimate term of this ascent. Is this to be conceived as possession by God or intuition? That is a larger question, which concerns all mystical experience. Plotinus stresses the element of union and identification rather than that of vision. "Perhaps we ought not to speak of vision," he suggests; "it is rather another mode of seeing, an ecstasy and simplification, an abandonment of oneself, a desire for immediate contact (*ἔφεσις πρὸς ἁφήν*) and at the same time a repose." "The soul," he writes, "in its nature loves God and longs to be at one with Him in the noble love of a daughter for a noble father; but coming to human birth and lured by the courtships of this sphere, she takes up with another love, a mortal, leaves her father and falls. But one day, coming to hate her shame, she puts away the evil of earth, once more seeks the father and finds her

[1] *Ennead*, I, vi, 7. (MacKenna, Vol. i, pp. 85-7).

peace." There is here the same *cri du coeur* that found an echo in the heart of Saint Augustine. Turning back to God, knowing itself restored to its native purity, the soul may now rise to the ultimate vision. It will then enjoy a life that takes no pleasure in the things of earth; it will be merged into what is for Plotinus the final goal of human effort and endeavour, the "flight of the alone to the Alone."[1]

A noble doctrine, possibly the sublimest effort of the natural soul unassisted by the revelation of God. There are echoes in the Journal and the Letters of Stephen MacKenna, though they grow rarer towards the end. "Henceforth men must always find in themselves," he once wrote, "a gnawing greed for a good that the world does not give; if they cease to pray to God, they will all the more, and all the more imploringly, consult their own Highest, which is but God more nearly seen; all the old words of the mystics they will re-read in their own, the new sense, and they will find new words of their own for the new revelations of life's meaning and duties. There will still and always be men going in the evenings with eyes downcast and glowing" (p. 119). But this is small comfort to one who had laid aside the greatest of all spiritual messages, the significance of the Incarnation and of God made Man. "I am *οὐκ εὐσεβής*," he wrote (p. 146), the equivalent in these Christian days of one who refuses to acknowledge the "magnum Mysterium" of Saint Paul. A Unitarian he professed himself after his renouncement of the practice of the ancient faith. "It is the foundation of all religions, or systems of approach to the divine, from the time of Plato and Plotinus and before them and after them, and it is the entire substance of Judaism [for which elsewhere he expressed a strong admiration] . . . and of Buddhism, plus only, chez nous, a more obvious God" (pp. 238–240). His Unitarianism was theoretical rather than practical. "It is a lost cause—largely, I think, because like the concertina (a most noble instrument of the most astounding capabilities) it has fallen into the hands of idiots and never been given a fair chance. It will utterly die out, I feel sure, in less than a hundred years."

[1] *Ennead* vi, ix, 9-11. (MacKenna, Vol. 5, pp. 249-53).

It is tragic to think that in his latest years this man of genius turned to Epictetus rather than to Plotinus, to a kind of "waiterism," as he called it, upon what God might send. A worthy character, full of generous instincts and endowed with a capacity for affection—that he most certainly was. The tragedy lies in this that the very studies that might have led him to a deeper understanding of God and all the problems of this human life, caused him to stray and wander overmuch and lose hold on the central heart of all the mysteries. His vague Unitarianism and the desupernaturalised Yoga which he affected in his later years, brought him but little comfort. There is a note of pathos in the "red rose berry spray flung against a Cornish sky." How different the message of Plotinus to Augustine :—

> In his works I found, not indeed in the same words but the very same thing and that confirmed with great variety of reasons, that "in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God ; and that all things were made by Him and without Him was made nothing that was made ; in Him was life and the life was the light of men ; and the light shineth in the darkness and the darkness comprehendeth it not." Further, that the soul of man, though it bear testimony to the light, is not itself the light ; but God, the Word of God, is the true light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. . . . But "that He emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of man ; and that He humbled Himself and became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross . . . . " this those books do not contain.[1]

In Plotinus we have the yearning of the "natural" soul towards the Eternal Truth, but no knowledge of the Word made Man. His influence on St. Augustine is not difficult to trace.[2] He led the saint away from his dismal Manichaeism to faith in what is true. Did that same influence lead MacKenna away from faith to error ? The *Journal and Letters* throws little light on this latter problem, except that it reveals the tragic close of a career which had tasted much of life's bitterness. MacKenna, in the evening of his days, presents both a problem and a tragedy. JOHN MURRAY

[1] St. Augustine : *Confessions*, Book vii, Chap. ix.

[2] An interesting article "Augustine and Plotinus," by Père Paul Henry, S.J., is to be found in the *Journal of Theological Studies* for January 1937.

HISTORY AND POLICY OF CARLISM

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Part II

THE concluding paragraph of Part I of this paper,[1] which appeared in the March issue, referred to Jaime Balmes as " the man who, by his writings and political activities, can be taken as most representative of the second phase of Carlism." Balmes, who was born in 1810 and died at the early age of thirty-eight, was an untiring propagandist of the cause he championed. He was the leading spirit of the weekly paper *El Pensamiento de la Nación*, published from 1844 to 1846, to which each week he contributed an editorial. Before sketching his political activity, I shall attempt to give some account of his political writings.

I

Looking at the Spain of the 40's, Balmes saw one great disaster, to which all the anarchy of Spain could be attributed, the loss of national unity. " Without unity," he says, " there is no harmony, without harmony no order, and without order the physical and moral world cannot exist. Unity and balance are the law of nature, any dislocation brings disorder, which will continue until the balance of unity is restored." But any attempt to restore unity by force and repression will not only be madness but will have the contrary effect. Nevertheless, some sort of harmony must be achieved, and it is this urgent plea for harmony and tolerance that characterizes the whole of his political writings. The intolerance and fanaticism of traditionalists and liberals alike disgust and dishearten him. One side, he says, considers Spain to have been up to 1808 a Garden of Eden ; the other side dismisses the whole of Spanish history with the words " superstition and despotism," and attributes all present evils and chaos to " the enemies of reform." The result is " a spirit of violence and prejudice "

[1] A paper read before a meeting of the Lingard Society.

which leads to blindness, exaggeration, and a distortion of facts, whether past or present. And this spirit of intolerance is crushing the life out of a fundamentally noble nation, and will make all harmony and real progress impossible while it continues. Both attitudes contain a half truth, but both are, nevertheless, fundamentally wrong, and this must be realized. Spanish history shows many vices and many virtues. The vices must be eradicated, but the virtues must be retained. Only harmony between traditionalists and liberals can make this possible.

Balmes stresses the vitality of the principles for which Carlism stood and the necessity for the liberals to realize this. Despite the failure of the civil war, these principles continue and must always continue. In so far as they are political principles—that is to say, in so far as they mean the defence of a certain form of government and of dynastic claims—they can lose force and die, but in so far as they are moral and social principles (and for him the force of traditionalism lies in this) they *must* live. The Carlists must not be driven and kept outside the pale, they must be respected and must be allowed to enter—with modifications in their policy—into politics as an element of government.

Liberals must realize, he affirms, that their revolution in Spain was in no sense a popular movement. In France it had had a whole century of preparation; in Spain it had had nothing like that. In Spain it was opposed by the very element that in other countries favoured it—the people. This explains the ease with which liberalism collapsed in 1814 and 1823. On the other hand, the Carlist movement in Navarre and the Basque provinces and in a great part of Catalonia was a true popular movement. Liberalism produced no leader. The only popular leader, in the true sense of the word, that arose in Spain was Zumalacárregui. Until liberals realize this fact Spain will enjoy no lasting peace and prosperity. On the other hand, the Carlists must not think that the new Spain can be swept away. This new Spain with its incredulity or religious indifference, its liking for new political forms, its customs imported from abroad, its economic materialism, its craze for

imitating foreign countries, its desire to wipe out almost everything that is characteristically Spanish; this new Spain must also be an indispensable element in government. It must be respected, its opponents must go half way to meet it. It must never be repressed or persecuted (that was the great crime of Ferdinand). In short, some sort of fusion between the two is essential. Reform must be welcomed, but all that is good in tradition must be upheld.

For Balmes the essence of Spanish tradition lies in two institutions which are fundamentally rooted in the spirit of the nation: the Church and the Monarchy. But he recognises that both need reform—which must come by organic growth from within, not by force from without. The aim of liberalism, however, is not organic reform but violent destruction: "The new Spain aims at substituting incredulity for faith; pleasure for morality; theory for tradition; self-interest for the old social ties; the spirit of resistance for the habit of submission. Can the future of the nation be handed over exclusively to representatives of such a movement?"

In the sphere of government liberalism for Balmes has produced one great disaster. It has made politics supreme, and has relegated religious and social life to a subordinate position. The organization of government should be only a means to attain social well-being. Social life (that is to say, the family and the local customs and traditions of the villages, towns and regions) should always be superior to political life, because in the range of human values it is the more important. This, says Balmes, should have been the real meaning given to the phrase "the sovereignty of the people," not the right to vote every few years. The first thing the government ought to do is to "escape as soon as possible from the sphere of politics." All nations that have representative government (especially if it is a recent institution) have one great defect—they are always concerned with politics and forms of government, like someone who is always tinkering with a machine and not bothering about what it ought to manufacture; or like a person who is solely concerned with his complexion, the size of his muscles, and what and how much he ought to eat, instead of being

concerned with his obligations to himself and his fellow men. Thus liberal governments are always discussing constitutions, electoral laws, two chambers or one chamber, organization of provincial and municipal administration. Social interests, economic well-being and education are left on one side, and the whole structure is an artificial one imposed from above in conflict with the old structure that grew up organically from below. All that is most precious in human life remains at the bottom; all that is most vague and superficial comes to the top. Reaction is now not always possible, for the aftermath of revolutions is usually the defence of something that has only a *legal* existence against a *real* force that it has violated. Written law has become supreme over the unwritten and much deeper law of custom. And the modern system is one written on paper; the people have felt none of its advantages but all its defects: they can exercise their new—which are not very real—political rights, but only a tiny minority gains glory or profit. For Balmes the movement towards democracy was a movement to open the door to the rule of ambition, money power and economic interests. In addition, with the freedom of the press to calumniate, lie, misrepresent or ignore what it pleases, education for democracy is a farce.

With this predominance of politics there goes the administrative centralization introduced by liberalism. While not defending all the *fueros* as necessarily useful and suited to modern conditions—in any case the majority of Aragonese, Catalans and Valencians have already forgotten them—yet Balmes maintains that each region has a definite "personality" which should not be violated, deeply ingrained customs and institutions which should be respected and encouraged. "To transplant into Spain centralization on the French model is an inexcusable error on the part of men who should know what Spain is since they propose to govern her." This centralization is bad in itself, but the bureaucracy created to establish and keep it is even worse. Madrid was always an artificial capital at the best of times; it is now a canker corrupting the healthy life of the regions. This centralization and bureaucracy have become a vast system for the exploitation of the public.

Liberalism in its fullest form represents for Balmes ideological as well as political anarchy. This can only be overcome by the championship of what for him is the essence of Spanish tradition—national unity based on the moral unity of Catholicism and the political unity of the Monarchy. When defending authoritative monarchy as the form of government most suited to Spain, and above all most obvious for the common good, Balmes claims to take his stand on reason and the experience of history. He sees in its unity and tradition the stability that is essential for government and the safeguard against ambition, greed, envy and rivalry. The necessary guarantee against despotism is sought by liberalism in a division of authority and responsibility between king, cabinet and parliament. But for Balmes the only guarantee can be that of society itself, in the fact that the royal power is limited by the moral law, customs and the public conscience.

This safeguard should be enshrined in the Cortes. Balmes considers it essential that the Cortes should be the representation of the nation in classes and corporations, not in parties, that the value of a " proctor " or deputy as a representative of the people should lie rather in his personal dignity and in that of his social position than in his pet theories. The Cortes must retain the right to impose or withhold taxes, but it must chiefly represent the right of the people to petition and complain. The people have the right to be governed, and they have the right to tell their ruler all the truth always. The monarchy should transform this right into a duty. Some have said that kings should be adored and blindly obeyed. " We are not so monarchical," says Balmes, " only God can be adored, kings must be told the truth." The only means of assuring order in Spain is to strengthen the royal power in a real and effective manner, for the Spanish people can understand the difference between the rule of their kings and that of " improvised mandarins." Constitutional monarchy as conceived by liberalism is not only illogical but also useless, a mere conventional formula. But traditional monarchy is equally useless without the organization of society in hier-

archical and corporative institutions organically growing out of society itself. Only such an organization can free Spain from the bane of political liberalism, which Balmes characterises as the perpetual succession of "situations"; only it can free them from dependence on a "necessary man" to save the latest "situation." Only when the exclusive influence of *persons* has been thrown off, can *things* begin to have value. Once that is achieved, Spain will have something better than personalities—it will have *institutions*. In conclusion, one sentence to sum up Balmes's position: "We take our stand on religion and the monarchy, and from there we shall try to utilize what is new."

II

Translated into terms of practical politics, Balmes's attempt to achieve as much harmony as possible between Carlists and liberals was manifested in two ways. First, to get Charles, the first pretender, out of the way. His policy of "all or nothing" had been tried and had failed. Balmes in 1845 did in fact bring about the abdication of Charles's claims in favour of his son, the Count de Montemolín, and with his own hand he wrote the manifesto that the latter issued to the nation. In it he made Montemolín declare that as a Catholic and Spanish prince he could not but deplore some of the many changes brought about in Spain, but he was not ignorant of the situation and had no desire to attempt the impossible. He knew that the best way of avoiding revolutions in the future was not to destroy all that they had raised in the past, nor to raise up all that they had destroyed. His policy would be to make use of all the good that tradition had handed down, without arresting what was healthy in the new spirit of the age.

This step achieved, Balmes then turned his attention to his second objective: the marriage of Montemolín to Queen Isabella, which would heal the rupture that had proved so disastrous to the traditionalist cause. The better to effect this he founded the "National Monarchist Party," entrusting the leadership of it to his great friend the Marquis de Viluma. When the moderates came into power under Narváez on the fall of Espartero's Regency in 1844, Viluma had been appointed

Foreign Secretary. But a split in this party had soon made itself apparent, for Viluma wished for no compromise with the constitution of 1837. He asked for it to be immediately annulled and for a new one on traditionalist lines to be promulgated. Opposed to this was the section of the moderate party led by Mon and Pidal, who did not wish to break with the existing situation by declaring the constitution and its attendant legislation invalid, but to introduce modifications by degrees, and above all to attract to the party those who had acquired vested interests by the sale of Church property and who would wish to preserve the state of affairs. This criterion ultimately prevailed, though it appears that Narváez accepted it from the point of view of tactics rather than from conviction. The constitution of 1845 was a mere modification of that of 1837. The moderate party had to all intents and purposes become liberal.

This betrayal of principles, above all the shameless action of Mon with regard to Church property, was the signal for Viluma, followed by his younger brother (the Count de Cheste) and by Bravo Murillo, to leave the party. Known as the "Viluma Faction" and constituting Balmes's party, this small group now began a political campaign for a government that would be above parties and truly national, that would restore relations with the Vatican, indemnify the Church and make her economically independent of the State. But above all—and here Balmes was indefatigable in his propaganda for them—they aimed at the marriage of the Count de Montemolín with Isabella.

Before the marriage was even proposed, the government of Narváez followed the wishes of Cristina, the Queen-mother, who was jealous for her daughter's rights, and ruled it out as a possibility. Great Britain joined with the government and Queen Cristina in opposing it, so at first did France. Austria, on the other hand, favoured it. Metternich had written to Viluma asking him what advantages would result from the marriage. Viluma replied that not only would it settle the dynastic question, but it would group the whole Carlist party round the throne and make the revolution impotent by

opposing to it the united majority of the nation. With a strong throne and a strong government Spain would be free from foreign interference.

In August, 1846, as a result of the intrigues of France and Great Britain, it was officially announced that the Queen would marry the Duke of Asís. The despair of Balmes and Viluma was extreme, yet the latter begged his friend not to give up his political writings. Balmes in his reply said : " It is true that much remains to be done in the interests of the nation, but I cannot prevent the storms that will now break, nor can anyone : whoever tries to do so will be smashed to pieces . . . . You show yourself little disposed to engage in political activities, and you are wise. You are not suited to be a courtier, and this is no age of statesmen. You add that they are already trying to create an influential circle round the Prince-consort with military power to defend the throne. Poor country ! Always military power, as if governing meant fighting and as if a nation could be converted into an armed camp. . . ."

On this note of pessimism and dejection, written by Balmes shortly before his death, the second phase of Carlism draws to its close. Its fortunes are at a low ebb and those of liberalism are in the ascendant. New parties and new forces—democrats, republicans, socialists—make their appearance. The "Viluma faction " changed its name to the *Comunión Moderado-Histórica*. By calling itself a " Communion " instead of a party, it emphasised still further its affinities with Carlism, or the *Comunión Tradicionalista*, to give the movement its official title. Though it no longer exercised any influence, it survived throughout the century—with the Count de Cheste at its head after 1877, Viluma having died in 1872.

III

By 1858 Spain had had four constitutions, had experimented with representative government, and had each time returned to a species of absolutism. For the next ten years the moderates, whose left wing had entered O'Donnell's " Liberal Union " in 1854, were more consistently in power than the

progressives. Politics remained a chaotic and violent game, in which personal ambitions and animosities prevented any legislation that might have given some measure of order and stability to the country. It is difficult in all the political writings that characterize these years to obtain any really clear idea of what the parties were aiming at. What is quite clear is that the moderate party had become by this time completely bourgeois, the staunch upholder of economic individualism and the rule of money. Thus the poet Campoamor, outlining the policy of the party in his *Polemics with Democracy* written in 1858, claimed that they alone were the true liberals, for " Moderatism means the expansion of all, absolutely of all, the liberties which can be comprised in the circle of order." It transpires that this order to which liberties must be subject is " the rule of the rich for the poor," for the inequality of wealth is a natural law. This being their conception of order, the moderates were logical in rejecting, through their spokesman Campoamor, universal suffrage as being incompatible with proprietorship. Suffrage was to be granted only to the most capable—which, I take it, meant the rich since wealth had already been put forward as the criterion of social and moral capacity. Campoamor completes the turn of the wheel by stating that the moderates favour political and administrative centralization in order to extinguish the remains of feudalism and guard national unity. The cleavage between the Carlists and their co-religionists had become wider and the success of the cause for which they stood was more remote than ever.

The second pretender, Montemolín, and his brother Ferdinand, both died in 1861, one year after their unsuccessful attempt to invade Spain in which they had both been captured. The claim to the throne devolved upon their younger brother John, who, however, forfeited the support of his followers by openly showing leanings towards liberal ideas. The hopes of the Carlists were then fixed on his son Charles.

In June, 1868, with the fall of Isabella imminent, Charles, then a young man of twenty, summoned to London the most notable members of the Carlist party to discuss his right to

claim the succession in place of his father. His candidature to the throne was unanimously endorsed, and Bienvenido Comín concluded the speech in which he put forward the legal basis of Charles's claim with these words: "We are Carlists because we are Catholics, and if it were possible for the triumph of Carlism not to mean the triumph of Catholic truth, we should not be Carlists." It was decided that Charles should style himself Duke of Madrid, that the party should begin a great national propaganda and should take part in the next elections. This London meeting marks the first act of Charles's public life, a new revival of the Carlist cause, and the beginning of the third phase in the history of the movement.

In September of that year Isabella was dethroned and Spain was kingless. Thereupon Charles's father formally abdicated his rights in his favour, and the new pretender sent a letter to all the sovereigns of Europe, notifying them of this fact and saying: "If God and circumstances place me on the throne of the Spains, I shall endeavour loyally to reconcile the useful institutions of our age with the indispensable ones of the past, leaving to General Cortes, freely elected, the great and difficult task of framing for my country a Constitution which, it is my hope, will be a final one and a Spanish one."

Twenty-four Carlists were returned to the Constituent Cortes of 1869, led by Canon Manterola and by Monescillo, Bishop of Jaén, later Archbishop of Toledo. The provisional government, formed after the revolution, had decreed the separation of Church and State, the confiscation of Church wealth, and the abolition of the subsidy to the clergy. The religious question was paramount. This parliament, and the ones that succeeded it until the restoration of 1876, became an arena in which deputies argued passionately on the existence and nature of God, on the truth or falsehood of religion, on the evils and corruptions of the papacy, on the pernicious influence of religion among men. Castelar, the republican dreamer, for example, declared that there was absolutely no principle of science or philosophy that the Catholic Church had not cursed. She had persecuted for the pleasure of persecution, burning all great and wise men. Spain was a corpse spread before

their eyes from the Pyrenees to Cadiz through the fault of Catholicism, and the fact that Spain had no roads and no canals was due to religious intolerance. Catholicism had converted religion into a political weapon and had long ceased to be Christian, and he would burst out into a long, eloquent and sentimental panegyric of Christianity. Pi y Margall, the leader of the republican left-wing, defined God as " the eternal unknown of the intelligence," while deputy after deputy propounded and defended his conception of God and religion. Suñer y Capdevila denied the Divinity of Christ and the virginity of Our Lady, and then shouted : " War on God ! " In vain Canon Manterola denounced parliament and the whole of Spain as " a great den of maniacs " and clamoured for " less politics and more Christianity."

The ordinary Cortes convoked in 1871, after the election of Amadeo as king, saw the return of 79 Carlist deputies under Nocedal. But the new elections called by Amadeo in the following year were fought with such violence and so much intimidation that few of these Carlists were re-elected. The Duke of Madrid thereupon ordered Nocedal to stay away from Parliament and declared that, since the doors of legality were closed to him, he would have recourse to arms. He invaded Spain in person and the second Civil War began.

IV

As in the first war the scene of the fighting was the Basque provinces and parts of Catalonia. The Basques rallied to the cause with the same enthusiasm, devotion and courage as their fathers had done before them. In the church at Guernica and then under the famous tree Charles swore to preserve the *fueros* of Vizcaya, being later solemnly anointed lord of the Basque country by the Bishop of Urgel at Loyola. The following year (1874) the solemn swearing of the *fueros* of Vizcaya according to the ancient ritual took place under the tree of Guernica, in the presence of all the inhabitants, the representatives of the valleys, councils, towns and cities, led by the " fathers " of the province. The mayor, after Charles had taken the oath, proclaimed him lord of Vizcaya with the traditional formula

repeated three times to different points of the compass: "Oyez, oyez, oyez; Vizcaya, Vizcaya, Vizcaya, for the Lord Don Carlos VII, Lord of Vizcaya and King of the Spains, may he live long and happy years and reign with glorious triumphs," the people answering each time with acclamations. Two days later Charles was proclaimed sovereign of Guipúzcoa, taking the oath to the *fueros* at Villafranca with the ancient formula. At the same time, the province was dedicated to the Sacred Heart. Charles was unable to take the oath to the *fueros* of Alava or to those of Navarre, as part of the former province had been recaptured and as, in the case of Navarre, tradition required the calling of Cortes, which the state of the war did not permit. But in both these regions government was carried on in conformity with the *fueros*.

Meanwhile in Madrid the Republic, proclaimed on the resignation of Amadeo, was bringing its turbulent career to an end; one by one the republican leaders had failed to overcome civil war in the north and anarchy in the south, and Castelar, who had such an ingenuous belief in the magic of the words republic and democracy and who, in power, had been forced to abandon most of his principles, was justifying his term of office with these words: "But before I am a liberal and before I am a democrat, as I have said and now repeat, I am a republican, and I prefer the worst of republics to the best of monarchies; and I prefer a military dictatorship within the republic to the most generous of kings. If the republic of my ideals and of my dreams should be realized, I assure you that there would be few republics in the world more beautiful. . . . . I would make a republic in which all men would practise all the virtues . . . a republic that, finally, would raise the planet aloft as a Host consecrated to God in the immensity of the skies."

On the last day of the year 1874, the Monarchy was restored in the person of Alfonso XII, and on February 28, 1876, the Duke of Madrid left Spanish soil never to return. The Carlist war had failed the second time.

The constitution of 1876 recognized Catholicism as the State religion, but broke "Catholic Unity" by granting official tolerance to all religions. Thus the last link was destroyed

that had still bound Spain to the old order. Political and administrative centralization was re-established, and the Basque *fueros* were once more abolished.

V

The fourth phase of Carlism begins with the end of the second civil war, and it is represented by the figure of Juan Vázquez de Mella, for many years the leading representative of the Traditionalist Communion in the Cortes. His speeches and articles form the most complete exposition of the principles underlying the movement. In them we find a re-affirmation of belief in an authoritative monarchy, advisory Cortes to petition for and ratify legislation, with " proctors " elected not on the basis of parties but of corporations ; the defence of regional autarchy—a term he preferred to autonomy ; and the conviction that the moral law, the rights and liberties of the family, of the guilds or corporations, and of the regions would in practice as well as in theory be a guarantee against any abuse of the royal power.

Mella was also never tired of affirming how he rejoiced that Carlism had never been victorious in either civil war. Preceding 1833 there had been a decadent and distorted form of the traditional order they defended—absolutist kings, regalist ministers, weakened Cortes and the *fueros* largely abolished. The first Don Carlos had been educated in this system, and it was possible that his victory would have meant the perpetuation of this distorted form of traditionalism. After that the revolution was rapidly gaining momentum and by 1873 had advanced so far that it was bound to play itself out. Had the Duke of Madrid then been victorious, it could have been only a temporary victory and Carlism must have gone under for ever. Their task now was to keep the torch of Spain's tradition alight until liberalism came to its end in anarchy and decay.

The Duke of Madrid had himself stated that his policy aspired to resuscitate the old Spain of the Catholic Kings and of the Emperor Charles V. But Mella took the Carlists further back even than that, and told them to look for the purity of their tradition in the Middle Ages. For him the seeds of centraliza-

tion were already sown by the Hapsburgs, absolutism characterized the early Bourbons, regalism Charles III, and a disgraceful nepotism Charles IV.

While an ardent monarchist, Mella claimed to be an enthusiastic republican, maintaining that the supposed incompatibility of these two ideas came from the belief that government applied only to the central authority of the state, whereas it applies to any institution in which men group themselves together for the furtherance of their common interests. Each institution must have the form of government proper to it according to its aims. Those institutions whose aim it is to further social interests—guilds, universities, municipalities, regional governments, etc.—must have flexibility of government, and must therefore be republics. They must, however, be subject to an institution that safeguards and fosters the permanent end of society, as also the interests the regions have in common. This institution must, in consequence, be the highest in the hierarchical order; and as its end is permanent and immutable, its form of government must have unity and stability and cannot therefore be other than monarchy. The permanent end of the individual is safeguarded and fostered in the family, and this institution is a monarchy. Society, therefore, is composed of intermediary republics with the monarchies of the families at the bottom and the monarchy of the state at the top. Unity and stability above, variety and flexibility below.

The monarchy of the nation enshrines political sovereignty; the intermediary republics enshrine social sovereignty. For Mella (and here we have a more lucid explanation of Balmes's distinction between social life and political life) the great evil of liberalism is that it has refused to recognize political and social sovereignty as distinct. Its confusion of the two leads inevitably to one of two results: either the absorption of political by social sovereignty, in which case the nation is disintegrated and disappears into independent region-states; or the absorption of social by political sovereignty. This is what liberalism has effected, and the result has been in all Latin countries (not so much, says Mella, in Anglo-Saxon and Germa-

nic countries because there tradition has shown itself stronger) —the result has been that the monarchical and republican forms of government have changed places: flexibility and variety are put at the top—in parliament; and unity and stability are put in the middle—in the centralized administration of the provinces, municipalities and universities. And this for Mella is contrary to the law of nature and the law of reason: "To-day there is no such thing as municipal autonomy; the municipality is nothing more than a legal creation, nothing more than a section or part of the executive power of the government"—not a natural growth with an independent life of its own.

The other outcome of liberalism—economic individualism or capitalism—Mella likewise denounced. Work, he says, is not a merchandise to be regulated according to supply and demand; it is not a mechanical force, but a creative human activity, and therefore subject to the moral law, which is above all economic laws. The contract between an employer and a worker is not a purely private concern, but an essentially social thing; it must therefore come under the jurisdiction of the state. Capitalism preaches that the aim of work is the production of wealth; the moral law answers that its aim is not to produce much but to distribute it well. Liberalism preaches that free competition is the supreme law of economics; the moral law answers that the weak must never be crushed by the strong, that everyone must have equal opportunities and equal safeguards; and that individuals must therefore not be isolated and helpless but grouped in corporations for the defence of their rights. Economic liberalism has been, says Mella, the nightmare of the nineteenth century; it will be the starting point for the catastrophes of the twentieth. Liberalism must inevitably produce socialism and communism, and it will then get what it deserves.

Against liberalism and socialism traditionalism must continue to stand for the old corporative order of society. Mella rejects the distinction of social classes because they correspond to no natural reality, but he affirms the division of society into "categories of social activity corresponding to its permanent

end," into the great corporations of the Church, the universities, academies of science and art, of agriculture and of the different branches of industry and commerce. If the old institutions in their new form, he says, would not be sufficient to prevent the power of wealth from exploiting poverty, then new ones will have to be created. The life, conscience, health and family of the worker must not be subject to the exploitation of the capitalist. A Christian king, and that is the king the Carlists want, would have to earn for himself the title of " the king of the workers " and would have to free them from " the moral and physical slavery in which liberalism has entrapped them under the false name of liberty."

Mella denounces the industrial system as slavery : " He who has to work when others want him to, and to be idle when he does not want to be, is a slave." He preaches the supremacy of agriculture among all human industries, and deplores " the sad emigration from the country to the town." Machinery and industry, he says, have a glamour all their own until one realizes the misery of those human beings whom the system has enslaved. The liberty and dignity of one man is of greater value than all this material prosperity that men now think so wonderful. His faith in Carlism can be summed up in one sentence : " All modern civilization is at bottom barbarous, because everything that means a revolt against religious and moral principles is barbarity." And this revolt is for him, as for Balmes, as for all Spanish traditionalists, the essence of liberalism. He welcomes social unrest : " A few weeks of red rule in our big cities might work the miracle of bringing to life the inert limbs of a diseased society." To such a pass has liberalism brought the modern world that only a profound revolution can change it. Anarchy must now come before the cause of traditionalism can triumph.

This anarchy that Mella predicted has come, and Carlism is once more fighting in a civil war. Whether the outcome is likely to be the triumph of traditionalism, as Mella thought and hoped, will be discussed in a concluding article.

A. A. Parker

PAUL VON HINDENBURG

1847—1934

BY PROFESSOR DANIEL A. BINCHY, M.A., PH.D.
Irish Minister to Germany, 1929-1932.

I CAN still see him as he stood in the middle of the largest room in the presidential palace, waiting to receive my letter of credence. At the last moment there had been an awkward hitch in the ceremony, for I had arrived for the audience without the King's letter and had to rush frantically back to my hotel. When at length the folding-doors were thrown open, I hurried through, overwhelmed with confusion at the thought that I had kept the President of the Reich nearly ten minutes waiting. My first impression made me feel almost dizzy : it was as if my sense of perspective had deserted me. Hindenburg's gigantic figure, held stiffly to attention with the broad shoulders squared and the mighty chest glittering with innumerable orders, seemed to dwarf even the stately proportions of the reception room. As for the bevy of ministers and secretaries of state that surrounded him, they looked to me like pygmies. While I stumbled through the conventional phrases of my address I was conscious only of that massive countenance—already so familiar to me from illustrations and yet so different—with the heavy features and brooding eyes, expressionless and inscrutable like those of some oriental idol. Except for the sober uniform he might have walked straight out of a Germanic saga, and suddenly I understood the appropriateness of those colossal wooden statues in which the Hindenburg cult was once embodied.

After the formal ceremony, as I sat listening to his reminiscences of Irish horses he had owned (the one topic connected with Ireland of which he had any knowledge whatever), I could not conquer a sense of unreality, as if I were playing a part in some historical pageant. This man seemed to belong to an age remote from my experience. " I could

be your grandfather," he said to me jovially; and indeed had he not fought at Königgrätz two years before my father was born? Yet such was the charm of his friendly simplicity that I was able to talk to him freely without any consciousness of the differences in age and rank between us. In the course of time I learned to appreciate more fully the goodwill and kindliness that he concealed under a rather gruff manner. Hindenburg the statesman may have proved a disillusionment; Hindenburg the man I shall always remember with affection and esteem.

I have been thinking much of him recently since reading Mr. John W. Wheeler-Bennett's admirable work, *Hindenburg the Wooden Titan*.[1] Let me say at once that this is one of the most fascinating and informative books on contemporary history that I have ever read, a book which deserves careful study by everyone who wishes to understand recent developments in Germany. Its preparation must have involved an enormous amount of patient research, but the author's acute sense of relevance and his power of vivid and graceful writing enable him to wear his learning with a difference. As the title shows, he has no high opinion of Hindenburg; his biography is frankly iconoclastic. Briefly his thesis amounts to this. Hindenburg right through his long life never showed the least sign of genius or even intelligence: he was always a figurehead, taking both responsibility and credit for the work of clever subordinates. So far one might agree, with minor reservations. But Mr. Wheeler-Bennett brings other and more serious charges. Hindenburg invariably tried to shirk the ultimate responsibility for unpleasant decisions by unloading it on to someone else; and worse still, he was prepared to exculpate himself by subsequently deserting his scapegoat. Truly a formidable indictment, and Mr. Wheeler-Bennett presents it dispassionately yet relentlessly. Further, his book (to judge from the reviews) has convinced so many eminent persons that I am compelled to ask myself if it is not merely the subconscious influence of personal considerations—chiefly the memory of the old President's unfailing kindness to the

[1] London: Macmillan. 1936. 21s.

youngest and least important member of the Diplomatic Corps accredited to him—that prevents me from accepting its conclusions. It may be so. In any event the reader will be able to judge for himself if, as I hope, this article induces him to read the book also.

Rightly or wrongly, I believe that Mr. Wheeler-Bennett, having already come to a conclusion about Hindenburg's character, proceeds to interpret the more important events of his life in the light of that conclusion. Accordingly I suggest that his brilliant presentation of the case against Hindenburg must be regarded as the statement of counsel for the prosecution. The defence is still outstanding, and so is the final verdict of history. It is not my purpose here to attempt to anticipate either, or even to play the humbler part of *amicus curiae*, but merely to pass in rapid review the more salient points of the evidence.

But how, in the brief space at my disposal, deal with a career so long and so varied? As Mr. Wheeler-Bennett points out, Hindenburg had no less than three separate "lives": the first from his birth in 1847 to his retirement from the army in 1911; the second from the outbreak of the Great War to his resignation of the Supreme Command in 1919; the third from his election to the Presidency in 1925 to his death in 1934. To few men of our time has it been given to hold in succession the highest military and civil offices in a great state, and the task of confining a description of Hindenburg's activities in each of these capacities within the limits of a short article is rendered correspondingly difficult. In order to save my small canvas from hopeless overcrowding, I must confine myself rigidly to the last twenty years of his life, which supply the bulk of the evidence on which Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's indictment is constructed. The first "life" I must omit altogether: the army career, respectable but not spectacular, which ended with his retirement from the command of the Fourth Army Corps in 1911, because, as he tells us, he "saw no prospect of war." Nor can I deal with the first eventful years of the second "life": his dramatic recall, almost as an afterthought, to save the Eighth Army Corps

in East Prussia from envelopment by the invading Russians; the smashing victories of Tannenberg and the Masurian Lakes, which made him in a fortnight the most popular of German heroes; the gradual rise to be Generalissimo of the entire German and Austrian armies. I cannot even discuss the famous collaboration with Ludendorf, in which the latter's temperamental brilliancy was supplemented by the iron nerves of the Commander-in-Chief. Did Hindenburg really contribute anything to the military successes associated with his name beyond a phlegmatic tranquility in the hours of crisis? Was he just a "respectable zero," as Mr. Wheeler-Bennett believes? How far did he countenance and support his Quartermaster-General's disastrous incursions into politics? All these questions remain still open, for Mr Wheeler-Bennett has by no means said the last word on them, but they cannot detain us here.

For our purposes the story must begin in the fateful days of September, 1918. The *Kaiserschlacht*, Ludendorf's final bid for a military decision, had proved a failure, and the tide of battle had definitely turned against Germany. At last the huge machine was showing signs of collapsing under the strain. At the front even the most hardened veterans were weary of fighting against an enemy whose superiority in numbers and equipment was growing daily, while from home came ominous news of strikes and peace-meetings. On the 28th Ludendorf's nerve broke completely. An immediate armistice was necessary, he told his astonished superior, whose slower wits had not yet adjusted themselves to the situation. Outwardly impassive, Hindenburg drove with his agitated Quartermaster-General to the Kaiser, whom both of them had assured of victory less than two months before. Next morning the High Command's request for the arrangement of an immediate armistice was despatched to the new Imperial Government; it was repeated at the Crown Council of October 2nd.[1]

In the anxious days that followed the old Field Marshal had to stand alone. Ludendorf was a nervous wreck, wavering between extremes of defiance and despair. On the 26th his

[1] These facts are in themselves sufficient refutation of the absurd thesis, afterwards popularised by Ludendorf and others, that the army was "stabbed in the back by the politicians."

resignation was accepted by the Emperor. Mr. Wheeler-Bennett reproaches Hindenburg for his failure to stand by the man to whom he owed his military reputation, and alleges that Ludendorf was but the first of many friends to be similarly deserted in adversity. Ludendorf may well believe this, just as he believes in Thor and Odin and in the Jewish-Papist conspiracy to destroy Germany, but it is surprising that Mr. Wheeler-Bennett should endorse his view. What could Hindenburg have done under the circumstances? Insist on the acceptance of his own resignation (which he had duly tendered), and abandon his Emperor to a situation rendered a thousand times more acute by the disappearance of the idolised Commander-in-Chief? It would seem fairer to conclude that, on this as on many other occasions, Hindenburg allowed his sense of duty to override his personal inclinations. As for any attempt on his part to steal the glory that was due to his more brilliant (if less reliable) colleague, one has but to read the unstinted tributes paid to Ludendorf in his memoirs[1] to realise how unfounded is this suggestion. That relations between the two became subsequently strained is not remarkable, in view of Ludendorf's talent for fighting with all his associates; it is, on the contrary, a tribute to Hindenburg's patient stolidity that they had not become strained long before.

Meanwhile the shadows were gathering round the Imperial throne, of whose erection, forty years before, young Lieutenant von Hindenburg had been a joyful witness. In Berlin and other large cities the prospects of military defeat and famine provoked riots, which rapidly grew into revolution. Finally, on Saturday, November 9, came the bitterest hour of the Marshal's life, when, in the company of General Gröner, Ludendorf's successor, he stood before his Emperor and with tears coursing down his cheeks reported that he could no longer guarantee his Majesty's personal safety at Spa, where the troops were already organising a workers' and soldiers' council. Next morning, while Hindenburg was still asleep, the Kaiser left for Holland.

[1] An English translation of the memoirs, *Out of my Life*, has been published by Cassell. This work, written by (or perhaps for) Hindenburg in 1919, is much too "official" and discreet to have any permanent interest.

Once again Mr. Wheeler-Bennett accuses Hindenburg of trying to shift the responsibility for advising the flight on to Gröner's shoulders. Yet Hindenburg gives no hint of this in his book, and in a letter written to the Kaiser in 1921 he assumes full responsibility for the advice to leave Germany. It is arguable, though improbable, that the advice was over-hasty—the ex-Emperor's opinion on the matter is obviously prejudiced and does not merit the importance that Mr. Wheeler-Bennett attaches to it—but at least it was honestly given and never repudiated. If Hindenburg in after life was "haunted by the spectre of Spa," there seems no reason why the memory should have caused him anything more than the grief of a convinced monarchist at the shipwreck of an institution which he had loyally served up to the last moment.

It remained for Hindenburg to liquidate an apparently hopeless situation, and he rose to the occasion with a sublime fortitude. On the very morning of the Emperor's flight, Gröner, who had been in touch with President Ebert by private telephone all through the night, visited the Marshal, who was still reeling under the shock of the departure of the All Highest without a word of farewell, and conveyed to him the formal request of the Republican authorities that he would retain the command of the armies and lead his soldiers home. It is not difficult to imagine how Hindenburg's gorge must have risen against the proposal that he, to whom the Prussian monarchy was an article of faith no less sacred than his Lutheran creed, should put his services at the disposal of the very people who had driven his Emperor and King into exile. Yet once more the call of duty was stronger than his own feelings. The Kaiser had gone, but the Fatherland remained, stunned by defeat and threatened with anarchy. He would stand by Germany regardless of the personal suffering which his choice entailed. And so he signified his acceptance of Ebert's commission. Even Mr. Wheeler-Bennett cannot refuse his admiration to Hindenburg in this supreme crisis. "It was his greatest and most noble deed; greater than the victories of Tannenberg and the Lakes; greater far than anything which occurred in his later life. For this act many deeds less noble may be forgiven him."

He carried through the bitter task without flinching. At times it must have been agony. It is true that his selfless conduct had won him the esteem of the Republican government and of thousands of convinced revolutionaries. But there were many others to whom Hindenburg and his armies were the hated symbols of a hated régime. The soldiers, whose heroic courage even in defeat had saved Germany from invasion, were jeered at and insulted by irresponsible hooligans on their weary journey home. Officers were stoned and beaten, their epaulettes and decorations torn off, and even the Government, in a weak attempt to conciliate the extremists, decreed the removal of all emblems of rank. Hindenburg marched grimly on, giving no sign of the rage and despair with which such things must have filled his heart. When the withdrawal of the western armies had been completed with an efficiency which has won tributes from all military historians, he moved General Headquarters to Pommerania, and there awaited release from his uncongenial post.

A few hours after the signature of the treaty, one of whose provisions abolished the General Staff, the former Generalissimo issued his last proclamation to the soldiers. "I have not only to express my thanks," he told them, "I have also to make a request. Whatever you may think as individuals about recent events is entirely your own affair; but as regards your actions I would beg each of you to be guided solely by the interests of his country. Personal views must be subordinated to the general welfare, however difficult this may seem." Hindenburg could certainly claim to have practised what he preached.

The homecoming to Hanover, despite the cheering crowds, was sadly different to what the Marshal had anticipated in those days when the possibility of defeat had been far from his thoughts. "As soon as peace is signed," he used to tell his friends at Spa, "I shall ride with the Emperor through the Brandenburger Tor to the palace and take part in the festivities there; then I shall take a cab to the station, go back to my dear old wife, and no one will ever see me again." Instead, he was retiring at seventy-two, a defeated general, to all

appearances destined to pass his few remaining years of life in obscurity. But the end was not yet. He was to ride through the Brandenburger Tor again as President of the Republic.

In the years that followed his retirement, Hindenburg, true to the advice he had given the old army, studiously refrained from interference in public affairs. He refused to be drawn into the controversies that raged around Reparations, the Ruhr, and the policy of fulfilment, and his rare appearances in public (usually confined to ex-servicemen's functions) were marked by a restraint and dignity which contrasted greatly with the swashbuckling megalomania of Ludendorf.[1] Although the death of his wife in 1921 had been a heavy blow, his life flowed on peacefully and not unhappily in the society of his son and daughter-in-law and their small children, whose beloved playmate he remained to his dying day. His pleasures were simple: holidays with friends in the Bavarian Alps, where he could indulge his passion for the chase, and fresh additions to his collection of pictures of the Madonna, a rather incongruous hobby for one so steeped in the traditions of Junker Lutheranism. His phlegmatic temperament preserved him from the physical and mental reactions from which a more highly-strung individual who had been through a similar period of strain would have suffered; his health was good, his conscience unclouded, and the evening of his life seemed to be moving to a tranquil close. Had he died in the February of 1925, he would have been mourned by all Germans without distinction of party as a patriot of the best and purest type.

Instead, it was President Ebert that died, a man in the prime of life, whose steady hand had steered Germany through one of the most critical periods in her history. The former saddler's assistant had proved a far more dignified and efficient ruler than the neurotic Hohenzollern, but Ebert's great services were quickly forgotten in the scramble for the succession to his office. At the first ballot no candidate secured the necessary absolute majority, but the democratic Republican parties polled over a million votes more than any possible combination

[1] There was, however, one regrettable episode in November, 1919, when he appeared before the Reichstag Committee of inquiry into the conduct of the war and allowed himself to be used as a megaphone by the Nationalist party-managers.

of their opponents. All they needed was to concentrate their forces in the second ballot, and after hasty negotiations Dr. Marx, leader of the Catholic Zentrum, was adopted as the joint candidate of the so-called "Weimar block": Centre, Democrats, and Socialists. The parties of the Right, torn by internecine quarrels, were at their wits' end to find a candidate who would at once command their united support and steal sufficient votes from the enemy camp to turn the scale. The only man who could fulfil these difficult conditions was Hindenburg, and a frenzied message was despatched to Hanover inviting him to stand for the Presidency.

But could he be induced to accept? His great age, his aversion from party politics and his dislike of publicity were obstacles not lightly to be overcome. Indeed they appeared to be insuperable. The delegations that besieged his house in the Seelhorststrasse were gruffly told that they were wasting their time. *Ich will meine Ruhe haben* was Hindenburg's invariable answer to all their appeals. It was even announced that he had definitely declined to be a candidate. Then, just when the party leaders were about to abandon the attempt in despair, the wily old Admiral von Tirpitz succeeded in talking him round, mainly by persuading him that his would be a national rather than a party candidature—adding the inevitable appeal to his duty to the Fatherland. As ever, the "man of service" yielded to this appeal. No one questions the purity of Hindenburg's motives or the public spirit that impelled him to stand for an office which could only mean exchanging domestic peace for uncongenial work in an unfamiliar environment. But it was beyond doubt a disaster that he did not follow his own healthy instinct and turn a deaf ear to the arguments of Tirpitz and his friends. He would have done well to remember the tragic consequences for Germany that had followed his acceptance of advice from Tirpitz in favour of the unrestricted submarine war. Still more tragic consequences were ultimately to follow from Hindenburg's presidency, including the eclipse of civilised government in the Reich. But the real responsibility must be laid, not on Hindenburg, but on those "Nationalist"

politicians who, in their blind hatred of Republican democracy, did not shrink from placing at the head of affairs a man whose total lack of political instinct and training might expose Germany at any moment of crisis to irremediable disaster. It is but small consolation to reflect that in the resultant catastrophe most of those interested " patriots " were ruthlessly swept out of public life.

There followed an election conspicuous for its bitterness even in a country where defamation of one's opponents is regarded as a branch of political science. Nothing was too mean for the Socialist and Democratic party newspapers to say of Hindenburg. He was represented by some as a half-witted dotard ; by others as a sinister leader of reaction. But in such tactics the German Nationalists have ever been easy victors, and the libels spread about Marx were so vicious that Hindenburg himself was moved to protest publicly against the association of his name with such a filthy campaign. His own pronouncements were few and dignified. He stood, he said, not as the representative of any party, for he belonged to none, but as the candidate of the German people. He did not deny his monarchist faith ; on the contrary, he proclaimed it frankly, but added that, like his predecessor Ebert, who had never concealed his sympathies with the class from which he had sprung, he would act as guardian of the Constitution and of the rights of the whole people. In the end the glamour of his name and the universal respect for his character won the day. On Sunday, April 26th, he was elected second President of the Reich, but it was a narrow victory. Less than a million votes separated him from Marx, and as the Communists (who now as always had chosen to " walk alone ") had polled more than two millions, he was thus elected by a minority of the voters. During all the excitement Hindenburg's phlegmatic calm never once deserted him. When at 7 a.m. on Monday morning his son, who had sat by the radio all through the night, burst into his bedroom to tell him the result, the old man rated him soundly for disturbing him an hour earlier than usual, remarked that the news would have still been true at eight o'clock, and forthwith went to sleep again.

The " third life " had begun. All over the world friends of international understanding were asking uneasily what line the new President would take. Did the election of the former Commander-in-chief portend a recrudescence of the war mentality in the German people? In Paris, where I was then studying, apprehension was rife. A German fellow-student sought to reassure us. " Hindenburg has no political sense," I remember him saying, " but he has a strong sense of duty. If his Constitutional advisers persuade him that his duty lies along a particular path, he will follow that path unswervingly regardless of his own feelings." One of our group objected: " But suppose he takes advice about his duty from others? " " I don't think he will," was the reply, " but if he does—well, anything may happen." All things considered, a singularly accurate prognosis.

At the time most people believed that the President, already in his seventy-ninth year, would not live to complete the constitutional term of office. They underestimated his iron physique, just as those politicians who had induced him to stand underestimated his determination to fulfil his election promises to be a *pater patriae* rather than a party man. In the seven years of his first Presidency Hindenburg surprised friend and foe alike, but neither could deny that he scrupulously fulfilled his oath to the Constitution. In foreign affairs he accepted the policy of international understanding which will always be associated with the name of Gustav Stresemann. Personally he had little reason to like Stresemann, who, although a member of one of the Right parties, had strenuously opposed his candidature, fearing that his election would revive the old distrust and suspicion. Nor is it open to serious doubt that the President's own instincts were against a policy involving, *inter alia*, the stabilisation of the territorial settlement of Versailles. But satisfied that the majority of Germans saw in this policy the best method of regaining international equality and ridding German soil of foreign occupation, he gave his approval to the Locarno pacts, and turned a deaf ear to the angry protests of his former supporters. This strict observance of his Constitutional duties infuriated those

" patriots " who had hoped that he would use his high office to torpedo the policy of Locarno at their request, and the choicest calumnies of the Nationalist press were henceforth to be reserved for the " arch-traitor." Once more Hindenburg's insensitiveness stood him in good stead. Placidly ignoring all attacks from the Right—including the fantastic threat of impeachment—he signed the Bills ratifying the Young Plan, which, with all its disadvantages, achieved the final liberation of the Rhineland. I well remember listening to his broadcast to the nation immediately after his signature, with its dignified reply to his critics, the only reply that he ever made : " Many letters have begged me not to besmirch my name in the eyes of history by placing it beneath these laws. To this I reply : I have spent my life in the great school of devotion to duty—the Old Army—and there I learnt to do my duty towards my country without any regard for my personal feelings. Therefore any consideration of self had to be put aside when I made this decision."

The summer of 1930 saw the culminating point of his Presidency, his tour of the liberated Rhine provinces. Despite the attempted boycott by the extreme Nationalists, he was accorded a triumphant reception ; everywhere he was greeted with transports of popular affection such as no Hohenzollern had ever commanded. It was his reward for the steady support he had given to his great Foreign Minister, whose untimely death some months previously had left both Germany and Europe the poorer.

In domestic affairs also Hindenburg proved a sore disappointment to those who had hailed his election as the end of the " Weimar system." It is true that he understood little of the problems of Parliamentary Government, and his experience of party politics was hardly calculated to increase his respect for the average party politician. The incessant squabbling between the Coalition parties, the intrigues, the ignoble bargainings bewildered and exasperated him. Yet he tried hard to fulfil his constitutional functions, anxious to secure the maximum of national unity on essential questions and to maintain a strong Government in office. His own

preference was naturally for a Cabinet of the Right and the Middle parties which, while retaining Stresemann as Foreign Minister, would govern on Conservative lines. But in the long run the folly of the German Nationalists, now under the catastrophic leadership of Hugenberg, destroyed the Coalition. In the elections of 1928 the swing to the Left—or rather away from the hopeless Right—was evidenced by the return of the Socialists as the largest party and the formation of a new Coalition in which they held the majority of the portfolios. All Hindenburg's instincts and prejudices were against Socialism, and it is a remarkable example of his self-discipline that he could co-operate loyally with the new government and win the respect of those leaders who had formerly denounced his candidature as a national disaster.

It is now becoming fashionable for his admirers and enemies alike to declare that from the very beginning Hindenburg had planned to undermine the democratic forces of Germany by a policy of attrition and thus eventually secure the triumph of the Right. This view seems to be dictated largely by the desire to find a coherent explanation of events during the final years of his life. Like many such views, it errs by over-simplification. First, it ignores the fact that the Nazi dictatorship that followed his appointment of Hitler as Chancellor was and remains opposed to many of Hindenburg's most cherished ideals—the restoration of the Hohenzollerns for example. Second, it attributes to him a degree of political astuteness and patient sagacity which nothing in his life or character would seem to warrant. The truth probably is that Hindenburg, while strongly biased in favour of monarchy and conservatism, pursued no fixed plan, but shaped his policy in accordance with his own sense of duty—or rather with what his advisers for the time being convinced him was his duty. It must be admitted that, as time went on, his instructions to Ministers assumed a more peremptory character and took less account of the strength of parties in the Reichstag. But even this development was to some extent forced on him by the confusion and helplessness of the factions themselves and by the growing danger of the Nazi agitation. Discipline,

he felt, was what Germany needed, discipline as he had known it in the old army, and he was determined that she should have it. It was with this purpose in view that, after the fall of the Müller Government in March, 1930, he commissioned Heinrich Brüning to form a "presidial" Cabinet whose composition should be independent of the strength of the various fractions in the Reichstag and whose members should in no sense be party delegates.

I have already written of Brüning in the pages of this review.[1] In the years that have since elapsed nothing has occurred to shake my conviction (which I am very glad to find shared by Mr. Wheeler-Bennett) that among all the statesmen of modern Germany there has been "none like and none second" to him. The only real stain on Hindenburg's career as President in my view—the climax of a whole series of betrayals in Mr. Wheeler-Bennett's—was his dismissal of the Chancellor who had saved Germany from chaos and would also have saved her from the madness of Hitlerism had his hand not been forced from the steering-wheel. How explain Hindenburg's action? Brüning had been his own choice; indeed he had virtually forced him to accept office by appealing to his sense of duty—an appeal which Brüning was no more capable of resisting than was Hindenburg himself. True to the terms of his commission, the Chancellor had worked in close collaboration with the President. The discipline which Hindenburg had found so sadly lacking in previous Coalition Governments was now introduced into public affairs. Brüning's "authoritarian democracy" gave the Executive all the powers necessary for swift and efficient handling of the urgent problems that confronted Germany, while at the same time providing for ultimate control in major matters of policy by the representatives of the people. This is not the place to repeat the list of his achievements, all gained in the face of desperate odds. At home he weathered the financial crisis bequeathed to him by his predecessors; in foreign affairs he won almost universal sympathy with his country's claims, although the statesmen of the former Allied countries, with that incredible

[1] STUDIES, September, 1932.

stupidity which has marked their dealings with post-war Germany, refused to settle by friendly agreement problems which they have since tamely allowed to be solved by violence and repudiation. Buffeted by all the winds of adverse chance, vilified by an unholy alliance of Nazis, Conservatives and Communists, challenged from the Right and from the Left. Brüning held inflexibly to the middle of the road, relying on the support and approval of Hindenburg. And Hindenburg gave him both in full measure down to the time of his re-election as President in March, 1932.

This apparently represented the greatest triumph of their partnership. The stolid tranquillity of the old Marshal never appeared to better advantage than during this campaign, when he faced a veritable torrent of abuse from those circles which during the previous election had overwhelmed him with fawning adulation. All the weapons of defamation—from the sneering innuendoes of the Conservatives to the shrill obscenities of Goebbels—were directed against this man of eighty-five, whose whole life had been a record of service to Germany. It was indeed a paradoxical situation : the erstwhile hero of the reactionaries standing as the champion of constitutional government and backed by the very parties which seven years before had fought his candidature tooth and nail. Why did Hindenburg expose himself to the bitterness of this new campaign ? Despite his outward impassivity, he must have been shaken and wounded by the openly expressed hatred of many who had once been his friends, and the society of some of his new electoral allies must have caused him much heart-searching. Why not have excused himself on the plea of age ? Once more his sense of duty is the only explanation, and this time his duty to Germany, as he saw it, was to keep Hitler out. It had been represented to him by Brüning and others that his was the only candidature that could be sure of defeating Hitler's, and he felt that Hitler's candidature must be defeated at all costs. Already he had met " the Bohemian corporal " and had formed a very low opinion of his abilities. Hitler seems never to have been at his best in private interviews, doubtless because reason and argument play too large

a part in them to allow a "heaven-sent" leader display his real talents. At all events their interview confirmed Hindenburg in his determination not to hand over the destinies of Germany to a man who had begun by haranguing him like a soap-box orator and ended by screaming at him like a hysterical schoolgirl. The fight was essentially between himself and Hitler, and at the final ballot on March 13, 1932, the "Bohemian corporal" was soundly beaten. The figures were as follows: Hindenburg 19,359,642; Hitler 13,417,460; Thälmann (the Communist candidate) 3,706,388.[1]

The result was received with a sigh of relief by Germany and Europe. At last it seemed as if the rising tide of radicalism, both Hitlerite and Muscovite, had been securely dammed. Brüning, on whose shoulders the full burden of the electoral campaign had fallen, had been given an unmistakeable popular mandate to continue his work. The long and tortuous negotiations at Geneva at last gave promise of terminating not merly in a satisfactory agreement on reparations and armaments, but even in a plan for economic collaboration between the principal European states which had been worked out by Brüning himself. At home, too, the Nazis and their allies were chastened by defeat, and Brüning seized the opportunity to induce the President to take a step over which both of them had hesitated far too long already: the suppression of Hitler's private army, the Brown Shirts. The ease with which this operation was carried through showed that the insolent Nazi claims to represent "young Germany" had rested largely on the reluctance of their opponents to take stern measures against them. Further improvement in domestic and foreign affairs seemed clearly indicated; the political barometer, so long fixed at "stormy," was at last rising.

[1] The above figures are worth remembering, if only because they clearly refute two lies which by dint of incessant repetition by Nazi propagandists have acquired *droit de cité* in many political works, English as well as German. First, that Hitler had a majority of the electorate behind him, whereas at the last free plebiscite taken before his advent to power over sixty per cent. of the total vote was cast against him. Second, that the Communists were on the point of swamping Germany when they were arrested by "the twentieth-century Siegfried": in sober fact, at the same plebiscite they secured less than nine per cent. of the total poll. To all those who, like the present writer, could claim an intimate acquaintance with German political affairs in 1932 it was perfectly clear that the majority of the people were opposed to Hitler and that there was no danger of Communism.

Then like a thunderbolt came the dismissal of Brüning. The full history of the President's sudden change of front will never be known as long as the former Chancellor observes his self-imposed silence. But the story, so brilliantly reconstructed from the existing sources of information by Mr. Wheeler-Bennett, leaves a nasty taste in the mouth. According to him, the President's immediate *entourage* were working day and night to undermine Brüning's position. Their motives were as various as their characters. Some, like Schleicher,[1] had hopes of the succession for themselves. Others, like the President's son Oskar von Hindenburg (whose political intelligence was even less than his father's), had hazy plans of harnessing the Nazis to the state through a government of the Conservatives. Still others, like Meissner,[2] convinced that Hindenburg could not resist all this pressure, were merely trimming their sails to the wind. But loudest in their denunciations of the "Bolshevist" Chancellor were Hindenburg's Junker neighbours around Neudeck, the East Prussian home of his ancestors, which had been bought by national subscription and presented to him on his eightieth birthday, and where he now spent most of his free time. Apart from the unsavoury details of the purchase (in which Oskar von Hindenburg played such a sorry role) its geographical situation ensured that the President would be constantly in the society of men who had all his inherited prejudices and very little of his honesty. As *Schlossherr* of Neudeck he was in a sense the hostage of his Junker environment—those who had organised the purchase of the estate (largely with other people's money) had doubtless foreseen this. Now these self-appointed "advisers" had every reason for getting rid of Brüning as soon as possible. Many of them were intimately concerned in the scandal of the *Osthilfe* and feared that the Chancellor's integrity would make him insist on publishing

[1] General Kurt von Schleicher, then Secretary of State in the Ministry of Defence, afterwards Chancellor from November, 1931, to January, 1932. In the massacre of June, 1934, he and his wife were murdered by Nazi gunmen under circumstances of the most revolting brutality.

[2] Otto Meissner, chosen by Ebert after the Revolution to be Secretary of State to the Presidency and retained in this post by Hindenburg. He exercised a remarkable influence over both Presidents, and Mr. Wheeler-Bennett is probably right in describing him as "a political Vicar of Bray."

the findings of the Parliamentary Commission who had been investigating this shameless misappropriation of public funds. Worse still, in pursuance of his policy of land settlement, Brüning had announced the Government's intention of expropriating (with reasonable compensation) and dividing up a number of chronically insolvent estates. But those very Junkers who never wearied of demanding more land for the "strangled" German people, whether by conquest of fresh territory in Europe or by the return of the former colonies, were horrified at the idea of surrendering one acre of their own extensive *Rittergüter* to their landless fellow-countrymen. Brüning's plan to substitute in part a healthy peasant proprietorship for the uneconomic agrarian system which had survived in East Germany since the days of feudalism was sheer Bolshevism, they told the Marshal, and the Marshal, alas, believed them.

Does not Hindenburg's fundamental ignorance of political realities, so clearly exemplified on this last occasion, help to explain if not to excuse his treatment of Brüning? His friends were unanimous in declaring that the Chancellor was the only obstacle to a "concentration of all the national forces," and that his dismissal was the President's imperative duty. Without a glimmering of political instinct to guide him, how was Hindenburg to realise that his duty lay rather in turning a deaf ear to their appeals? There is another extenuating circumstance which Mr. Wheeler-Bennett, in my opinion, has not sufficiently stressed. Hindenburg was now very old and very tired. In the preceding months he had aged greatly. I can confirm this at first hand, for he received me in farewell audience at the time when Brüning's fate hung in the balance. Not having seen him since the beginning of the year, I was shocked at the change, physical and mental, that had occurred in the interval. The massive frame was bowed and shrunken; the alert, jovial manner had been succeeded by a weary listlessness. At long last nature was claiming her toll of that iron constitution, and in effect the days of his active participation in state affairs were drawing to a close. Less than a year subsequently, Hitler, on the plea of saving the "venerable

Field Marshal" from unnecessary labour, was to relegate him to a position of complete impotence.

On the other hand, there can be no excuse for his treatment of Brüning, brusque to the point of rudeness, at their farewell meeting so vividly described by Mr. Wheeler-Bennett. The truth is, I think, that while Hindenburg admired the Chancellor's sterling character and outstanding ability, he had never admitted him to his friendship. The personal gulf between the Protestant Junker and the Catholic parliamentarian remained a wide one, and Brüning's almost exaggerated integrity prevented him from endeavouring to bridge it by anything savouring of the flattery in which the very old delight. Be that as it may, the fact remains that, having let Brüning go without a word of recognition or thanks, the "Old Gentleman," hurrying off to review some naval ratings, was overheard to exclaim with intense satisfaction: "Now I can have a Cabinet of my friends."

This last remark is almost pathetic in its tragic incomprehension. Hindenburg had apparently no idea that he had just destroyed the only possible dam against the threatened Nazi inundation. For the moment, indeed, he got the Cabinet of his friends, led by that most slippery of contemporary German politicians, Franz von Papen. It lasted five months. Christened the "Cabinet of Barons" by the Nazis, and the "Cabinet of Backwoodsmen" by *The Times*, it was the most unpopular as well as the most anachronistic Government in the history of Germany. On the only occasion that it faced the Reichstag a vote of censure on it was carried by 513 votes to 32, and at the General Election that followed less than ten per cent. of the voters supported it. This summary rejection of his friends filled Hindenburg with dismay and annoyance. He hated parting with Papen, who—unlike Brüning—had flattered him, humoured him, and avoided troubling him with "unpleasant" questions. But Papen had to go. His successor, General von Schleicher, had an even shorter tenure. In the presidential palace, intrigue and counter-intrigue, confusion and dissension reigned supreme. In an atmosphere of hushed expectancy Germany and Europe watched those phantom governments

flit across the stage, curtain-raisers to the major tragedy that was about to begin. The audience had not long to wait: on January 28, 1933, Hitler was invited to form a Cabinet. It was, as Goebbels accurately declared, "the first day of the Revolution," and probably the only person who failed to recognise it as such was the President himself. He believed that, by imposing "conditions" on Hitler, he could prevent the latter from establishing a party dictatorship. Impose conditions on a river in full spate after he himself had removed the dam! Hitler accepted all the conditions and broke them all in turn. The President had not read *Mein Kampf*.

During the terrible months that followed, the last of Hindenburg's long life, what did he really think of the Third Reich, in whose creation fate rather than his own purpose had given him so large a share? We shall never know. In truth it no longer mattered what he thought. He had become a mere figure-head, living mostly in retirement at Neudeck, and exhibited only at occasional ceremonies, where his presence was used by the Nazi stage-managers to emphasise the complete spiritual unity between him and the formerly despised "Bohemian corporal." Everything was done, with or without his consent, to exploit his name in the Nazi interest. Even his death on August 2, 1934, was skilfully used to divert public attention from a menacing internal and external situation. His body was scarcely cold when Hitler announced that the Presidential office would be merged in his own, thereby rounding off the dictatorship. And the glittering pageant at Tannenberg four days later marked the joint funeral of Field Marshal von Hindenburg and of the tattered fragments of the Constitution which he had sworn to protect.

D. A. Binchy

SOME IRISH BARDIC POEMS

EDITED BY LAMBERT M'KENNA, S.J.

XLII

A PRINCESS

To Órlaidh, daughter of Ó Ceallaigh, Lord of Í Maine. Though she was apparently married (vv. 5, 32), her husband's name is not given. Her father, Muircheartach, is nowhere mentioned as chief of Í Maine, but several of his name are mentioned in the lists of the Ó Ceallaigh family during the 15th century. Eadaoin (v. 2) was apparently his wife's name.

TADG ÓG Ó hUIGINN CCT.

1. Dúthaigh deorad mag Maine
mag ar nach deorad duine
dílre inn fa fiadh Maine
ar n-aire ar thiall inn uile.

2. Ingean Éadaoine ó Eamain
ar n-éagcaoine do airig
fug fin ón uair fo b'infir
buaid an chinid mir Mainig.

3. Ó tá finn uirre d'fiadhnaib
re linn mná an bruinne báinghil
[do] bronnad rí [an] leig lógmair
[gur] leig Órlaid hí ar áirgib.

4. Do-chuaid tar mnáib Ó Maine
ar dáil a bruair 'r a bruighe
géabaid hé 'n-a dá oire
déanaim toile Dé ir duine.

5. M'éara ní head do-rine
ná do-géana bean Dúille
ní fearr hí um chrod a céile
a ní féine ag dol dúinne.

6. Deithe fial ir dréim re diadhacht
dá mian i gcéib na gclaonalt
ní éar rí fear tre ádhacht
ní bean dánacht dí a daonnacht.

7. Finnbean ó Beannaib Béirre
ingean ní Cheallaig Cláire
ní cuit fleidh d'éis na haoine
go mbeis faoiste ar Géis Gaille.

8. Togaidh Dia ní ar a hairfidib
ní bia 'r ní bí le bíodbaidh
tuairtis lé le feacht falmaib
teacht d'foglaidh Dé fa dhíomdaidh.

9. Nach cóir fala dí a-Déarta
ór carta dí gach daonna
nochar léig fiadh a fádha
go mbiadh náma ag Géig Gaola.

10. Ainnear fionn ó fiadh Luarraidh
gan 'n-a cionn acht cion Adhaimh
do buain uaille dí a daoinibh
maoidhidh fí chuaidhe a chábaidh.

11. A-Déar fia fádh nach forráil
do ghrádh nocha bia ar bandáidh
gé a-taoi ag féis gach fir d'onáir
fonáir lib féin a fagáil.

12. Tearc do aodh thian a dtiodhna
a chaob fial ó feart Meadhba
do fiarfadh lib lá Samhna
mná na Banbá i dtig Teamhra.

13. Gairm an fíol Cheallaig cuirre
fíon i mbeannaib do-beirte
an fleadh i gcionn a caithme
mar caithre a bean fionn Eithne.

14. Tú flán ó aois dar n-éir-ne
gach dámh ir daoib ar dílre
ní taidhle acht mod mná huairle
gan chrod uaib-re a-tá an tír-re.

15. Maith dáib ir duit a ndingne
ar dáimh do thuit a tarbha
leig rin an fon a dtiodhna
iomda fgol lib ag labhra.

16. Táinig ón éiriḋ do comḋa
biaiḋ an talaṁ gud ċoga
tolċa corra cnuic meaḋa
ceana ḋuit orra ir ana.

17. Meirde t'foit cam a ċlaoine
gan loċt ann acht an féirge
fuig óu bair léim tar line
fine an gcéiḋ gcair re ċéile.

18. Ní bia gan beiṫ gá ṫuilleaṁ
do breiṫ le Dia 'n-a ḋaingean
a ṁian do uair it farraḋ
annaṁ triall uaiḃ don aingeal.

19. [Do-ċuaiḋ] aingeal let anuain
a ainneir ó Muaiḋ ṁioḋuair
ní fuige an corp uaiḃ onáir
uair do forráil ort [ioḋnuaill].

20. Mór io ṫig meaḋair Maineaċ
rib ar fleaḋaiḃ gá bruireaċ
go dtráig rib an freiṫ nḋabac
ramaċ liḃ ar mbeiṫ buiḋeaċ.

21. Cinnei-re ar crú na gCollaḋ
tú dá innire ir annaṁ
ní [io] ṫoct a-taoi gá ṫuilleaṁ
tuilleaḋ gaċ laoi ort d'allaḋ.

22. Slat geal do fréim na ríge
a réir ir eaḋ ar áille
na mná do feiṫ an óige
ar cleiṫ mBóinne a-tá a dtáille.

23. Gnúir náir do iongaiḃ filiḋ
bioḋgaiḋ re gaċ nḋáiṁ nḋoiliġ
ní bí mian ag mac Maiṁig
naċ airig rlat fial Oiliġ.

24. Neaṁ 'n-a cionn críoċ a ḋála
an bean ó Síoṫ fionn Aoḋa
fearr mar ṫéiḋ rí 'n-a réana
na trí ḋéara ó ġéig Gaola.

25. A-tá fiaṁ fóṙ aṙ foġnaṁ
A nóṙ do-ċiam ġuṙ ceannġaḋ
Ní uaiṙ ṙí acc ṙéad dá dtiḃṙeaḋ
Ní aṙ a noingneaḋ méad meanman.

26. Inġean Muiṙċeaṙtaiġ Muaiḋe
Dá noṙuimċeaṙtaiṙ aṙ ndáin-ne
Le hitġiḃ d'éiṙ a ċéile
Tiltiṙ Éiṙe ó ġéiṙ Ġáille.

27. Siéaċtaiḋ iṙ í ṙa ultaiḃ
Ní dá céadṙaiḋ go ġceiltiṙ
Go ġcuiṙ ġṙáḋ Dé 'n-a daltaiḃ
Clár aṙ ṙaltaiṙ lé leiġtiṙ.

28. Doṁan ṙe ndiall aṙ ġcṙoiḋe
Ġan toṙaḋ fiaṁ ní ṙaiḃe
Ġaṙṙda . . . . . .

29. Ġéaġ a ṙioċ aṙṙaiḋ Feiṁin
Ġan ċaṙṁail cṙíoċ a cinid
Aġ féiṙ a mbí 'n-a bṙuiġin
Ṙuiḋiḋ ṙí féin 'ṙ a filiḋ.

30. Ní moḋ lé a maiṫ do ṁaoiḋeaṁ
Aṙ ċaiṫ ni lé do luaiḋeaḋ
Dámaḋ fliġe hí d'uaḃaṙ
Uaṁan dí ġile a ġṙuaiḋeaḋ.

31. Ḋean ṙe coḃaiṙ na ġcoinnṁeaḋ
Teaġ ṙa a ġcoṁaiṙ do cumaḋ
Teaġ Dé do uaiṙ ón ainġeal
Ainneaṙ Cé an uaiṙ ḃuṙ ullaṁ.

32. Ġéiṙ Ḃṙeaġ aṙ ndbuain ṙe céile
Ḋaṙ n-uaim iṙ eaḋ do-ṙóine
Tuġaḋ dí teann an tíṙe
Fiġe do ṁeall hí a hóiġe.

33. Ní ṫéid éantṙoiġ i n-uaḃaṙ
Dá céadṙaiḋ ní léiġ líonaḋ
An fíon aġ ġuin a ġṙuaiḋeaḋ
Tṙuailleaḋ d'fuil fioġ iṙ fioġan.

34. Dar mbreit ní bia dá míotoil
re beit ag Dia do dúthaig
Guide Dé re thí tráthaib
do táthaig fé dí an dúthaig.

Dúthaig

Translation

1. A home for all strangers is Maine's plain, a plain where no man is a stranger; I have a more special right to it for all in it are my care.

2. Éadaoin from Eamhain has already had an elegy from me; her daughter from girlhood days won the hearts of Maine's fierce race.

3. While still lived that white-breasted lady (Éadaoin)—I am witness to this—Órlaidh was giving away her precious jewels, and left her with naught but cattle herd (of her dowry).

4. Órlaidh has surpassed all the ladies of Í Maine in giving away all she gets—or ever will get; a twofold burden she will assume, to please God and to please man.

5. This lady from the Búill has never refused—nor ever will refuse—me aught; she gives us her own wealth and is none the richer for her husband's (which she gives too).

6. Generosity and striving after holiness are the two passions of this lady of the curling hair; she refuses no man because of some joke he makes, nor does boldness (in her suppliants) make her less generous.

7. This fair princess from the hills of Béirre, daughter of Ó Ceallaigh of Cláire, this swan of Gáille, after her Friday's fast tastes no food till the feast-day (Sunday) dawns.

8. God loves her for her virtues; she never sides with—never will side with—His foe; with her seven psalms she gets God's foe driven off discomfited.

9. Every man is her friend, and will condemn any offence to her; the lady of Gaola never let it be said that any man was her foe.

10. This fair maid from the woods of Luaradh is innocent of all sins but Adam's; yet, that men may not praise her, she tells of her severe penance.

11. I shall—I must—say to her: "No woman however wise shall ever be loved as thou; thou givest honour to all men, but art too humble to take it to thyself."

12. O generous lady from Feart Meadhbha, no man has ever given away even a third part of thy bounty; thou didst entertain on Samhain Eve all the ladies of Banbha in the House of Teamhair.

13. O lovely lady from the Eithne, thou shalt exalt Ceallach's race by the way thou shalt enjoy thy banquet, namely by giving the wine away in big goblets when the banquet is over.

14. Thou shalt ever be secure from satire; all poet-bands love thee; all thy deeds befit a princess; all the land is laid bare of its treasure by thee.

15. A blessing both to thee and to the poets is thy generosity—they have already enjoyed it; many a poet-band praises thee, hoping for thy bounty; let them continue to do so.

16. The land has given thee its tribute; it shall ever favour thee; its swelling mounds and mead-rich hills mean glory for thee—and wealth.

17. Only too lissom is thy wavy hair, its only fault is its curling; it resists thy hand and refuses to lie straight, but thou dost smooth down its curls.

18. Thou shalt ever merit to be taken by God into His palace; thy angel delights to be with thee; never does he leave thee.

19. O lady from the cool mead-rich Muaidh, thy angel helps thee in thy hour of stress when thy body presses thee to cry out in travail thou heedest it not.

20. Great the gaiety of the men of Maine when thou attendest on them at banquet-time thou art surprised if we thank thee before thou has emptied the whole range of wine-vats.

21. Thou surpassest all the race of the Collas, but thou dost not boast of that: 'tis not by an inactive life that thou meritest thy daily increase of glory.

22. 'Tis a noble deed to maintain the ladies who have chosen virginity; their expense is borne by the princess of the Bóinn, the white branch of the royal stock.

23. This noble-faced lady, ever a friend of a poet, is timid in the presence of their sharp-tongued bands; this generous princess of Oileach is alive to every desire of the young men of Í Maine.

24. Heaven is the destined home of this lady from fair Síodh Aodha: the "three tears" (like Mary's) which the princess of Gaola sheds are the more precious as she hides them.

25. Her glory is supreme; we see how it has cost her dear; she never got wealth but to give of it so as to increase joy in some heart.

26. The daughter of Muircheartach of the Muaidh, to whom above all my art is devoted, this swan of Gáille, guides Éire by her constant prayers.

27. In presence of (holy) monuments she bows her head, and is ever checking her senses; she leaves her psalter unopened till she has first instructed her family in God's love.

28. The world to which our hearts incline was never without fruit . . . . .

29. A home unrivalled has the folk of this lady from ancient Síodh Feimhin: she sits among her poets and cares for all in her palace.

30. 'Tis not her way to boast of her kindness; she has never told of all she gave away: the fairness of her cheeks makes her tremble lest it lead to pride.

31. She helps those on *coigny*: a hall has been built for them: (and so) this lady of C[illegible] has an assurance from her angel of God's hall when her time comes.

32. This swan of Breagha when wedded to her spouse was given all power in the land: 'twas to bind us to him and her that she wedded: the desire to wield this queenly power it was which urged her to forgo her virginity.

33. She shuns the way of pride; she indulges not her senses; the wine flushing her cheeks adds fresh colour to her blood, the blood of princes and princesses.

34. She has ever clung to God, and—I know full well—will never displease Him: by her prayer to God in His Three Days (in the Grave) she has bound the whole land in unity.

NOTES

MS.: YBL col. 186. Every variant from the MS. of any consequence is noted.

2 *a* ᚐ ᚓ. 3 ᚇᚓ **abest**; on *d* ᚉᚓ 5 *d* ᚐᚅᚋ (n overlined) 7*d* ᚇéᚃᚋᚓ, if in Connaught, is not in *Onom.* *b* riv. ᚌláᚃᚓ *cf. Onom.* *d* Galey on Loch Ree. 9 *d* in Co. Leitrim; *cf. Onom.* 10 *a* Luaradh not in *Onom.* 12 *b* unidentified; *cf. Onom.* *c* ᚇᚓ ᚋᚐᚋᚋᚐᚇ *d* Teach Teamhra *i.e.*, Eire 13 *c* ᚐ ᚄᚅᚅ *d* riv. flowing into Loch Ree 14 *c* ᚢᚐᚃᚋᚓ 15 *a* ᚈᚑᚅᚌᚅᚓᚐ 16 *a* ᚍᚐᚃᚅᚑ *c* ᚄᚅᚢᚄ; mead was made from nuts 17 *a* ᚌᚐᚋ (curved line over m) ᚐ ᚄᚓᚑᚓᚅᚓ *d* céᚇ ᚌᚐᚃ 18 *d* ᚐᚅᚅᚢᚇ 19 *a* ᚇᚑ ᚄᚐᚃᚇ *b* ᚋᚐᚃᚴ *d* ᚃᚏᚑᚢᚐᚃᚃ 20 *a* ᚐᚌᚃᚴ 21 *c* ᚇᚑᚄᚇ "silence" often "inaction" *cf.* YBL col. 177 v. 16 22 *d* ᚍáᚃᚃᚓ 23 *d* Several places called Oileach are in Connaught 24 *b* Assaroe 27 ᚐ ᚃᚐ ᚃᚑᚃᚍáᚇ "when insulted" would be an easier reading *c.* ᚉᚑᚌᚢᚃᚋ; *cd.* translation uncertain. For ᚌᚓᚃᚋ ᚐᚃᚋ ᚃᚐᚃᚍᚐᚃᚋ *cf.* IGT l. 2088 28 *cd* gap in MS. 29*c* ᚐ ᚋéᚃᚋ 30 *a* ᚋᚑᚴ 31 *b* ᚃᚐ ᚉᚑᚅᚐᚃᚋ *d* ᚄé ᚅᚅᚢᚐᚃᚋ 33 *c* ᚃíᚅ ᚐᚴᚢᚅᚅ *d vm.* of ᚍᚅᚢᚐᚃᚃᚅᚅ "I cover"? or perhaps "a mingling with" *i.e.*, "it goes to form the blood of her royal children"?.

CASTLEREAGH

BY FR. PHILIP HUGHES

DURING the afternoon of Monday August 12th, 1822, a dreadful rumour began to make its way through the English capital. The Marquis of Londonderry, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and Leader of the House of Commons, had that morning, in his country house near Dartford in Kent, cut his throat. Inquiries at his town house produced no more confirmation of this exciting tale than that Lord Londonderry was indeed dead, and in the evening papers there appeared a circumstantial account of his sudden last illness. But in *The Times* of the morrow the dreadful truth was out. The end had indeed been as rumour had described it.

Lord Londonderry—Viscount Castlereagh, by courtesy, from 1796 until the recent death of his father (April 1821)—was at the moment of his death the best hated man in the best hated cabinet that had ever governed England. Poets and wits and pamphleteers had pursued him for years with a persistent venom that still amazes us. Shelley had seen him, a figure of terrible calm, tossing to the bloodhounds in his train the hearts of his fellow countrymen to chew; and there is evident, through Byron's bitterness too, the same conception of a man to whom death, torture and the bloodshed amid which he had so largely ruled were a matter not merely of indifference but of a certain serene and conscientious contentment. And an Irish historian has written of his memory the dreadful phrase that it "smelt of hot blood." Rarely has any man been so hated and never has the funeral of a personage so distinguished been marked by the scenes amid which Castlereagh's corpse went to its burial. The streets around Westminster Abbey were so densely packed that the cortege made its way through them slowly and with difficulty. "On the arrival of the hearse," says the sober report in *The Times*, "a most discordant yell displayed the animosity

which [the crowds] felt to the deceased nobleman." At the west door of the abbey the funeral car halted while the procession of dignitaries was formed and the clergy came down to receive the body. And again and again the mourners inside the church heard "a loud shout apparently of exultation and execration . . . from the crowd without." It might have been the last appearance outside Newgate of some notorious poisoner.

Even death, even a death so tragic, cutting the man off in the very prime of life, fifty-two years of age, did not soften the language of those who hated him. It did but stimulate the more virulent among them—Byron for example—to new essays in indecency. And upon the unforgettable funeral there followed a silence unbroken and complete, unseemingly complete, about the man and his career that lasted for a whole generation. He was, none the less, after Wellington, the foremost man his generation produced, although even those of his contemporaries who were friendly did not realise it, and for his talents no less than for the skill with which he used them he must be set among the very first of nineteenth century men of affairs.

We live in an age of historical revisions. The heroes of the past are steadily debunked and, in a kind of rough unconscious compensation, the more difficult work proceeds of calling back from their long oblivion the men who really did the work that mattered. In such an age it has been simply a matter of time before Castlereagh should come into his own. Of the three recent works that treat of his career, one (and it is by far the most important of them) gives him his due preeminence among British Foreign Secretaries;[1] another seeks to clear him of the most terrible of the political crimes laid to his account, namely his activities as Chief Secretary in Ireland[2] (1797-1800); and the third book is an agreeably written sketch of his whole life that takes into account the first two books, the new knowledge and the new point of view.[3]

[1] *The Foreign Policy of Castlereagh* by C. K. Webster. Macmillan. 1925, 1930.
[2] *The Rise of Castlereagh* by H. M. Hyde. Macmillan. 1933. Pp. 478. 21s.
[3] *Castlereagh* by Sir J. A. R. Marriott. Methuen. 1936. Pp. 344. 15s.

The work of rehabilitation is not, however, yet completed. In acknowledging here what the labours of Dr. Hyde and Professor Webster have accomplished, we should like to say something too of a sphere of his activity in which, *pace* Castlereagh's well-informed defenders, his good name still awaits some restoration. We should like to examine, too, a little more closely, the exoneration prepared by Mr. Hyde and say something about the spirit of panegyric in which he, and Sir John Marriott with him, have presented their theses. For not all the hatred was mere unmotived spite and malevolence. "Let not the name of 'rabble'," said *The Times* as it described, and of course condemned, the horrible barbarity of that exultation at his funeral, "be foolishly applied to this unsophisticated class of our fellow-subjects. What the rabble feel strongly, it is certain that many of those who are not rabble *think*."

It may be useful to preface these remarks by a reminder of the principal events in Castlereagh's life. He was born in Dublin on the very day that saw the birth of Napoleon, 15 August 1769, the second and eldest surviving son of Robert Stewart, a wealthy landowner of Newtownards in the County Down, and of a daughter of the Earl of Hertford. On the father's side the family was descended from a seventeenth century Scots adventurer "planted" in Ireland in the time of James I. But its real wealth and importance had come through the marriage of Castlereagh's grandfather with an immensely wealthy heiress. The family was Presbyterian in religion, and it was into that sect that Castlereagh himself was baptised. He was educated in Ireland and at St. John's College, Cambridge; and then, in 1790, barely twenty-one years of age, after one of the hardest fought elections of the time, he was elected to the Irish House of Commons as one of the members for the County Down. In 1795 his half-uncle —to be exact, the brother of his father's second wife—Earl Camden was appointed Viceroy and in 1798 Castlereagh became Chief Secretary. In this office he was one of the main forces in the "pacification" of 1798 and the main force in the successful campaign that united the parliaments in the Act

of 1800. When Pitt resigned office in 1801, Castlereagh resigned too. At Pitt's request, however, or with Pitt's consent, he took office under the minister who displaced Pitt—Henry Addington—and retained the same office, President of the Board of Control, when Pitt replaced Addington in 1804. At Pitt's death, in January 1806, a coalition government was formed and in this Castlereagh had no part. For the next year he was in opposition. He came into power again under the Duke of Portland's government (March 1807) as Secretary of War—a post he occupied for two years until a duel with his fellow cabinet minister Canning (21 September 1809) brought about, inevitably, the resignation of both. For the next three years (September 1809—March 1812) he was an independent supporter of the high Tory régime under Portland and his successor Spencer Perceval. When Lord Wellesley resigned the Foreign Office in March 1812, Castlereagh succeeded him. He was to hold the position for the rest of his life (until August 1822), and after the assassination of Perceval (11 May 1812) he was easily the chief figure in the undistinguished cabinet where Lord Liverpool presided and, not altogether unfairly, he came to be taken, at home and abroad, as the real ruler of England. Three great events are linked irrevocably with his name as the statesman who had the principal share in their direction: namely, the Act of Union, the Peninsular War, and that settlement of Europe after the long wars with France (1792-1815) which is conveniently remembered as the work of the Congress of Vienna.

Lord Castlereagh married, in 1795, Lady Amelia Hobart, a daughter of the Earl of Buckinghamshire a former Irish viceroy. The marriage, which was childless, was apparently very happy and the statesman's letters to his wife show a side of his character that, to all appearances, none of his foes and few of his friends suspected. He appears as generous, even-tempered, patient and affectionate, a man as much in love with his wife twenty years after marriage as the day he married her. The chill that disfigures and even distorts the beauty of the "sad inexplicable" countenance that looks out from the Lawrence portraits had no place, apparently

f the man's home life. The publication of these letters alone hould end, and for ever, the interpretations that read into hat unpleasant coldness the iciness of spiritual death and iabolic perversion. Whatever the judgment to which we ltimately come on the man's talents, the skill with which e used them, the ends to accomplish which he strove and ne causes that moved him to make those ends his own, e must concede that in certain respects Castlereagh has een, of all statesmen, one of the most maligned.

It was as a reformer that Castlereagh was elected to the rish House of Commons in 1790, and the most obvious charge hat can be made against his public character is that, within very few years, he was ranged among the chief adversaries f the movement to support which he had been sent to Parliament. The date of that conversion, the accusation proceeds, s not obscure. The changeover is contemporary with the rrival of his uncle as Viceroy in Dublin. Certainly there is o doubt of his early political professions. He was, admittedly, he associate and friend of the associates of Charlemont nd Grattan. When the Northern Whig Club was founded, ne was one of its first members and, with the rest, drank to President Washington," to "the Gallic Constitution," and even to "Our Sovereign Lord the People." These Whigs understood only too well that the Revolution of 1782 had proved itself of very little practical importance. To give reality to the independence of the separate kingdom from the management of the English aristocracy, the ministry in Ireland must be responsible to the Irish Parliament and not to the English ministry merely, and to secure this the Irish Parliament must itself be reformed and the hold of the boroughmonger upon it broken once and for all. A final conclusion to find a place, logically, in the plan of the practical reformer was that there could never be security in Ireland so long as the Catholics—more than three quarters of the population—were left in the condition of political helots. The Catholics had not indeed troubled the peace of the country for a century, but no scheme of national regeneration could neglect the possibilities, for peace or otherwise, that lay

latent in this immense majority of outlawed citizens. Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform were the twin dogmas of the Protestant Irish patriot in 1790, and to the latter at least Castlereagh subscribed as heartily as the rest. "I *love* the cause of the people" he wrote in his letter of thanks to the voters who had elected him, "I revere the constitution and I will maintain and defend both with that ardour and affection which a youthful heart dictates and which your generous confidence demands."

There was an old man, nearly eighty years of age, closely connected with Castlereagh, who from London watched all this with interest and with some amusement. This was Charles Pratt, first Earl Camden, once Lord Chancellor and now Lord President of the Council in Pitt's cabinet. He was the father of Castlereagh's stepmother, and the young man had always been to him as a grandchild. Two letters of his written about this time, give a clue to Castlereagh's real feelings at the moment he made his political début and to the motives which from this first moment guided his intense ambition. In the first letter (16 October, 1790) Camden suggests that the real reason which tempted Castlereagh's father—now Baron Londonderry—"to engage in this contest with so much eagerness" and procure his son's election was the desire partly to consolidate the local social importance of the family and partly to keep his son and heir at home in Ireland.

Castlereagh's father had himself been member for Down from 1769 to 1783, and it was in a kind of revenge against Lord Hillsborough, the "king" of the county, who had then defeated him, that he now in 1790 launched his son and heir with such enthusiasm. Hillsborough and his family were thoroughgoing supporters of the government in the fashion of the day. They controlled a certain number of votes in Parliament, and these, for an arranged price, were at the Lord Lieutenant's orders. In opposition to such a potentate Castlereagh naturally had to look for support to those elements in the country who detested this state of things, to the Whigs, the commercial people and the Presbyterians generally. H

own family was Presbyterian, at any rate as late as his own baptism; and in another respect there was a long standing connection with the opposition, for his father had been a leading Volunteer in 1782. The son must, at all costs, become a member of the Irish House of Commons and displace the hated Hillsborough. Part of the cost was financial—and here the family was crippled for thirty years nearly—and the rest was the young man's enthusiasm on the side of the Reformers. What else, indeed, but a critic of the Castle could the man be who aspired to defeat the Castle's local henchman?

His grandfather's second letter (23 Jan., 1791) supplied the needed principle of political action. Castlereagh can hardly fly in the face of all his election pledges. He must often therefore speak, or vote at least, against the administration. But "would there be any harm in professing yourself a friend of the Pitt administration in England, though you are in opposition to the Castle?" On this advice, notes Mr. Hyde, the young protégé "had the good sense to act," to the bewilderment of Pitt's ministers in Dublin, who reported the results to London with annoyance.

Castlereagh's letters, such as we have them here in Mr. Hyde's book, do not, even the earliest of them, show any sign of that fervour for Reform which he must, during the election, have professed, nor do his actions in these first years of his parliamentary life show him in the least as a friend of the Catholic cause.

A visit to France in the autumn of 1791 no doubt did much to stiffen in him his natural attachment to the interests of his own class. "God forbid that I should ever see . . . . the Commons an immediate organ of the national will" he wrote to the secretary of the Whig Club in 1792, in a letter clearing himself from any suspicion of revolutionary principles. The Chief Secretary continued to find him "a decided enemy of the King's Government in Ireland" (22 Feb., 1792), but the politicians in London understood better. Lord Grenville, the Foreign Secretary, replied that he "had the strongest assurances from Mr. Stewart's connections" (*lege* Lord Camden), and meanwhile could not the Viceroy do something to favour

the young man? And the bitter comment of his friends of the Whig Club shows that they too understood. "Robert Stewart votes now with the majority," wrote Dr. Drennan in that same month of February 1792; "he is a half-blooded fellow and one of those whom Junius calls the meanest of the human race."

Thus before ever his relative came to rule as Viceroy, before there was any disaffection in Ireland save the constitutional agitation of the Whig Club, and long before there was any sign of rebellion, Castlereagh had deserted. He was under no illusion as to the rottenness of the system he preferred not to help to reform. But he preferred not to reform it rather than to see the country ruled by the Catholics, as must be the case if the Whig programme were realised. Nevertheless the system was so rotten that it could not last much longer. "Even those whose daily bread is the corruption complained of think so." Castlereagh understood this well, as these words of his show; and nowhere does he give better proof of matured political foresight than in the analysis of the situation made in January 1793 for his uncle the future Viceroy. He was then six months short of twenty-three. His solution is just so much reform as will still the rising agitation and yet not disturb the foundation on which the Protestant ascendancy rested. The great problem is how to conciliate, and to conciliate safely, the great Catholic majority. "The Catholics never can [be conciliated] by any concession which must not sooner or later tear down the Church or make the State their own." Whereupon, "give them anything rather than the franchise . . . . . If you give them the franchise, reflect on the multitude of reformers you create."

This letter is dated 16 January 1793. When in March the bill "for the relief of His Majesty's Catholic Subjects" was introduced, Castlereagh, favourable enough to the removal of the obstacles that stood in the way of a Catholic's professional career, fought hard against the clause that would give Catholics the vote. At all costs they must be prevented from coming into their own politically; and since, if the

orrupt system by which Ireland is governed continues, a eneral movement for reform must ensue that will bring in ie Catholics, then another system must be devised in which, hile London continues to govern Ireland in the interests of ngland, the Catholics can be emancipated safely.

Here, in 1793, is the essence of the scheme ultimately mbodied in the Union project of 1800. Castlereagh has good laims to be its first author; and when the time came, he howed himself not only the principal Irish agent of the London overnment in prosecution of the scheme, but the very life nd soul of the whole affair—the one man possessed with a enuine, wholehearted, religious faith in the measure, the one an to whose political courage, pertinacity and perseverance n the face of universal opposition its passing was finally due. astlereagh was easily the youngest, alike in years and in ublic experience, of the statesmen concerned in this most ifficult negotiation, but in his mastery of the political arts ie showed himself the equal of the greatest of them. When, fter his death, the question arose of monument and in- cription to him, it was this feat that was especially recalled, nd over his remains there was carved the imperishable mbiguity: "Ireland will never forget the Statesman of the egislative Union."

Whether Castlereagh was or was not a real friend to the atholic cause was one of the several points about which harles Butler and Bishop Milner differed. The evidence would seem to leave no doubt that the bishop was right in his iew that Castlereagh's sole interest in the Catholic Question vas his hope that the Church might be made a means whereby he English Government could more securely rule the Irish, nd that this was the reason, and the only reason, that lay ehind his support of the various abortive projects of the hirty years that followed the Union. Emancipation in the ld independent kingdom of Ireland meant the end of the scendancy of Castlereagh's class. Hence he fought it. With he Union the great Catholic majority was lost in the general opulation of the new United Kingdom. The Catholics could ow be emancipated without danger to the Ascendancy, and

their clergy bound to the State more closely by a system of permanent endowment.[1]

How this prospect of emancipation through the parliament of the United Kingdom was used in 1799-1800 to win over the Irish Catholics to the support of the projected Union and to prevent any further reconciliation of Catholic and Protestant in Ireland is too well known to need more than a passing reference here. It was thanks very largely to the failure of the Catholic majority to work against the Administration that the measure passed. Not all the dirty work of bribery at which, for weeks and months, Castlereagh toiled so diligently would have availed, had not the Catholics been brought to see in the project the destruction of their enemy the old ascendancy-ridden legislature and their own transference to the rule of a more liberal body.

That Castlereagh, in so many words, lied to the Irish Catholic leaders has indeed been asserted. It is not true. But Castlereagh knew that, thanks to his presentation of the case, the Catholics felt assured that the United Parliament would emancipate them, and he knew that it was the assurance derived from his presentation of the case that determined their support. If in this the Catholics were the dupes of Castlereagh, Castlereagh was, no less truly, the dupe of Pitt. For Pitt, who when the hour came to redeem the pledges and the determination of the king stood in the way resigned in a great gesture of devotion to pledges and principle, had known all along, before he ever allowed Castlereagh to make the needed useful hints, that the king would never be brought to consent. The game played by the Lord Chancellor, Loughborough, in 1800, warning the king of the obligations his coronation oath entailed, was but an exact repetition of what had happened in 1795. The king had said then just what he was to say in 1801 ; and Pitt, who was thoroughly well acquainted with the king's mind and his character, knew that nothing had happened between 1795 and 1800 to alter the opinions the king then expressed. Nay

[1] Mr. Hyde prints (p. 78), for the first time, a most interesting memorandum by Castlereagh on this subject dated 1 Sept. 1800.

more, a speech of Pitt's, in that interval, had supported the same principle, as the king was now to remind Pitt. "The King," George III wrote on 5th May 1804, "cannot forget the wound that was intended at the palladium of our Church Establishment, the Test Act, and the indelicacy, not to call it worse, of wanting to forego his solemn Coronation Oath. He therefore here avows that he shall not be satisfied unless Mr. Pitt makes as strong assurances of his determination to support this vital law as Mr. Pitt in so clear a manner stated in 1796 in the House of Commons—viz., that the smallest alteration of this law would be a death wound to the British Constitution."[1]

The famous resignation of 1801 was a piece of political humbug, the work of an unusually proud master-politician possessed by an unusually serious fit of the sulks. Pitt was no sooner out of office than he sought to get back, willing to go back on the king's terms if only the king would ask him. In 1804 a political crisis forced him on the king once again, and he resumed office—but, in this matter, on the king's terms, the famous pledge never to re-open the question of Catholic Emancipation.

But the problem of Ireland remained unsolved, a legacy of Pitt to the union parliament at Westminster; and to Castlereagh—henceforth and for a generation the most notable of Pitt's successors—there fell a considerable say in the attempts to settle it. The unity between his action at Westminster in these later years (1806-1822) and the part played in his earlier Irish career is very striking. So long as George III reigned, no minister of the Crown was free to promote or to favour any measure to relieve Catholics of their political disabilities. But in 1810 the king's reason left him permanently, and the pledges that had held up discussion of this particular solution of the Irish problem lost their force.

Castlereagh had been back in the Cabinet a matter of three or four weeks only (after an absence of nearly three years) when his first opportunity came to express his mind on the question. Whitbread had flung at him the taunt that,

[1] Russell: *Letters of Charles James Fox*, iii, 329-330.

despite his declaration that he would never return to office unless he were free to carry the question of the Catholic claims, he had since then, three times, accepted office and was now once more in office in an administration pledged to oppose those claims inexorably. Whitbread's reference was, of course, to the events of 1800. In his reply Castlereagh stated his view that the whole question was one of expediency and not of justice, a position from which he never moved. "I was a friend to this measure at that time," he said, "because I was satisfied that the Catholics were disposed to take up the measure upon liberal grounds and to content themselves with closing with the government upon principles not inimical to the Church or State . . . . the whole question is whether it is advisable, safe or expedient to make these concessions." That the Catholic claims should be admitted absolutely, as things just and of their nature calling for satisfaction, he denied resolutely. The concession must of its nature be conditional. "Concession to the Catholics would be a measure of great advantage to the empire, if it can be connected with the proper securities to the Established Church." (24 April 1812, Hansard vol. 22, cols. 1003-1010).

Spencer Perceval's assassination, three weeks later, brought about changes and a slightly more liberal régime. In the administration as re-arranged under Lord Liverpool ministers were free to act on the Catholic Question as they thought best. On June 6th Castlereagh spoke again on the subject and returned to the point of his earlier speech: "He had however never looked forward to a concession of the Catholic claim as a measure that could be either wise or politic, unless it were accompanied with safeguards which would sufficiently guarantee the safety of the constitution" (*ib.* vol. 23, col. 695).

On May 11th 1813 Castlereagh intervened during the discussion on Grattan's bill and declared himself in favour of the principle that parliament should be opened to Catholics, since this made for national unity. "He remained, as he had ever been, opposed to those who asserted Catholic Emancipation to be a question of right" (*ib.*, vol. 26, col. 87). To

admit Catholics to Parliament, he went on to say, two days later, was to give them power over the Church of England, and therefore Catholics must expect regulations if only to protect the Church of England against their use of that power. The mere oath of allegiance was not sufficient security, and confessing his anxiety to limit the patronage of the See of Rome, and his desire to assist the Catholic clergy in their conflict between interest and duty, he proposed his favourite plan of a state salary for every Catholic priest and prelate. This he thought a security far more effective than any veto on episcopal nominations. In a conversation with the Speaker some time earlier (8 Feb. 1813) Castlereagh had given his opinion that not much could be done without some arrangement with the Catholic clergy under the Pope's authority, though he thought at the moment this was more than could be hoped for. It was not of Roman support that he despaired; for, as he declared in the House of Commons (11 May 1813), "the Catholic Religion, and more especially the ecclesiastical part of it under the See of Rome, had ever been a matter of arrangement both in Catholic and Protestant countries." The religious orders too should be the subject of arrangement and government regulation (25 May 1813), and the whole measure would thus afford the State a means of protection against Popery, the recent growth of which was in fact an argument for the bill and not against it.

In all this Castlereagh is, I suggest, simply the continuator of Pitt, and his ideas the somewhat wooden repetition of the ideas of the greater man—whose intelligence also, it cannot be denied, had about it a certain quality of woodenness too. Old Lord Camden had set his youthful grandson in the way of close adherence to Pitt. Castlereagh had lost no time. He had extolled the Prime Minister personally in the Irish House of Commons in the very speeches which criticised and attacked the Prime Minister's Irish administration. Then, in 1794, Pitt had given him a vacant pocket borough in the English House of Commons, "in the noblest manner—unsolicited and unasked" as the naturally delighted Lord Londonderry wrote to his friends. It was as Pitt's henchman,

with a complete understanding between the two as to the service to be rendered, that he returned to Ireland at the crisis of 1794-1795—"Pittized with a vengeance, which he candidly owns," wrote one of his Whig friends to Charlemont. How close the spiritual alliance, where the Catholic Question is concerned, some extracts from Pitt's own letters will perhaps make clear. "We have thought only of what was the most likely plan to preserve the security and tranquility of the British and Protestant interest," Pitt writes in January 1792, *à propos* of the Catholic Relief bill that he was about to force on the Irish Parliament: "The idea we are playing the Catholic game is absurdly extravagant." Ten months later, this crisis surmounted, he writes to his Irish minister the Lord Lieutenant: "The idea of the present fermentation bringing both parties to think of an union with this country has long been in my mind. I hardly dare flatter myself with the hopes of its taking place, but I believe it, though itself not easy to be accomplished, to be the only solution for other and greater difficulties. The admission of Catholics to the suffrage could not then be dangerous. The Protestant interest, in point of power, property and Church establishment would be secure, because the decided majority of the supreme Legislature would necessarily be Protestant; and the great power of argument on the part of the Catholics would be done away, as, compared with the rest of the Empire, they would become a minority." (Holland Rose, *Pitt*, II. 390).

The best commentary on it all is Wellington's, and it comes like morning air into the staleness of an all-night sitting. It was "nonsense to talk of Church and State being in danger. English influence and connections were in danger if Catholic Emancipation were ever carried." (Parker, *Peel* I, 83).

Castlereagh was responsible for the Union, and there is nowhere a hint that the vile methods employed, both at his direction and by him in person, found him reluctant. The Viceroy, Lord Cornwallis, might lament the dirty job he had to do and hope that its results—the delivery of Ireland from the corruption and devilry of the ascendancy clique, the emancipation of the Catholics, and the certainty of a reign

of peace in the unhappy kingdom—would justify what he had to do. No such laments came from Castlereagh. He was indeed never so much in his element (save in the supreme years when at Vienna he matched himself, and successfully, with Talleyrand, Metternich and the Emperor Alexander) as in directing these manoeuvres by which the union he had so largely planned was transformed into law in the teeth of such varied and active opposition.

Castlereagh was in fact by nature and temperament a bureaucrat and administrator. Management was indeed his forte, and his gifts showed always to least advantage when they had to face the unhindered criticism of his equals. He was of the race of despots—himself no doubt of the benevolent species—and his temperament such that no sorrow, no compunction, no regrets ever ruffled his even satisfaction. It has been laid to his charge that he failed to sympathise with the great movement of the European spirit that filled his time. It left Castlereagh unmoved, even as a young man of fortune with all his career before him. And this lack of response in the man's public life to the more generous impulses of his time, and which stands in marked contrast with what is revealed to us of his private life, struck his opponents as the greatest of his sins. Nowhere in all this correspondence that his modern apologists quote is there any hint of generosity in matters of state, any sign that the vision and the hope of a better ordered world ever moved his soul. One looks in vain for an expression that betrays a sense of pity for the misery of the unhappy peasantry whom, his whole life through, a cruel régime, economic and social, ground so harshly in Ireland and England alike. Nor is there anywhere any pity for the wretched serfs of the new industrial economy, herded in the hideous slums of the new English factory towns, overworked, starved and exploited literally from their babyhood, damned already at birth to an earthly hell for as long as earthly life should last. Castlereagh was for many years the chief of these unhappy people's rulers, and their incredible misery he never heeded until it forced itself upon his notice in the shape of agitation and, inevitably, of riot. And then he

helped and helped very considerably to let loose on the English poor something of the same brutal and bloody repression which he had helped to loose years before on the workmen and the peasantry of the land of his birth.

"[Castlereagh's] hostility to constitutional liberty was not merely one of form. On no single occasion in these years[1] is Castlereagh found giving it any encouragement or sacrificing to it the cardinal point of his policy, union with Austria against Russia. His deliberate plan for perpetuating Austrian influence in [Italy] he had inherited from Pitt, and he applied the prescription only too well when the opportunity came. It was a fundamental part of his policy to the end of his career . . . ." These are the words of the distinguished historian[2] whose immense research has restored Castlereagh to the high place among British Foreign Secretaries that his achievement merits. They are an interesting complement to the words used, on the morrow of Castlereagh's death, by *The Times* in describing his achievement at Vienna :—

> England at the Congress of Vienna had the rights of nations—the affection of mankind—the bonds and obligations of faith, gratitude and honour—and the physical force of Spain and Poland, of Italy, Norway and the smaller states of Germany at her back . . .[Castlereagh] sacrificed everything which ought to have been preserved, and maintained pertinaciously all that wisdom and principle required [him] to abandon. Freedom . . . . was everywhere withheld from its rightful owners, and a second tyranny, more intolerable than the first because more the fruit of treachery, was everywhere established in its place. Italy, invoked to arms by the voice of England herself, was betrayed, bound hand and foot and remitted, with the open approbation of England, to her old race of tyrants. Spain, constituted into a representative government by this Ministry, was by it resigned to absolute power and to the Inquisition. Poland was released only to be re-subjugated. Norway starved and striped into submission. Holland and Flanders squeezed into a union which both cordially execrate, and which the first movement of that Power against whom it was raised as a barrier will in a moment dissolve.

The domestic history of England during the years when Castlereagh was at the height of his power, 1812 to 1822,

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[1] *i.e.*, of Office as Foreign Secretary 1812-1822. [2] Professor Webster.

makes terrible reading. Sidney Smith, a hundred years ago, described the régime vividly :—

> From the beginning of the century . . . . to the death of Lord Liverpool was an awful period for those who had the misfortune to entertain liberal opinions, and who were too honest to sell them for the ermine of the judge or the lawn of the prelate . . . . and the man who breathed a syllable against the senseless bigotry of the two Georges, or hinted at the abominable tyranny and persecution exercised upon Catholic Ireland, was shunned as unfit for the relations of social life. Not a murmur against any abuse was permitted ; to say a word against the suitorcide delays of the Court of Chancery, or the cruel punishments of the Game Laws, or against any abuse which a rich man inflicted or a poor man suffered, was treason against the *Plousiocracy*, and was bitterly and steadily resented.

And Sir George Trevelyan notes :—

> To profess Liberal views was to be excluded from all posts of emolument, from all functions of dignity and from all opportunities of public usefulness . . . . Argument and oratory were alike unavailing under a constitution which was indeed a despotism of privilege. . . . The press was gagged in England and throttled in Scotland. Every speech, or sermon, or pamphlet, the substance of which a Crown lawyer could torture into a semblance of sedition, sent its author to the jail, the hulks, or the pillory. In any place of resort where an informer could penetrate, men spoke their minds at imminent hazard of ruinous fines and protracted imprisonment. It was vain to appeal to Parliament for redress against the tyranny of packed juries and panic-driven magistrates.

With Castlereagh's share and responsibility for these infamies neither Professor Webster nor Mr. Hyde can be expected to deal. They are specialists engaged with other stages of his career. But it is part of our quarrel with Sir John Marriott that in this matter he neither disproves such critics as we have quoted nor justifies Castlereagh, and to do one or the other would certainly seem to lie within his province ; for Sir John Marriott's book sets out the main features of the whole of his subject's distinguished career. The most valuable section of the book, and for this Sir John is himself wholly responsible, is that which describes the few years in which, as President of the Board of Control, Castlereagh is the minister responsible for Indian affairs (1801-1806). The

least valuable is the account of Castlereagh as Chief Secretary for Ireland in the ten years that preceded the Union. Here the author follows Dr. Hyde—not the surest of guides by any means, nor the most competent. Dr. Hyde is lost in detail and too absorbed by his aim of clearing Castlereagh of the charges made against his administration. He never sees his hero's opponents save as enemies. Their positive ideal escapes him altogether. Their dossier he ignores. Whence confusion and obscurity, and these infect Sir John Marriott's book as they affect its source. And to Dr. Hyde and Sir John Marriott moral issues do not appear to matter. It is not that they are concerned merely to describe. They judge, acquit and condemn—as, of course, every historian must do whose work is not a mere listing of dates. But the principle of their judgment is expediency and its success. There is no question of Castlereagh's success, nor—since Professor Webster's heroic research revolutionised our knowledge—of the skill which brought it about. Therefore Castlereagh is a hero and we must pay him homage. "The action of Castlereagh and his colleagues," says Sir John Marriott speaking of the bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807, "has, then, a twofold justification: it was necessary and it was successful." Elsewhere he makes still more explicit profession of his unmoral standards, when he treats of the horrors enacted in Ulster in 1797 and describes Lake's use of torture, the floggings, the picketings, the pitchcapping,—"guided by admirably precise information, sometimes extorted by means which only the end could justify, Lake, etc., etc." Both these authors are in fact chiefly loyal to the old reactionary doctrine that whatever is is right, and that the first and last duty of a government is to protect, at all costs, the vested interests of the ruling class. The reformer must pay at least a semblance of homage to ideals and to ethical principles if he is to justify his action, but the appeal that underlies all this apologetic of reaction never rises above interest, expediency, practicability and the ancient animal instinct to hold tight to what has once been grabbed.

PHILIP HUGHES

BRAVE DAYS AT CAMBRIDGE *

BY HENRY V. GILL, S.J.

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL recollections of their nature labour under a serious disadvantage. It is only by reading between the lines, and not always even then, that we can arrive at an estimate of the character of the writer and the importance of his work. An autobiography tells us what a man did and what he thought about others, but it does not tell us what others thought of him and of his importance to the world. It is the mark of greatness to be humble and instinctively to allow others to form their own opinions about one's character and achievements. This is eminently true of the recently published *Recollections and Reflections* of Sir J. J. Thomson. In this volume the venerable author—the book was published within a month of his eightieth birthday—gives us a most valuable account of his life, of the people he met, and of the work he did. But he does not comment on the altogether extraordinary importance of his own discoveries. Written chiefly for the general reader who is not a professional scientist, it is to be expected that the full significance of Sir J. J. Thomson's contribution to modern science will not be at once evident to such a reader from his account of his own work. For example, his brief account of the discovery of the electron gives no idea of the complete revolution it brought about in the whole outlook of both physicists and chemists. For the scientist the fact is so well known that the chief interest of Sir J. J. Thomson's remarks arises out of the personal association. For those who are not scientists a whole volume would be required.

The life of Sir J. J. Thomson is so bound up with the Cavendish Laboratory that a brief account of this institution

* *Recollections and Reflections* by Sir J. J. Thomson, O.M., D.Sc., F.R.S., etc., Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. London, 1936.

The History of the Cavendish Laboratory, 1871-1910. London, 1910.

Post-Prandial Proceedings of the Cavendish Laboratory. Cambridge, 3rd ed. 1907.

may not be without interest. The present writer had the goo fortune to spend some time there nearly thirty years ago an to do "a bit of research" under the direction of Professo Thomson. At that time much of the foundations of moder discovery were being laid, and Thomson himself was workin at "positive rays." I had, therefore, an opportunity of seein at close quarters the general conditions under which som great discoveries were made. Sir J. J. Thomson tells us c the awe and diffidence he experienced in approaching one o his earliest professors about an idea he wished to work out Such feelings would be mild indeed in comparison with thos experienced by an undistinguished student entering the sacre precincts of the Cavendish Laboratory!

To-day research work is carried out on a gigantic scale a over the world. Every University has its research laboratories where as a rule purely scientific problems are investigated. I addition every great industry has its research department employing highly paid scientists, who not only study natur from a scientific standpoint, but who investigate the applica tion of pure science to practical needs. Such research depart ments are no longer a luxury; they are of essential importanc in any progressive industry. Examples are to be found i "wireless," "X-rays," "aviation," "chemical industries," and the hundred and one scientific applications which are no part of the normal equipment of civilised life. A little though must make it clear that the many complicated but fool-proo instruments now in daily use—such as radio sets—can onl be the outcome of expert and specialised scientific knowledge But all this is of comparatively recent growth. Less than a hundred years ago there were no research departments in th universities or elsewhere; even the "practical physics" no taught in secondary schools was then unknown. While many of the older universities and colleges—Catholic colleges were pioneers in such teaching—were well equipped with apparatus for demonstrating the general laws of science, there was n facility for research work.

In Cambridge it was not until 1868 that the need of such advanced scientific work began to be recognised. A syndicat

as appointed to consider the teaching of heat, electricity and agnetism (subjects then included in the honours mathe-atical tripos), which reported in favour of founding a special ofessorship and of supplying him with the necessary means making his teaching practical—in other words, of giving m a demonstrator, a lecture room, a laboratory, and a ock of apparatus. The difficulty was the cost. This was met the then Chancellor, the Duke of Devonshire, who undertook provide the estimated cost of 6,000 guineas. Eventually, at greater cost, the building was completed in 1874, and formally ened by the Duke in the June of that year. Later, another ancellor, Lord Rayleigh, devoted the £5,000 of his Nobel ize to the cost of an extension, which was opened in 1908. e office of Chancellor in these older universities is a position great dignity. He seldom takes part in any of the ordinary nctions, and is looked on as a patron whose chief duties are attract benefactions, and to defend in every way the privi-ges of the Alma Mater.

It was becoming that the Laboratory and the Professorship ould be named after the Hon. Henry Cavendish, who was th a distinguished scientist and a member of the Devonshire mily. Sir J. J. Thomson has some interesting things to tell about this extraordinary man, whose " life was dominated science to an extent which seems altogether incredible. rom the evidence of his contemporaries he never talked about ything else." He was extremely wealthy, but paid no tention to such matters. " When his balance at the bank as £80,000, his banker thought he ought to go to him and dvise him to invest some of it, instead of letting it lie idle, rning no interest. He went to Cavendish, who was very ngry and said, " What do you come here for ? " He told him. avendish said : " If it is any trouble to you I will take it out f your hands, so do not come here to plague me. What do ou want me to do ? " " Perhaps you would like to have 40,000 invested." " Do so, and don't come here to plague e or I will remove it." . . . He took the same walk at the me hour every day of his life, walking in the middle of the ad to avoid meeting anyone he might chance to pass on the

footpath. His tailor provided him on a fixed day in the year with a new suit which was the exact replica of the old one. He was a misogynist as well as a recluse. His female servants were there on the understanding that they should keep out of his sight. If he saw them, they were dismissed. Even with the housekeeper his communications were written, not spoken."

The two predecessors of Thomson were Clerk Maxwell and Lord Rayleigh, who both did work of great importance in physical theory and discovery. Clerk Maxwell was rather a mathematical than an experimental physicist. His work prepared the way and led up to the discovery of electro-magnetic waves, which, while giving rise to well nigh insoluble problems, also gave us what is included under the popular name of "wireless." As we shall see, Thomson's work was on different lines. Lord Rayleigh was perhaps the last of the great general physicists. There was no branch of physical science, from organ pipes to standards of electrical measurement, that was not enriched by him. He even discovered a new gas, argon, in the atmosphere. Both these men did much to establish the name of the Cavendish Laboratory; they laid the foundations of that tradition for original work which has made it the leading research centre of both hemispheres.

J. J. Thomson was elected Cavendish Professor in 1884 in his twenty-eighth year and before he had taken out his M.A. degree. Thus his academic grade during the whole time of his professorship was that of M.A., for it is not customary for a professor to take out a Doctor's degree. He was, of course, a Doctor of other universities. Thus even on important occasions the black robe of Cambridge's most distinguished don was conspicuous among the crowd of red-robed doctors. This fact is not referred to in the *Recollections*, but one wonders if it did not occur to him during his American experiences. Referring to the conferring of degrees in an American university where the adornment of doctors had not been fixed, he tells us that some of the professors, having received degrees and robes in Europe, decided that these would be the models for the new gowns: "They took them to their wives' dressmaker and told her to select the best features of each and produce something

stylish. The result was remarkable: they were the only doctors' gowns I ever saw that had anything like a good fit. These, however, went in at the waist and then billowed into something very like a skirt in a very coquettish and most unacademic fashion."

It must be admitted that my first impression on entering the Cavendish Laboratory was disappointing. Instead of finding an imposing array of shining and spotless instruments in neat glass cases, it seemed to me that I had got into a gigantic spider's web. On all sides, hanging from the walls and ceilings, were black insulated wires supported by threads and sealing wax, passing from cabinets containing hundreds of small electric accumulators to strange looking piles of glass apparatus of fantastic shape. These were high-potential circuits carrying currents of from 40 to 5,000 volts, so that one had to be a little careful not to get caught in the web. In the various rooms were students engaged in joining up pieces of glass apparatus with blow-pipes and bellows. Others were laboriously exhausting "vacuum tubes" by means of mercury air pumps, aided sometimes by charcoal and liquid air. Others again were patiently observing through a reading microscope the delicately poised gold-leaf of an electroscope. For the most part these apparatus were put together by the students themselves, with the advice and criticism of the professor. The amount of time given to a piece of research under these conditions might have appeared excessive, but the method had the advantage of forcing the worker to become familiar with every aspect of the problem. Most of the research work at the time to which I refer was centred round the various carriers of electrical charge which may be grouped under the name "ion." As already stated, Professor Thomson himself was occupied with his researches on "positive rays."

Work in the laboratory was pretty strenuous. It began at 9.0 o'clock and went on to 6.0, with an interval for lunch. At 4.30 the students assembled in the Professor's room for tea. This was a pleasant break, during which the latest items of news and sport were discussed—and by no one with more interest and humour than by the Professor himself. During

the work hours each student was generally visited twice every day by Professor Thomson, who discussed results and suggested modifications in method and apparatus. In addition, there was a course of lectures three times a week on Thomson's own subject, which were based on his well-known book *The Conduction of Electricity through Gases.* Then there were meetings of the Cavendish Scientific Society and the Philosophical Society, in whose proceedings the students were expected and encouraged to take part.

These brief memories will help to give some idea of the Cavendish Laboratory as seen by a student. Sir J. J. Thomson's *Recollections* enables us to see the Cavendish as he saw it in the background of his own work and experiences. Not only will those who had the good fortune of personal acquaintance with the writer welcome this book, but also all those who can appreciate the dedicated life of a great scientist and a great personality. Those who follow the trend of modern scientific progress will read with delight the lucid account of the many and great discoveries associated with the name of the author; and both they and the general reader will read with no less pleasure and delight the racy and spirited account of the general background to the scenes of his labours. This background to the scenes of his labours is a picture in which chancellors, dons, professors, statesmen, home and foreign scientists, graduates and undergraduates, laboratory assistants, spooks, gyps and the innumerable friends of the author jostle each other in the colleges and along the highways and byways of Cambridge, America, Canada and Germany for well-nigh sixty years. It is in truth a delightful picture in which there is not a word that is not kindly and full of that broad human sympathy which one expects from Professor Thomson.

One thing which strikes the reader of this volume vividly is the freshness and charm of the style in which it is written. There is no apparent literary effort, but the easy and smoothly flowing narrative represents English writing at its best. It has indeed been often remarked that many of the great scientists are possessed of this faculty of good writing, and

This is especially true of some modern physicists. Sir J. J. Thomson possesses this gift—or is it an acquired habit—in a superlative degree. The paragraphs follow each other in dignified harmony, and many of them end with a brilliant phrase which gives an unexpected turn to the sentence. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that there is anything donnish or pompous about the language and style of the writer. He can afford at times to be somewhat unconventional, and is not afraid to make use of words and phrases which, to pedagogues, might possibly appear too ordinary and conversational. But it is this very facility of expression which gives such a book its charm.

Quite apart from the information conveyed in its pages, this work is a contribution of the highest value to an understanding of the development of a scientist. From his school days in Owens College, Manchester, to the dignified atmosphere of Trinity Lodge, Cambridge, we can trace the evolution of a mind dedicated to the search for scientific truth. But, as these recollections prove—if such a proof were needed—this devotion to science has not been such as to exclude the keenest interest and participation in human affairs.

A good foundation in Latin and English is, no doubt, responsible not only for the writer's own style, but also for his views on the value of classical studies as the basis of education. In his early days much importance was attached, in the study of both Latin and English, to "learning by heart." "We got off purple patches from Shakespeare, Byron and Scott. We did not write essays; the only English 'composition' we had was to write at the end of a term a letter to our parents about what we had been doing. This was dictated by the master of the form. I remember one of them which began: 'My dear parents—"England this day expects every man to do his duty" was once the prelude to a great naval victory'." Many years later, when President of "Section A" of the British Association, Sir J. J. Thomson said: "The last thing I wish to do is to disparage Classical Studies. I think that for some boys a course in which Classics predominate is the best, and I think that in the early stages of the education

of all boys Classics should play a large, perhaps even the largest part. What I think desirable is that the School Examination should not be so specialised as it is now, and that the papers in Classics should not be so much more advanced than in any other subject."

But Thomson's bent was, of course, towards mathematics and physical science. Those who have admired the facility with which he applied mathematics to the solution of physical problems learn from these pages the long and laborious training he underwent in the study of pure mathematics. The account of the years spent under Routh gives us an idea of the stern discipline of mathematics: "I am glad I came under the older system, for I probably read much more pure mathematics than I should have done had I taken my degree a few years later. I have found this of great value (*c'est le premier pas qui coûte*), and it is a much less formidable task for the physicist, who finds that his researches require a knowledge of the highest parts of some branch of pure mathematics, to get this if he has already broken the ice, than if he has to start *ab initio*." Without this familiarity with mathematical interpretation much of Thomson's most important contributions to physical theory and discovery would have been impossible, and many of his brilliant suggestions could never have been made.

The chief interest of these *Recollections* is the account of the work of the writer and the surroundings in which he has lived. The greater portion of the book is a human document, taken up with the lives of men and their everyday affairs. Even the account of the great discoveries is told in a simple and straightforward way, which will give even the non-scientific reader an excellent idea of the nature and scope of physical research.

Owing to his position as a Cambridge professor and director of the Laboratory as well as to his standing in the scientific world, Thomson came into contact with all sorts and conditions of men. He has, in almost every case, a good story to tell or some striking characteristic to narrate concerning these people. His trips to America and Canada gave him an

opportunity to study the life and progress of these countries. His descriptions of American sport are lively and informative. For instance, he writes : " I have seen girls (in America) jump in their chairs and shout ' Kill him ! Kill him ! ' when one of the team they do not favour was running with the ball." Though J. J. confesses the keenest interest in football, I do not think his enthusiasm would carry him to such extremes.

The first important contribution of J. J. Thomson to modern physical theory was a remarkable paper on " Electric and Magnetic Effects produced by the Motion of Electrified Bodies," published in 1881. This was a purely theoretical investigation, and the important conclusion was arrived at that the mass of such a body must increase with its velocity. A casual reader might overlook the importance of this result. As a matter of fact we see in this investigation the beginning of the life-long study of " ions," which resulted in the discovery of the electron and the positive rays. It may be well to mention, for the sake of the non-scientific reader, that any particle in motion which carries an electric charge is called an " ion " or a " goer." This name, derived from the Greek, was adopted long before by Faraday and applied to the carriers of electricity which he studied in electrolysis—as when a current of electricity passes through water, producing oxygen and hydrogen. These ions can travel at any velocity up to almost that of light. We shall have occasion to refer to them again.

The importance of this first paper is thus stated in *The History of the Cavendish Laboratory*, published in 1910 to celebrate the silver jubilee of Thomson's professorship : " Thomson pointed out that the mass of the corpuscle (electron) might be electrical in origin. He had shown in 1881 that the magnetic field set up when an electrified particle is in motion increases the apparent mass of the particle. No definite conclusion, however, as to the origin of the mass of the corpuscle was possible until the experiments of Kaufmann in 1902 on the β rays from radium. Kaufmann showed experimentally that the mass of these negatively charged particles depended upon their velocity of projection, and deduced from his measurements that the mass of the ' corpuscle ' or electron

was entirely electro-magnetic in origin, and that there was consequently no necessity to assume the presence of a material nucleus on which the charge was distributed."

This discovery of the electron in 1897 was perhaps the most spectacular, as it was the most important, of all Thomson's discoveries. In his *Recollections* we get a peep into the train of thought which led up to this then startling result. At that time the belief in the old atomic theory was so firmly established that the very suggestion—coming from anyone but Thomson—that an atom of hydrogen was not the smallest mass existing in nature would have been scouted. It is safe to say that no other living physicist would have dared to assert the contrary. This is not the place to describe the discovery in detail. Suffice it to say that Thomson arrived at the conclusion, from his experimental results, that particles—which he called corpuscles—could be separated from or knocked off atoms of every kind of matter. The mass of these corpuscles was only about 1/2000 that of the smallest known mass, that of the atom of hydrogen. "At first," writes Thomson, "there were very few who believed in the existence of these bodies smaller than atoms. I was even told long afterwards by a distinguished physicist who had been present at my lecture at the Royal Institution that he thought I had been 'pulling their legs.' I was not surprised at this, as I had myself come to this explanation of my experiments with great reluctance, and it was only after I was convinced that the experiments left no escape from it that I published my belief in the existence of bodies smaller than atoms."

The discovery thus announced was perhaps one of the most momentous in the whole history of physics—or chemistry. The intensified study of the "free" electron has opened out a completely new concept of matter. In this pioneer work Thomson was the leader. The reality of his discovery was soon accepted. X-rays were found to be due to a shower of fast moving electrons hitting a target. Crooke's "radiant matter" was this shower of electrons. Electrons were soon shown to play a great part in the passage of an electric current, whether through gases or other conductors. The nature and

properties of the electron occupied research workers in every laboratory of the world. To-day this subject still occupies the activities of research workers. Perhaps the best notion of the part played by Thomson and the workers in the Cavendish Laboratory may be obtained from the list of papers published in the *History of the Cavendish Laboratory* already referred to. This was a period of unique activity in physical research. Röntgen rays were discovered in 1895, Radioactivity in '96, and the Electron in '97. We know now that these subjects are intimately connected. During the years which followed these fundamental discoveries the study of the electron and its connection with these and other branches of physics kept Thomson and his students busy. Each new addition to knowledge opened up new lines of research. The knowledge of the nature of the electron threw great light on the nature of X-rays and radioactivity, and enabled these discoveries to find many practical applications to surgery and therapeutics. The study of the expulsion of electrons from hot wires in an electric field developed into the thermionic valve, which is the basis of all long distance radio transmission and reception. The expulsion of electrons, by light, from various substances developed into the photo-electric cell, which provides us with " talkies " and television. The picture shown in television is now due to the fluorescence caused by a beam of electrons falling on certain substances. These are merely a few of the best known applications of electrons to every-day needs.

All this would have been impossible without the patient research of Thomson and his students on the electron. It was pioneer work, and blazed the trail for all the recent development of physics. These workers, whatever may have been their day-dreams of possible applications, were only concerned with the scientific aspect of the work. Indeed, the scientific consequences of the discovery of the electron form a far more thrilling story than that of the practical applications. Theories of the constitution of matter and the nature of atoms had now to include the electron as a factor; so too had electricity, radioactivity, and the whole theory of chemical reactions. Recent

discoveries have opened up a completely new concept of the nature of an electron, which has yet to be understood. But it would need a whole book to narrate these things.[1]

The opinion of the scientific world on the value of J. J. Thomson's work is shown by the honours and awards bestowed on him. Knighthood, membership of the Order of Merit, Presidency of the Royal Society, of the British Association, Degrees in various universities, the Mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, the Nobel Prize, and other distinctions testify to the greatness of the man and the importance of his work. Thomson's contribution to the study of physics cannot be measured in terms of honours or of money. The capital invested in practical applications of the electron amounts to many millions of pounds; but even these figures cannot measure the importance of the electron in science.

No account of the Cavendish Laboratory ought omit a reference to the "expansion chamber" of C. T. R. Wilson, founded on principles which played a large part in the study of the electron and similar particles. Though a comparatively simple apparatus, it is difficult to see how our knowledge of the recently discovered radiation would have been possible without the Wilson expansion chamber. The development of this apparatus is an example of the utility of leisurely methods of research. A well-known memory of the Cavendish Laboratory is that of C. T. R. Wilson walking about grinding two tubes into each other to form the earlier type of expansion chamber. The story goes that A. A. Robb (to whom we shall refer presently), returning after an absence of several months in Germany, met Wilson occupied in his grinding operations. "Hello, Wilson," he said, "not finished yet!" "Oh," said Wilson, "this is a new one, the last got broken!"

The book is well illustrated by several portraits of the writer at different ages. There is none depicting him in what we may call his lighter vein. That which perhaps gives the truest portrait in his thoughtful mood is that of the bust by F. Derwent Wood in the library of Trinity College. In this

[1] A recent address of Dr. K. T. Compton, one of the greatest of living authorities, gives a good idea of the importance of the electron in the world of to-day. Cf. *Nature*, February 6, 1937.

book we are left to infer the place "J. J." holds in the esteem and affection of his friends. The various presentations and celebrations in his honour on various important occasions are an indication of what that place is. The great social event of the year is the Annual Dinner given to their Professor by the students, to which a few distinguished scientists are also invited as guests. This is an opportunity for manifesting the less academic qualities which lend charm to life. For many years the "poet-laureate" was Dr. A. A. Robb, F.R.S., whose death has unfortunately been recently announced. This lovable and distinguished North of Ireland man was the chief contributor to the songs which were composed for these occasions. I have before me the third edition of *Post-Prandial Proceedings of the Cavendish Laboratory*, which contains a number of these topical effusions. The following, to the air of "Father O'Flynn," is by Dr. A. A. Robb:—

THE DON OF THE DAY

Of dons we can offer a charming variety,
All the big pots of the Royal Society;
Still there is no one of more notoriety
Than our professor, the pride of us all.
Here's a health to Professor J. J.
May he hunt ions for many a day,
And take observations,
And work out equations,
And find the relations
Which forces obey.
Chorus—"Here's a health to . . ."

Our worthy professor is always devising
Some scheme that is startlingly new and surprising
In order to settle some question arising
Of ions and why they behave as they do.
Thus when he wants to conclusively show
Some travel quickly and some travel slow,
He brings into action
Magnetic attraction
And gets a deflection
Above or below.
Chorus.

All preconceived notions he sets at defiance
By means of some neat and ingenious contrivance,
By which he discovers some new law of science
Which no one had ever suspected before.
All the chemists went off into fits,
Some of them thought they were losing their wits,
When, quite without warning
(Their theories scorning),
The atom one morning
He broke into bits.
Chorus.

When the professor has solved a new riddle,
Or found some fresh fact, he's as fit as a fiddle;
He goes to the tea-room and sits in the middle
And jokes about everything under the sun.
Then if you try to look grave at his jest
You'll burst off the buttons which fasten your vest,
For when he starts chaffing,
Though tea you be quaffing,
You cannot help laughing
Along with the rest.
Chorus.

In conclusion we have to thank Sir J. J. Thomson for giving us his *Recollections and Reflections*, most of which centre round Cambridge, where he has spent sixty uninterrupted years of devoted work for science and of powerful personal influence for good in many directions. Those who appreciate his great gifts of mind and heart will wish him many more years of peaceful work and leisure in that hallowed spot of which Cardinal Newman wrote more than a hundred years ago in words that are not less true to-day: "When I saw at a distance of four miles, on an extended plain, wider than Oxford, amid thicker and greener groves, the Alma Mater Cantabrigiensis lying before me, I thought I should not be able to contain myself . . . I seemed about to cry 'Floreat in aeternum.' Surely there is a *genius loci* here, as in my own dear home; and the nearer I came to it the more I felt its power."

H. V. Gill

ALFRED NOYES ON VOLTAIRE *

BY MARY RYAN, M.A.

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IN a study of Voltaire which is penetrating and on the whole balanced, even though coloured by its author's anti-religious bias, Gustave Lanson wrote : " There is nothing more scurrilous, more hate-inspired, more farcical in Voltaire's work than what he wrote on the Jews and the origins of Christianity. Renan has pronounced its definite condemnation.[1] Neither the knowledge nor the taste of our age authorizes us to reconsider this condemnation. But we are trying to understand Voltaire, not to rehabilitate him."

And yet three recent publications do take Voltaire's views on Christianity as worth serious discussion. Carré's book is a closely reasoned argument in favour of Voltaire's philosophy, against the supernatural, and against a very much misunderstood Pascal. Morehouse's study is an erudite thesis on a minor personality who owes his adventitious celebrity to Voltaire's use of his name and writings : and it helps to make Voltaire's attitude to religion clear. The third book, by Mr. Noyes, sets out to prove that Voltaire was a religious man in spite of his scurrility, which he did not really mean and for which anyhow the ecclesiastics of his time were to blame. Written as his book is for English readers—of whom the majority cannot place Voltaire in his real setting—and coming from a Catholic pen and from Catholic publishers, its method and argument call for careful consideration.

It aims clearly at rehabilitating Voltaire. For the anti-

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* Alfred Noyes : *Voltaire.* (Sheed and Ward. 1936. 12s. 6d.).
Andrew R. Morehouse : *Voltaire and Jean Meslier.* (Yale University Press. 1936. 9s.).
P. Condamin, S.J. : *Le " grand Homme " d'A. Bayet : Voltaire.* (Editions Spes. 1936. 5 fr.).
Henri Guillemin : *Voltaire.* (*La Vie intellectuelle*, 25 Oct. 1936).
André Maurois : *Voltaire.* (Gallimard, 1935).
J. R. Carré : *Réflexions sur l'Anti-Pascal de Voltaire.* (Alcan, 1935).
André Bellessort : *Essai sur Voltaire.* (Perrin, 1926).
Gustave Lanson : *Voltaire.* (Hachette, 1906).

[1] All footnotes will be found at the end of the article.

religious *philosophe*, libertine in mind and in conduct, from whom we get the word *Voltairianism*, Mr. Noyes gives us a misunderstood, wistfully religious Voltaire, hungering and thirsting for justice beneath his frivolous exterior, lonely in spirit not merely in his English exile but at the court of Frederic the Great and at Ferney in the height of his European popularity. He even says that Voltaire inaugurates a new religious era. And he defends his thesis with passion, writing in a continuous strain of admiration and indignation about a man so complex and elusive that to understand him the first requirements are careful distinction, precision, and cool judgment.

Mr. Noyes's portrait is not entirely original. He elaborates and sometimes reproduces the scattered features drawn by Michelet in his *History of France*. There we find the lonely exile in the "dismal solitude of the country near London," or in the "dreary landscape" of Cirey; the strong stoical thinker, nobly determined to reassert (as against Pascal) the dignity of man, coming back to France to the cruel necessity of a "great silence," suffering from the timidity of booksellers and from the vile attacks of critics; the "gentle and tender heart"; the "man who suffers, who has taken on himself all the sorrows of men, who feels deeply and hunts down all iniquity"; in short, a highly symbolic and Romantic Voltaire—religious beliefs being, however, among the iniquities he hunted down. Mr. Noyes's admiration for Michelet should at the outset put us on our guard. He speaks on page 3 of his "glowing work of genius" and dismisses as "occasional inexactitude" the continual distortion of history due to Michelet's political bias, strong emotion, and visionary imagination.

In the *Unknown God* we learn that, at decisive points on his path from agnosticism to faith, Mr. Noyes met Voltaire. Voltaire, "who has been popularly regarded for so long as the very type of the complete sceptic," frankly confessed the existence of God. The new book springs from a generous desire to rectify that popular opinion. "They judge Voltaire," Mr. Noyes writes, "entirely on his epigrams. The proportion

can only be restored, therefore, as a painter would restore it by dwelling for a moment on certain really significant details of another kind." Unfortunately, it is far from being a mere question of epigrams; and the "details" now get an utterly distorted prominence and are often misinterpreted.

Voltaire is hard to understand, says Bellessort, because he is "so French and, by his qualities and defects, so impossible to conceive outside France." Moreover, Mr. Noyes very often takes at their face value the words of a man who jested, insinuated, evaded; who was a master of clever form and polite compliment; and who lied through policy, through fear, and on principle for the good of the cause.[2] He is further misled by his own enthusiasm, which makes him belittle all evidence contrary to his thesis, espouse Voltaire's quarrels, vilify his adversaries (amongst them most estimable men[3]), admire his writings—even to mediocre tragedies and the infamous *Pucelle*. Things to which he cannot close his eyes he explains away as "superficial inconsistencies of mood" (in general he ascribes a strange and dangerous importance to *mood*) or as mere "impishness" (a favourite word) or as excusable means of self-defence. And he bases his statements on a few only of Voltaire's writings, though the alphabetical list fills eighteen octavo pages in the standard edition of 1883.

Two threads of confusion run intertwined through the book: (1) the use of the word religion to cover both natural[4] and revealed religion; (2) the ascription of Voltaire's unbelief to the clergy of his time, whether corrupt or intransigent.

On the first point, the much discussed *Epistle to Uranie* shows Voltaire as early as 1722 upholding natural religion only; his letters[5] of the period when he was preparing his attack on Pascal show him rejecting all positive religion, and *a fortiori* Christianity. His wilfully equivocal use of the words *religion* and *superstition* has misled many critics besides Mr. Noyes. In Voltaire's language, pagan religious observances are superstition; Christian belief and Christian practices are still more hateful forms of superstition. "The religion which suits all men, that of all the Patriarchs and all the sages of antiquity, is the adoration of a Supreme Being, the love of

one's neighbour, toleration of all error, and beneficence in all the actions of life. That is the religion worthy of God, which He has engraved in all hearts—and not that 3 makes 1, that a bit of bread is the eternal Being."[6] Christ—when treated respectfully—is one of the world's sages, somewhere on the level of Epictetus, a little below Socrates (" a rustic Socrates ") ; but there are other passages in which the most contemptuous language is used of His sacred Person. Between the *Epistle to Uranie* (later called *Le Pour et le Contre*) and the latest *Remarques sur Pascal* and the *Histoire de l'établissement du christianisme* (written in 1777 and published a few months before Voltaire's death) there poured from his pen, especially in the safe retreat of Ferney, propagandist writings and private letters all animated by the same spirit—repetitive, insistent, ever more virulent. The *Sermon des Cinquante* (1761), the *Sentiments du Curé Meslier* (1762), the *Cathéchisme de l'honnête homme* (1763), the notes to *Contre les chrétiens* (1764), the *Questions sur les miracles* (1765), the *Questions de Zapata* (1766), the *Dîner du Comte de Boulainvilliers* and the *Examen important de Milord Bolingbroke* (1767), *Dieu et les hommes* (1769), *la Bible enfin expliquée* (1776)—these, to mention only a few outstanding examples, are all passed over in silence by Mr. Noyes.

As a single specimen of Voltaire's tone, let us take his *Bolingbroke*. In that horrible treatise, called in a prefatory note " the most eloquent, deep, and strong book yet written against fanaticism," the very idea of a Messiah, one Anointed, is flatly denied. Christ is explained by comparison with Fox the quaker, " a contemptible peasant " ; with Jean le Clerc, " a wool-carder " (Arouet, the notary's son, having become the aristocratic M. de Voltaire, always scorns low birth and manual trades) ; with Munzer, John of Leyden, and the *convulsionnaires* who " established a little sect among the rabble of a Paris suburb." " All sectaries begin like that all over the earth. They are mostly impoverished rascals (*gueux*) who shout against the government, and who end either by being leaders of a party or by being hanged. Jesus was hanged without having been anointed, etc." Bad as that is, it is a mild example. What follows, about our divine Lord's birth

and His Jewish mother, is absolutely unquotable. As for Christianity, it rests on fraud. It is the work of twelve men[7]—elsewhere called twelve "pushing fellows" (*faquins*). "It was not difficult for Jewish ranters to get their imaginings believed by fools who believed other imaginings no less crazy." A few years later we are told: "It is evident that the Christian religion is a net in which cheats have caught fools for more than seventeen centuries, and a dagger with which fanatics have slaughtered their brothers for more than fourteen."[8]

Christian origins, doctrines, and practices are thus vilified at every page. And the language of the *Correspondance*, that marvellous *Correspondance* in which Voltaire's thought on all subjects is revealed day by day for fifty years, is if possible plainer. It is, however, difficult to quote the *Correspondance*,[9] because one needs very often to read a whole letter or several letters to catch the tone, and because the tone varies according to the correspondent. There is the most glaring contrast, for example, between Voltaire's tone of respect for the Jesuits in the oft-quoted letter to P. de la Tour—a letter written and *twice published* in 1746 when Voltaire wanted to get into the Academy—and his explosions of joy at the "destruction" of their Society in 1763.[10] Or compare the letter of 23 December, 1760, to Count Albergati-Pacelli, unctuously correct in religious opinion, disavowing all his writings except some tragedies and the histories, disavowing notably *La Pucelle* ("an abominable work," "in the style of the vilest rabble, which decency makes it impossible to endure"), with the letter of December 26th to Mme d' Epinay: "I have written a letter to a friend of the late pope, in which I prove (as amusingly as I can) that I am a better Christian than all those dunderheads (*fiacres*); that I love God, my king and the pope; that I have always believed in transubstantiation, and that moreover you must pay your taxes or not be a citizen. . . . . That's the way to answer."

But fully expressive of Voltaire's mature ideas are the following short extracts from two letters to Helvétius. On Oct. 4th, 1763, he urges Helvétius to write a book about contradictions—a monotonously reiterated argument and a great part of the stock-in-trade of Jean Meslier—in the Bible:

" These contradictions are the rule, beginning with Luke and Matthew or rather with Moses. It would be a curious thing to expose this scandal of the human mind. One only needs to read and transcribe ; the work is quite pleasant—one has to laugh at every line." . . . " In short, at every page, from Genesis to the Council of Trent, you find the seal of falsehood." On June 26th, 1765, he writes to the same correspondent : " Pretty good books are coming out one after the other ; the light is certainly spreading on all sides. I know of course that we shall not destroy the established hierarchy since there must be one for the people ; we shall not abolish the dominant sect, but certainly we shall make it less dominant and less dangerous . . . We have indeed books which prove the falseness and horror of the Christian dogmas ; we would need a work showing how superior the morality of true philosophers [of *philosophes* like himself and Helvétius] is to that of Christianity. This enterprise is worthy of you . . . " The culminating effort of Voltaire's life was to accomplish both these " enterprises " himself.

If we read Voltaire's letters carefully, it is impossible to interpret *Ecrasez l'infâme* in the mild sense frequently given to it and accepted—on the faith of Professor Saintsbury—by Mr. Noyes. The latter was nearer the truth in a sentence in the *Unknown God* when he spoke of Voltaire as " the very man who did his best to destroy the idea of Christ in God "—a strange inversion—" and raze it from the human brain with the smoking acids of his mockery " : only that the words apply in all their fulness to the mature period of Voltaire.

The truth is that Voltaire's " values "—to adopt an expression often used by Mr. Noyes—are strictly human, rational and this-worldly. When he uses words like providence, morality, justice, goodness, he empties them of a specifically Christian content. How can a man be called in any ordinary sense of the word religious—even if he asserts that we must adore the mighty Author of the universe—when he rejects the idea of any supernatural interference in human affairs ; when he continually pours scorn and mockery on everything sacred—on the clergy, on Christian heroes and saints, on prophecies,

miracles, doctrines, the sacraments—his utterances on the Holy Eucharist are so flippant and so foul that they must be read to be believed—on our Lady, on the sacred Person of Christ Himself? How can it be set down to his credit that he is "haunted" by the solemn words of the ritual and the Gospels when he is ever using them jocosely and parodying them in his letters? How can Mr. Noyes, picking out two of many similar productions, write that the "burlesque *Epistle to the Romans* . . . and the mock *Homilies* are nothing more than burlesques" and that *La Pucelle* is but "the lively recreation of his leisure"? What kind of man is it who "amuses" himself in that fashion?

Let us look a little more closely at some of the works discussed by Mr. Noyes. We may concede to him that the two tragedies *Œdipe* and *Mahomet* do not by themselves prove a great deal. We can interpret them in the light of their author, but hardly their author in their light. *Mahomet* is more suspect than *Œdipe*, in spite of the famous letter of Benedict XIV, which is really very non-committal. We might even exonerate the poem on the Lisbon earthquake; although it contains the blackest picture of human suffering and a glorification of the sceptic Bayle: "Your poem," wrote Jean-Jacques, ". . . reduces me to despair." The last word is *hope*, but we are not shown on what it rests.[11] The other poem discussed at length by Mr. Noyes, "Le Pour et le Contre," is rightly defined by Lanson as "a closely reasoned argument against revealed religion." The *contre* is a travesty of the Christian faith—bitter, ironical, contemptuous of the low estate of Christ and of his Jewish Mother; the *pour*, that is the personality of Christ, offers the cynical consolation: "if he founds his doctrine on imposture, it is still a happiness to be deceived by him." Natural religion alone, engraved in the heart of man by eternal wisdom, is sure. The tone in which Voltaire speaks of this poem (30 June, 1731) to Thiériot shows that he knew it to be destructive and that he circulated it as such.

Mr. Noyes's defence of this poem—which, as he quite truly says, "challenges the closest examination and the most impartial judgment"—is typical of the thought in the whole book.

But we can give only one specimen : he excuses certain words of the poem on the ground that they are " neither more nor less impious " than words of Fitzgerald's Omar. This habit of judging Voltaire by a shifting standard recurs continually. " Renan and English theologians have used words in a similar way." " Carlyle was just as destructive." *La Pucelle* " is not more scandalous than several of the tales in Chaucer." Voltaire is variously compared in this fashion with Locke, Berkeley, Newton, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Huxley, J. S. Mill ; he and Michelet are " in some respects more truly orthodox " than Brunetière. " His method is very much the method of Erasmus ; and if, very occasionally [the limitation is unjustifiable], he adds a touch of Rabelais—well, Rabelais was a Franciscan." Rabelais was an ex-Franciscan, which is not quite the same thing.

Two other works studied by Mr. Noyes throw a curious light on his method. We have said that he considers *La Pucelle* as a mere " burlesque amusement." He refers us to Voltaire's " grave and beautiful version of the true story in the *Essai sur les moeurs*." Turning to that work, one is amazed to read that, the French cause being desperate, " they had to resort to a still stranger expedient—a miracle. A nobleman of the frontiers of Lorraine, called Baudricourt, thought he found in a young inn-servant of Vaucouleurs a personage fit to play the part of an inspired warrior. . . . She had the courage and the mother-wit to undertake this enterprise, which turned out to be heroic." Passing over an insinuation in the taste of *La Pucelle*, we come to " a section of the doctors of the University and some councillors of the Parlement who did not hesitate to declare her inspired, whether it be that she deceived them or that they themselves were clever enough to enter into the trick. The common folk believed it, and that sufficed." Towards the end of the chapter, *more suo*, Voltaire refers us to a more malevolent article in the *Dictionnaire philosophique*, where he calls Joan " an unfortunate idiot who had enough courage to render great services to her king and country."[12]

This *Dictionnaire philosophique* was published in 1764, and into it the editors incorporated two similar collections of

articles. As it stands, Mr. Noyes calls it "fascinating." Voltaire wrote on Sept. 19th, 1764, to Damilaville: "This *Dictionnaire* is giving cruel frights to the pious. I will not have it pass for mine . . . and I flatter myself that the true brethren will support me." The same day to d'Alembert: "The greatest service you can do me is to assert strongly, as you hope for paradise, that I have no share in this infernal work . . . . as soon as there is the least danger, I beg of you as a favour to warn me, so that I may deny the work in all the papers with my customary guilelessness and innocence." The editor of the standard edition rightly calls the book "an arsenal in which are collected all the arguments of the adversaries of Christianity in the 18th century . . . presented by the alert and lively pen of Voltaire." Mr. Noyes refuses to take it seriously —except when he finds in it some thing to support his thesis: "His [Voltaire's] article on *Christianity* is a case in point. Nobody could take it seriously for a single moment. It never touches the essentials at all; and is simply a burlesque—[again one asks, what sort of man exercises his unseemly mirth on such a subject ?]—quite unrepresentative of the *philosophia perennis*, as it occasionally appears in Locke himself or in the more central tradition of Christian thought from St. Augustine to Charles Gore or Von Hügel. Thinkers of this calibre could read Voltaire on *Miracles*, on *Resurrection* and *Relics*, with as much amusement as they could read the Colloquies of Erasmus . . ." The page should be read in full. Mr. Noyes does not mention the articles *Providence*, *Papisme*, *Morale*, *Divinité de Jésus*, etc., etc., nor the unspeakable articles *Eucharistie*, *Transubstantiation*. On the other hand, he quotes with approval some fragments from the article *Religion*. The passage, read in its entirety, has considerable beauty. Voltaire is meditating on the wonders of nature and the movements of the heavenly bodies. He rises to the thought of the "intelligence which presides over that vast machinery" (*ces vastes ressorts*) and to a—cautiously defined—"tribute of adoration" due to its author. A "genius" takes him in vision to the abode of the sages, "the heroes of humanity who were the benefactors of the earth." He sees Numa Pompilius, Pytha-

goras, Zoroaster, Zaleucus, Thales, Anaximander, Socrates—Voltaire loves these displays of erudition—and lastly Christ, who is in a grove alone a little away from and above the others. His hands and feet are bleeding. He is the most pitiful, the most ill-treated, the most tolerant of all. But Mr. Noyes is quite wrong in saying that Voltaire "accepts the Founder of the Christian Religion *in all respects* as his 'only Master'." He does nothing of the kind. In the article *Religion* he accepts Him as the last and highest of the "heroes of humanity," but only after having made Him repudiate the words "I came not to bring peace but a sword"—they are "a copyist's error"—as well as Friday abstinence, confession, pilgrimages, the religious life, and doctrinal orthodoxy. Elsewhere, as we have said, Voltaire belittles Christ and denies His Divinity in passages so numerous and shocking that they leave no room for doubt.

Let us pass on to Mr. Noyes's indictment of the French clergy. He attacks impartially the unworthy ecclesiastics who helped to corrupt Voltaire and the zealous ones who did no more than their strict duty in opposing him. There were glaring abuses: nomination to ecclesiastical dignities and to many benefices had been in the hands of the crown since the Concordat of 1515. Moreover, licence reigned at the Court and in high social and journalistic circles. But the social groups of the Temple, Sceaux and the Regent's court (into which the future Voltaire was introduced at the age of twelve by his depraved godfather the abbé de Châteauneuf) did not fairly represent France; neither did a Cardinal Dubois, the *abbés de cour*, and an apostate priest like Jean Meslier represent its clergy.[13] Mr. Noyes states (after Condorcet? The matter is not mentioned in Voltaire's letters) that Madame de Pompadour had a crazy scheme of making Voltaire a cardinal and that he "would have shone by comparison" with the others. But Nicolardot,[14] in a detailed and terrible picture of the corruption of Europe in that age, says of Fleury that his life often suggested "the disinterestedness of a Roman, the modesty of a priest of the primitive Church, the frugality of a monk of the Thebaid." Voltaire himself—when it suited

him[15]—held up to honour for one reason or another Cardinal de Polignac, Cardinal de Noailles, Montmorin bishop of Langres, Belsunce bishop of Marseille. He might have added Beaumont archbishop of Paris, uncompromising in doctrine and discipline, saintly, heroically charitable, and celebrated throughout Europe for his nobility of character. He might even have mentioned as estimable prelates Boyer ex-bishop of Mirepoix, Biord bishop of Annecy, de Pompignan bishop of Le Puy—but these were Voltaire's personal opponents. As such they suffer considerably at the hands of Mr. Noyes.

The chapter in which Bishop Boyer is pilloried with such gleeful repetition as the "Ass of Mirépoix," and charged practically with illiteracy, seems to be built up from a malicious but smart little letter of Voltaire—which Mr. Noyes rather misinterprets. Boyer, who resigned his bishopric on being appointed preceptor to the Dauphin, used apparently to sign himself *anc. évêque de Mirepoix* ("former bishop of Mirepoix"). He was a member of three Academies and a man of irreproachable life—and be it said in passing that the Dauphin's *entourage* stands out white against the corruption of Louis XV's court. But Boyer disapproved of Voltaire's *Lettres philosophiques* and got the credit of preventing his election to the Academy in 1743; and Voltaire never forgot or forgave. In that year the *ass* occurs often in the letters exchanged with Frederic of Prussia; Boyer is satirised as the *archimage* Yebor in *Zadig* in 1747. In 1760, five years after Boyer's death, when Diderot's friends were trying to get him into the Academy, Voltaire writes: "The bishop of Orléans will not speak against him, as the magus Yebor would have done; who used to sign himself *l'âne évêque de Mirepoix*, instead of signing *l'anc*; he meant to put the abbreviation of *ancien*, and he wrote his own name in full." It was surely the irony of fate that made Mr. Noyes, after noting that the accent on *ane* was probably only suggested in the Bishop's bad writing, put a superfluous accent on Mirepoix! How many people's literacy would stand the test of handwriting? But how many ill-informed readers will conclude that the Church at that time had fallen so low in France that

there were bishops who were almost illiterate—and even downright unbelievers, for of another bishop Mr. Noyes writes: "As d'Alembert had all too bitingly affirmed,[16] most of these Gallican bigots at the time had no belief at all."

On three notable occasions, at Colmar in 1754 and at Ferney in 1768 and 1769, Voltaire decided to receive the sacraments at Easter. Mr. Noyes takes the view—and minimises or simply sweeps aside all evidence to the contrary—that these were real acts of religion, that they were born of some longing, some wistful memories of early faith, some reaching out towards the infinite; personal acts which no one had any right to call in question.

As to 1754, what we know rests on the statement of Voltaire's secretary Collini, who was devoted to Voltaire and whose evidence on another occasion is fully accepted by Mr. Noyes. Into this incident, quite arbitrarily, he reads his own interpretation: "It was not an isolated or spectacular act." But there is no such parallel as he sees between it and merely assisting at midnight Mass; and he declines to believe Collini, who says that Voltaire's friends in Paris "advised him to yield to the necessity" of complying with the Paschal obligation, although Collini himself is alive to the danger of "hypocrisy and profanation."[17]

As to 1768 and 1769 the facts, again most arbitrarily interpreted, are fully recorded and perfectly plain. There is nothing in the Christian system which Voltaire hates more than the mystery of the Holy Eucharist. He writes of it in the most repulsively materialistic terms. The public communion of 1768 scandalised Catholics and Protestants at Ferney and, for other reasons, freethinkers in Paris. It drew forth not one (Mr. Noyes speaks of "the Bishop's letter"), but three letters of protest from the Bishop of Annecy, increasingly plain, but in which no unprejudiced reader could see anything but the strict duty of a bishop. The following year, as the *curé* had been forbidden to give Voltaire communion in the church, he seems to have simulated grave illness; and thus forcing the hand of the clergy he confessed and communicated in his room, taking care to have the fact attested by a notary. In a letter

to d'Argental of April 22, 1768, he gives eight reasons for the first of these acts—eight excuses for an act in which clearly he did not believe. One year later, after the third of these Paschal Communions, Voltaire writes again to d'Argental: (If my friends) "knew what a fanatical rascal I am up against and the extreme difficulty in which I was placed, they would admit that I did rightly. One cannot show a greater sign of contempt for these mummeries (*facéties*) than by taking part in them oneself. Those who abstain seem to be afraid of them; which is the case of you know who—(Editor's note: Louis XV) . . ." It is hard to be more categorical than that, and in all the correspondence it is impossible to find the "urbane irony" or the note of pathos that Mr. Noyes reads into the position.

The Bishop of Annecy well knew his man when he wrote on 2 May 1768: "You know the works that are attributed to you, and you know what is thought of you in all parts of Europe; you are not ignorant of the fact that almost all the unbelievers of our age rejoice to have you for their leader and to have drawn from your writings the principles of their irreligion. Therefore it is to the world at large and to yourself—and not to any individuals—that you must attribute what is imputed to you. If these opinions are calumnies, as you assert, you have to justify yourself and to disabuse the public, which is imbued with them. . . ." It is no wonder that, at the time of Voltaire's illness in Paris, the curé of St. Sulpice, acting under the archbishop's orders, required an explicit retractation and an expression of belief in the Divinity of Christ which Voltaire refused to sign. In the tangled story of his last months, Mr. Noyes justifies Voltaire at every step, vilifies all the clergy, with the exception of the abbé Gaultier, and even appeals to God against their perfectly justified exercise of authority. He makes no effort to weigh fairly the evidence available in Voltaire's correspondence, in that of Mme. du Deffand, and in the contemporary *Enquête* published by Lachèvre.[18] He simply states that the ecclesiastics "had exceeded their office and tried to usurp a higher power of judgment" . . . He attributes to them "motives . . . complicated by intrigues and cabals."

In all these late chapters Mr. Noyes is so intent on exalting his hero that he does not seem to see this saddening spectacle : the worn-out old man of 83, living on over-excitement, lashing himself into violent rage over his mediocre tragedy *Irène*, stimulating himself with coffee, soothing himself once almost to death with laudanum ; then going from the frenzied acclamations of the theatre back to die in the Marquis de Villette's house, the prisoner of his friends and of his own past, while the abbé Gaultier, whom he asks to see, knocks in vain at the door and is steadily refused admission until the very evening of Voltaire's death—when it is too late.

In trying to show that Mr. Noyes's position is untenable, we do not intend to deny that there was good in Voltaire : his rational assertion of God's existence, his kindness to his friends, his labours to promote the material well-being of his " subjects," his intelligent ideas of civil reform, well set forth by Lanson, his pursuit of justice (though predominantly in cases favouring his own ideas). Still less are we trying to estimate Voltaire's personal moral responsibility. There was nothing original in his views. Both he and the clerical and other libertines of his day were borne along on what had been in the seventeenth century a strong current[19] of free-thought, but had become a flood-tide under the Regency. Voltaire was simply more brilliant, more amusing, more versatile, and more indefatigable than the rest.[20] Moreover, his intelligent interest in scientific advance, in that first flush of discovery and belief in " progress," joined to what has been called the *esprit classique*, made him intolerant of mystery. His social advancement was coupled with extreme disdain for the humbler classes (which was quite consistent with beneficent patronage) : he taunts the poet Rousseau[21] with the fact that Rousseau's father made shoes for his father ; he is furious at being taken to task by Bishop Biord " the son of a very bad mason "[22] ; and the lowly estate of Christ was abhorrent to him. He was intensely appreciative of the advantages of civilisation—" *O, le bon temps que ce siècle de fer !* " —and the idea of a little nomad half uncivilised tribe[23] producing the world's Saviour was inconceivable to him. The ascetic

aspect of Christianity was directly opposed to his line of thought. Goyau quotes words that he wrote in 1726: "I feel my little worth; my weakness causes me pity and my faults horror," remarking that they are almost the only words in his vast work which reveal "the sense of moral wretchedness, the substratum of Christianity." But we must not forget that the attractive and precocious boy of 10 who went to the Jesuit college had been familiarised—by his godfather!—with the licentious *Contes* of La Fontaine, and that, in his later life, the very justifiable opposition (Mr. Noyes calls it "persecution") of the civil and religious authorities to his works did not tend to reconcile him with the Church.

Nevertheless it is a sad thing that a book so unsound (to prove this in detail would need another book almost as long) and so passionate should be given to us, no doubt sincerely, in the name of justice. It is surely significant that the laudatory opinions passed on it are mostly from non-Catholics. To resist the dissolving tendencies of the modern world we have need of all our supernatural faith, supported by our clearest and fullest conviction, in the historical Christ—*lucerna lucens in caliginoso loco, donec dies illuscescat*—and in His Church. Perhaps this book will after all have helped in that direction, if it has compelled us to distinguish between generous sentiments and the false or confused ideas with which they are here interwoven.

MARY RYAN

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[1] Renan, while expressing a deep obligation to Voltaire, says that he "understood neither the Bible, nor Homer, nor Greek art, nor ancient religions, nor Christianity, nor the Middle Ages." *Revue des deux Mondes*, 1 May 1864.

[2] See, for example, letters to Thiériot, 21 Oct. 1736, to d'Alembert, 19 Sept. 1764, etc., etc.

[3] See what P. Condamin writes about Fréron, Le Franc de Pompignan, and others.

[4] Words on page 422 should be noted: "D'Alembert had never felt the faintest stirring . . . of any kind of religion, not even *that which the higher type of agnostic or man of science always felt before the central mysteries of Time and Eternity*."

[5] To Formont, June 1733, 26 July 1733, 17 April 1735.

[6] *Le Cathéchisme de l'honnête homme*, 1763, quoted by Morehouse, p. 27.

[7] "I am tired of hearing them repeat that twelve men were enough to establish Christianity, and I have a mind to prove to them that it only takes one to destroy it." (Quoted by Maurois, p. 95). See also a letter to d'Alembert of 6 Dec. 1757, where he says: "It will only take five or six philosophers, who are at one, to overthrow the colossus."

[8] *De la Paix perpétuelle*, 1769.

[9] On page 491 Mr. Noyes quotes, without precise reference, three sentences written to d'Alembert. But they are not continuous. The two first occur in a letter of June 23rd,

1760. The last, of which the bearing is evident only in its context and with d'Alembert's reply, is in a letter of 28 Nov. 1762. Apart from that, it is self-contradictory to invoke d'Alembert's "religion" here as a proof of Voltaire's and to deny him every sense of religion on pp. 422 and 610.

[10] See his letter of 10 April 1765 to Abbé Du Vernet, and others at that time to Damilaville, Mme. du Deffand, d'Argental.

[11] This poem is of the year 1756. On 3 March 1754, Voltaire had written to Mme. du Deffand: "I agree with you that life is a poor thing; we endure it only by the strength of an almost unconquerable instinct which nature has given us; she has added to this instinct the bottom of Pandora's box, hope . . . My dearest wish would be to spend with you the evening of this stormy day called life . . . to talk freely with you for the short moments that are left to us, and are followed by no moments." In a letter of 12 Dec. 1768, he writes to her that to sleep and to drink and to amuse oneself are the only means of escape from depression. Mr. Noyes quotes several other melancholy letters on pp. 425 ff.

[12] Has Mr. Noyes referred to this passage merely from memory, or has he, by some strange accident, confused Voltaire's Joan of Arc with Michelet's?

[13] It is difficult to estimate the exact extent of abuses. Writing of the eve of the Revolution, P. de La Gorce says that the ordinary clergy were on the whole conscientious and respectable; that of 130 archbishops and bishops 12 at the very outside were scandalous. Of 755 abbeys of men, four-fifths were commendatory, one-third of the revenues going to the commendatory abbot; but as many of these holdings were cumulative and went to the upkeep of dioceses, etc., the actual number of the so much decried *abbés* was less.—Goyau's picture in his *Histoire religieuse* shows much light as well as shade.

[14] *Ménage et finances de Voltaire*, Paris, 1854.

[15] See letter to P. de la Tour, March, 1746.

[16] Why "too bitingly" if it were true? And if not true, why quote it?

[17] In a terrible letter to Formont of 27 Jan., 1735, Voltaire makes merry about the administration of the last Sacraments to Madame de Fontaine-Martel, to whom he had himself called a priest: "I was in honour bound to make her die according to the rules, etc." And on 16 Feb., 1761, he writes to d'Argental: "If I had a hundred thousand men I know what I would do; but as I have not, I will communicate at Easter, and you will call me a hypocrite as much as you like. Yes, on my word, I will communicate with Madame Denis and Mademoiselle Corneille; and, if you annoy me, I will make the *Tantum ergo* into *rimes croisées*." "Elegant irony?" "Quiet undertones of feeling" (Noyes, p. 565)? As a secondary line of explanation, Mr. Noyes simply denies Voltaire's expressed dread of being *jeté à la voirie*. "Voltaire never felt that fear," he states categorically on p. 240. He adds a note of horror to a story horrible enough by his translation of the phrase. Its implication, and Chapter xii as a whole, need detailed treatment for which we have no space.

[18] *Voltaire mourant*, Paris, 1908.

[19] See P. Mersenne, who in 1623-24 wrote three big volumes entitled *l'Impiété des Déistes*: P. Garasse in 1624; Pascal, Bossuet, Boileau, Bourdaloue, La Bruyère, even Molière and the gentle Fénelon, beloved of the *philosophes*.

[20] "A superior mind was, in this famous man, continually at the command of a violent and persistent passion, his desperate hatred of Christianity. . . . Voltaire has long been a sign of contradiction amongst us. . . . And those who come forward as his most zealous partisans admire this talent precisely because of this abuse, which they look upon as a useful and glorious employment of superior genius."—De Bonald, quoted by Moland, Vol. I, xliii.

[21] *Lettre aux auteurs de la Bibliothèque francaise*, 20 Sept., 1736.

[22] See letter of 27 July, 1768, to d'Argental.

[23] See the article *Juifs* in the *Dict. Phil.* "This summary picture shows that the Hebrews were almost always wanderers, or brigands, or slaves, or sedition-mongers (*séditieux*): they are still vagabonds on the earth, and a horror to men . . ." They had neither navy nor standing army, nor industries, and their civil government was no better than their military discipline, etc.

ON REVISITING SOVIET RUSSIA

BY VIOLET CONOLLY, D.ECON.SC.

MY last prolonged visit to Russia was in 1928,[1] before the first Five-Year Plan had cast its dynamic spell over the country. I was back for a short time in 1934, but only in south Russia. Then in 1936, when the second Five-Year Plan was already partially completed and the new Constitution was imminent, with socialisation triumphant in all spheres of activity and collectivisation ruling in the country, the moment seemed ripe for a long visit to Russia—to try and chew the cud of all these changes. It was not as easy as it seemed. I was most anxious to get a consular visa, so that I might at least be free to live as I pleased—preferably with Russians, as I had done before. A tourist visa ties you inextricably to Soviet hotels and Soviet meal coupons, which must be paid for in foreign currency before leaving for the U.S.S.R. And should you stray from the clutches of the *Intourist* organisation, the visa legitimising your presence in the Soviet Union automatically lapses. So they literally have their victims by the neck. Anyhow the dingy cosmopolitanism organised for the convenience of foreigners on this basis is not Russia at all, and I wanted to avoid it.

"Do you know that all foreigners visiting the U.S.S.R. on consular visas are specially invited by the Soviet Government?" inquired the Soviet sifter-in-chief of visa applications in London, when I tried to push the closed door open. I did not or I would certainly not have expected such courtesy. On the other hand I didn't believe it either. "We don't like your books," continued the young inquisitor, "and if you want to return to the U.S.S.R., your only way is with *Intourist*. In your book on Soviet economic relations with Eastern countries you inferred that our policy in certain respects is no better than that of the Tzarist regime, is it not so?"—fixing me with a hostile eye. It was. So that was

[1] See *Studies*, December 1928 and March 1929.

the rub and *Intourist* the penalty for a minor offence in terms of a book which few would read. If the book were more popular, they would no doubt withhold the visa altogether. Protest was useless under the circumstances; so willy-nilly I accepted an *Intourist* visa for three months to travel in Central Russia, the Caucasus and Armenia.

I have related this incident not for its own sake, but to illustrate the whip-hand which the Soviet Government has and firmly uses in such cases. There can be no doubt that the steady improvement in Soviet stock in recent years is largely due to these measures. In spite of the periodical trial scandals, a smoke-screen has been very subtly constructed around the real Russia. The Moscow correspondents of the world press are securely muzzled by the fear of being sent out of the country. Their best stories, as anybody knows who has listened to them talking among themselves, never get by the censor. Specialists, whose business is Russian history, Russian economics, Russian policy in any field entailing regular contact with Soviet Russia and its archives, must watch their step when they leave Russia, or they will find the door closed to them the next time they want a visa. Few are prepared to take such a risk. And because they want to go back to Russia, they will compromise with truth by softening the harsher angle of criticism about the Soviet regime. Moreover, since Soviet Russia joined the Geneva institutions, her participation in both the work of the Secretariat and of the International Labour Office is strongly desired, and great care is taken in official publications not to wound the sensibilities of the Bolsheviki. Then there are of course the professional friends of U.S.S.R.,whose game of camouflage is played in the most unexpected places. The cumulative effect of all this soft-pedalling is very great on the impressions of the general reading public, which has no idea of the extent to which the Soviet Government can call the tune about Russia.

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Remembering Moscow as it was ten years ago, the first impression is of improvement—of construction on a vast

scale everywhere. The shops are more attractive, the people better clad, the old wood and cobble pavement replaced to a large extent by asphalt. But ten years ago, though life was in general much harder, you could take pot-luck with the Russians; you could meet them and make friends among them. Now that is all changed. For months before and after the recent horrible series of trials the atmosphere of terror has been so strong, particularly in Moscow and Leningrad, that a foreigner has no chance of seeing old Russian friends (if he has any, and I had many) or of mixing with Russians informally at all. They are all scared to death of even being seen with a foreigner, lest this should one day lead to trouble. Interviews with Soviet officials may, of course, still be arranged (though most of them behave so like automata that they are not worth talking to), and there is the ordinary social round among the foreigners resident in Moscow. But that can scarcely be described as Russia. After a month in Moscow this winter, knocking my head against a stone wall, as far as normal Russian life was concerned, I was at last driven to the Russian trains, as a means of hearing Russians talk among themselves and of talking to them.

For six weeks I roamed up and down the Soviet Union from Leningrad to Erivan in far-away Armenia. Here in these hermetically sealed third-class carriages, packed with talkative people, eating and sleeping in common, was something of the old Russia. I had travelled widely in Russia before, but I was nevertheless amazed at the psychological changes in this people. They are still the most kindly travelling companions in the world, but intellectually, how intolerant, superficial, banal. "We are happy. We are free (with a dark look at bourgeois me). Life is getting better and gayer here" -they would exclaim, bubbling with optimism and freedom. It was hopeless to try and tie these words down to any particular fact in their lives. Stalin had launched this "better life" slogan and that was enough for them. Nor did I cut any ice when I pointed out that I seemed at least as free as they, having come to their country "freely" to see how they were faring, while foreign travel is only possible for

them on " komandirovka " or special mission for the Government. Conversation was chiefly concerned with the Five Year Plans and the superiority of the Soviet Union to the rest of the world. Items of absorbing interest like the big political trials are never discussed, nor is there any gossip about the leaders, such as might be heard about the figureheads of any other country. One woman said to me rather nervously that her son was in the same class as Stalin's son and that he was not very brilliant. But such personal notes are rare. Adulation of Stalin knows no bounds of restraint or congruity. He is their father, hero, friend, leader, and a dozen other things as well. The great majority of the people strike one as being orthodox and bien-pensant even to dullness according to the established creed. There is a general absence of levity or cynicism, which is very striking to one coming from the super-sophisticated Europe of to-day. The automatic conformity to the fluctuating party line among the Russian masses is amazing, whether it is abortion (now strictly forbidden) or the Christmas tree (now widely encouraged after a decade of denunciation) that is in question.

Soviet Russia is a land of such glaring contradictions at the present time that you can find almost anything you are looking for, if you are content to ignore the other side of the picture simultaneously. There is one feature of our capitalistic civilisation, however, which few would look for and none expect to find in Soviet Russia, and yet it obtrudes itself painfully upon you from the first. This is the persistence in the Soviet Union, as in capitalistic countries, of an underworld of abjectly poor people, badly fed, miserably clad, living in slums. The Stakhanovist movement for increased production has, in little more than a year, enormously increased the existing economic inequalities of income, and social differences are rapidly arising as a result of the differences in incomes. The whole drive of the movement, as far as I could see, is an appeal to the natural acquisitive instincts of the workers. Beneath these inequalities, however, the broad new structure of life won by the social revolution undoubtedly remains for the Russian masses. It appears in

the unrivalled opportunities open to all, not physically or mentally defective, and in the abolition of all those petty taboos which confine the lives and minds of our poorer workers within such sordid limits.

Among what Trotsky calls the "acquis" of the Soviet regime probably the most permanent and significant are in the sphere of education. The kind of cock-sure, superficial, uncritical mentality which is now being formed by Soviet schools of all kinds is very far from our ideal of culture. But at the same time full tribute must be paid to the amazing results achieved in the campaign for the liquidation of illiteracy. According to official statistics 78 per cent. of the Russian population was illiterate in 1914. This was reduced to 8 per cent. in 1935, and judging by the energy and interest of all concerned, there will probably be no '*dark people*' in the confines of Soviet Russia in a decade or so.

Few, if any western countries offer such varied educational opportunities to all their people as are now available to the citizens of the Soviet Union. Free compulsory education is from 8—15, when students showing the necessary ability for a university career may decide to finish the additional three years secondary school course preparatory to entering the university. Nobody under eighteen may take on full-time work in a factory or elsewhere, and there are many factory schools and technicums for those who pass straight from school to industry. Certain rigid obligations are attached to this free education. Young specialists, six months prior to the completion of their studies, are informed of their future work, their journey to the particular destination is paid, and they are under severe penalties to go immediately wherever they are sent. An enterprising young man who endeavoured to find employment on his own account would also be liable to penalties, and managers of industrial undertakings who accept young technicians without the authorization of the proper authorities may get into serious trouble. Apart from vocational training, there is also a wide range of leisure-time activities—from parachute-jumping to ballet-dancing—which encourage talent of all kind in the people.

From the earliest stages to the highest technical institutes no distinction whatever is made between the two sexes.

There is a very close connection between education and industry in the U.S.S.R. owing to the great and varied demands of industry for skilled workers. In less than a decade the Russians have built up an enormous heavy industry and are now turning out every kind of machinery from turbines to tractors. From being a negligible force in the pre-war world of industrial production, Russia is now one of the leading industrial powers. It is only natural that much of this output should be far below the best world standards ; but the average Soviet citizen is convinced that the U.S.S.R. is superior to the rest of the world in all respects. They will tell you, with beaming pride, that they have the largest sugar production, the greatest tractor-plants, the most highly mechanised agriculture in the world. But they have no idea that the quality of the production in many of these fields is lamentable. Anybody in Russia can rattle off economic statistics as glibly as their counterparts elsewhere can rattle off the football and racing results. There is certainly no mistaking the genuine interest of the masses in the progress of revolutionary Russia. One admirable feature of all this naive boosting is that the Soviet people today undoubtedly feels part of the economic development of the country. "Ya straná" (I am the country) as a young fitter in the Gorki automobile plant said to me. The idea that all workers should not only understand the machine they are working, but its share in the manufacture of the whole product, is part of the Soviet philosophy of labour—which is actively encouraged by books, lectures, demonstrations. This is admirable and tends to alleviate the tedium of factory routine.

But the workers are also consumers, and their story as consumers is not quite so bright. They are "exploited" right and left owing to the high prices and low standards of Soviet industrial production and the rigid foreign trade monopoly. This is the other side of the complacent Soviet slogan : "We have eliminated the exploitation of man by man," "We have destroyed private industry and private

trade." I was in Odessa during the winter when the temperature was far below zero. There wasn't a warm stocking or glove in the town, and hadn't been for weeks, though the shop windows were full of bathing costumes. This, in the ironic Russian phrase, is the too-familiar " compulsory assortment." On the other hand, should any enterprising citizen set up a private knitting machine and provide the necessary gloves and stockings, while the state distribution system was in abeyance, he would be arrested immediately as a speculator. It is true that the standards of food, clothing and housing are far higher now than in 1928 on the eve of the first five-year plan ; but it is equally true that food is still very expensive, and the poorly paid worker has no longer the relief of food-cards. An interesting side-light on the food situation in Moscow and Leningrad is the fact that so many of the foreign households get all their fresh food—including meat, butter, fruit, and even milk in Leningrad—from Finland. They say that it is impossible to rely on regular supplies from the Soviet shops, that the prices are absurdly high, and that Finnish food is far cheaper and better. If senior officials and Stakhanovists are now earning salaries running to thousands of roubles per month and therefore able to purchase food at any price, there are still thousands of humble workers earning not more than one hundred roubles a month and state pensioners trying to subsist on some eighty roubles. All these street-cleaners, tram conductors, railway porters, etc., who have no opportunity of ever becoming Stakhanovists, have also to pay these high food prices.

But food is only one item in the worker's budget ; he has also to clothe and house himself. Now in Soviet Russia the clothes industry lags far behind the food industry, both as regard the quality and quantity of goods for sale. There are a couple of model dress-making salons in Moscow which the new Soviet rich can patronise ; but the style and quality of clothes available for the masses are deplorable. There are no good woollen garments in the shops, though the woollen materials used in the army cloaks and uniforms seemed excellent. Warm stockings or gloves are hard to find, and

leather goods of any kind (including, in the first place, footwear) are shoddy and most expensive. The lack of leather is a direct result of the depleted animal husbandry of the countryside following the slaughter of stock in 1931-32—the peasants' protest against enforced collectivisation. Even the supplies of rubber and felt boots, without which winter in Russia is unbearable, are not adequate to the demand. Household furniture and domestic equipment of every kind is the ugliest and poorest produced by any European factory. It is typical of much that happens in the U.S.S.R. that the magnificent red leather arm-chairs and finely carved furniture now adorning the new Council Chamber of the League of Nations should be the gift of the Soviet Government, though such things would be museum pieces at home.

If rents are relatively low, there is on the other hand notorious overcrowding, especially in Moscow and the big industrial cities. A recent expert survey of housing conditions in Moscow found that half the population were living in three square metres per head of space or thirty square feet each, which is about as bad as the worst slum conditions in the British Islands.[1] At the same time a great deal of labour and money, which more appropriately might have been expended on housing, has been diverted to building the palatial new Metro and the grandiose Palace of the Soviets—which, when completed, will be the most expensive building in the world. In this respect the Bolsheviki may be said to be descendants of the Tzars, who also loved golden halls. But in megalomaniac extravagance of this kind as in the famous Moscow city eviction decree of July 1936 the people concerned have no say in the making of policy. In virtue of this latter decree, in the case of evictions for slum clearance, alternative accommodation need not be offered by the Mossoviet (municipal authority) to the people evicted. Given two months notice and 2,500 roubles compensation per person, the dwellers have no appeal and no redress; the road is then clear for demolition. This decree has caused untold hardship,

[1] Cf. *Moscow in the Making*. "Housing" by Sir E. D. Simon, pp. 150-153. Longmans. 1936.

as overcrowding is so terrific at the present time in Moscow that there is literally not a corner of free space for any newcomers. Furthermore, the loss of a roof in many cases automatically means the loss of a passport to live in Moscow, because one may depend on the other. But not even a whisper of complaint appeared in the daily press or elsewhere. And for what kind of houses are these clearances being made? All over Russia the same stereotyped apartment houses are being built with little or no consideration for local differences of climate or native architecture. Wherever I went—in Moscow, Tiflus. Baku or Erivan—the same gaunt blocks of concrete or brick were to be seen, as uniform as the Soviet slogans from one end of the Soviet Union to the other. Repairs of any kind—whether to plumbing, roofs, electric fittings or anything else—cause the luckless citizen who needs them infinite worry. As there is no provision for such minor problems in the five-year plans, they would in many cases never get attention, if a small residuum of private skilled workers, often organised in artels, did not still exist to do the job. Such lack of service is one of the major causes of discomfort and dilapidation in Soviet Russia today. And yet, in spite of the overcrowding and other discomforts, it is extraordinary how decently many Russians of the educated classes can live in a small room, where they may have to sleep, eat and work all the time together, with no amenities and no service.

This may be one of the reasons why so many of the women prefer industrial life to domestic existence, which they can only envisage as boring and uncomfortable. Of homes and gardens and pleasant living in our sense of the word, they know little or nothing. "How can your bourgeois women *sit* at home all day?" they will ask quite puzzled, because sitting is all they can imagine themselves doing if left in their small apartments without outside occupation. These new Soviet women, with the physique of women policemen and the minds of Amazons, have little or nothing of the eternal feminine about them or their tastes. The only woman I met in Russia who frankly declared she did not want to work as long as her husband provided for her, was a little Turkish

girl in Baku. She also still wore a *chaddar*, because her husband liked it. "Fifteen years of Soviet power in this country," cried another Soviet matron, "and imagine we still have ignorance like this!" It is only as mothers that any deference is now shown to women in the U.S.S.R. The theory of the equality of the sexes is rigorously and unsentimentally applied, and women do the heaviest kinds of jobs side by side with men. I asked one of these emancipated women if they did not also propose to their future spouses. She regretted that this was not yet customary, but added that Soviet women would doubtless soon get over these inherited inhibitions.

At the present time conditions differ widely in the Russian towns and countryside. The bulk of the population is still preponderatingly agricultural, and 97-98 per cent. of them are organised in collective and state-farms. In many respects the odds are decidedly against the collectivised farmers in the Soviet melting-pot. They are paying heavily for the expensive mechanisation forced upon them by the Government. The prices at which they must dispose of the larger part of the harvest are extremely low. There are some twenty and a half million peasant holdings collectivised into large farms of an average of 400 ha. and a small residuum of about two million private farms. But whether collectivised or individual farmers, it is of course a key principle of the Constitution that no Soviet citizen may own a foot of land in the Soviet Union, though Soviet agitators in agricultural countries like our own are wont to soft-pedal this unpalatable truth. Besides the compulsory sale of grain to the State at prices arbitrarily fixed by the Government, which absorbs from a half to a quarter of the entire harvest, the peasants must pay *in grain* for the various services of the Machine Tractor Stations (which supply them with tractors and combines) and for the milling of the grain (another state monopoly). In all these transactions the State shows itself such a hard taskmaster that, failing a bumper crop, little or nothing remains for the peasants to dispose of privately. A collectivised farm in the Soviet Union looks pretty much as the old village from which it was formed, as each peasant has

his own home and garden. The essential changes are that the former strip agriculture has given place to great undivided fields, that high powered tractors and combines are at work on the land, and that the Soviet Government is gradually introducing social amenities, such as schools, clubs and medical centres. It is only in the *Sovchozi* or state farms that the peasants are induced to lead a communal life in large barracks. These state farms have been neither an agricultural nor a social success, and in many cases they are now being broken up into smaller collective units. On the collective farms the peasants' incomes are calculated on strictly mercantile lines according to the number of working units to the credit of each collectivised farmer during the year. The accounts are only settled once a year at the end of the harvest. Deductions must first be made for taxes, 3 per cent. interest on money loaned by the Government for buying stock or farm improvements, before the peasants receive anything. As might have been expected, this intricate agricultural book-keeping is in a pretty mess—on the admission of the Soviet Financial Commissar, Grinko, at the Third Session of The All Russian Executive Committee in January, 1937. The ideal of love of the land and of country for itself is foreign to Bolshevik ideology. The young people are trained to have the same enthusiasm for mechanisation in the countryside as for machinery in the towns.

The churches which formerly were an unfailing landmark in the villages are now not only for the most part closed, but are being very rapidly demolished stone by stone. In this way the younger generation are not even reminded of the problem of religion by a closed church, though in fact the history of the Soviet revolution would suggest that the Orthodox Church had very slender roots in the Russian countryside, at any time. And it is in the towns rather than in the country that the people still rally round the church. There has latterly been a considerable abatement in the ubiquitous Soviet anti-religious propaganda. The reason for this is obvious. Soviet Russia today is overwhelmingly anti-religious or, perhaps more accurately, religionless. I asked

numbers of casual acquaintances in Russia (where curiosity about the most intimate matters is the order of the day) whether they believed in God or religion. "Ya kulturni chelovek!" (I am a cultivated person) was the invariable reply—culture and belief of any kind being absolutely incompatible in their minds. Many added: "What do we want with a Church? We have the Party." By and large there has been no change in the fundamentally Marxian anti-religious policy of the Soviet Government, but they are far too keen realists to waste their time flogging a dead horse.

The promulgation of the new Constitution in December 1936, with several clauses concerning religion, brought the religious issue once more before the Soviet people. Prior to this date and since the Soviet Constitution of 1918, "monks and priests of all denominations" were automatically disfranchised—with the far-reaching civil disabilities implied thereby in the U.S.S.R. According to the new Constitution "every citizen has the right to elect and be elected irrespective of his race or nationality, his religion, . . . social origin, or past activity." With the franchise, ministers of religion have also acquired all those social and civil rights from which they were debarred, "as members of a hostile class," since 1918. Theoretically, at least, this means that they are also eligible for old age pensions and for all other social insurance benefits open to various categories of Soviet workers. Thus the formerly numerous group of the disfranchised is now reduced to those directly disfranchised by decree of court. As far as the clergy is concerned, this extension of the franchise comes too late to benefit many. The great majority of the Russian popes and of the Catholic and Protestant clergy are either dead from hardship or still subsisting in the inhuman conditions of the Soviet concentration and labour camps, where *recant publicly or rot* is the rule. There has been no amnesty for these imprisoned priests; and in the rare cases of release from prison their passports, bearing the ominous red strips of political prisoners, are like milestones round their necks for the rest of life. The new Constitution expressly states that "the church in the U.S.S.R. is separated from the

state and the school from the church . . . . to ensure to citizens freedom of conscience." This is one way of putting it, but any doubt as to what this specious liberty of conscience really is, is dispelled by the concluding words of this clause: "Freedom to perform religious rites and freedom of anti-religious propaganda is recognised for all citizens." The wording of the 1918 text was "freedom of religious and of anti-religious propaganda," which at least verbally was more liberal, as it conferred equal rights on both camps. The new wording does not.

Catholics never were very numerous in Russia, but they have withstood the Soviet persecution with comparative success. A fair number of Catholic churches are still "working," to use the Soviet cliché, and in few cases have they been demolished. There are still about 30,000 Catholics in Leningrad, mostly of Polish origin, and six churches are still open. Moscow has two active Catholic churches, French and Polish, with regular daily services. The following churches were also open to my own knowledge in January 1936: Charkow, Kiev (no priest), Rostov-on-Don, Tiflis, Odessa (no priest). In places like Kiev or Odessa, where there are now no priests, the little Catholic community meet regularly in the Church and pray together on holidays of obligation. I happened to go into the little Catholic church of St. Pierre in Odessa one Sunday in January. It was crowded far beyond the seating capacity, with old and young, especially young girls. The altar was brightly lighted, and many tremulous voices recited the rosary and sang the traditional German hymns together. One old woman, seeing that I was a foreigner, came over to me and asked me with tears in her eyes whether I thought there was any chance that a priest would come to them before she died. My mind strayed back to the *Istituto Orientale* in Rome where many young priests are being trained in the Greek Catholic Rite for mission work in Russia—whenever that day dawns. . . How many of these old men and women will survive to greet them?

VIOLET CONOLLY

(To be continued)

SWINBURNE, THE MODERNS, AND THE TRADITION OF ENGLISH POETRY*

BY PROFESSOR J. J. HOGAN, M.A., B.LITT.

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,
The mother of months in meadow or plain
Fills the shadows and windy places
With lisp of leaves and ripple of rain.

The fortnight in August or early September,
The boarding-house food, the boarding-house faces,
The rain-spoilt picnics in the windswept places,
The camera lost and the suspicion,
The failure in the putting-competition.

THE first, it need not be said, is from a chorus in *Atalanta in Calydon* by Swinburne, whose centenary was last month; the second is from a poetic drama of to-day, Auden and Isherwood's *Ascent of F6*. The first is remote and beautiful in imagery, splendid and subtle in music; the second is ugly reality in a rhythm appropriate to it. The first may stand for what the poets in the earlier half of Mr. Yeats's anthology did or tried to do; the second is what has been done since the war.[1] A revolution, plainly. Is it poetry at all, what these Moderns are giving us? Without prematurely answering the question, I will say two things. First, that Mr. Auden's lines are good verse, because expressive (he is describing the disappointing vacations of the small suburbanite). Second, that whether we like it or not we must take what the Moderns are giving us. They are the poets of this generation, if it has any poets; they are and always will be a large fact in the history of English Literature.

To describe modern poetry is almost to describe a dissolution into chaos and in the chaos an infinity of new tentative organisms, some of them hopeful new beginnings, some neuter, and some the vermiculations of further decay. The dissolution of poetry means its return to life or nature—that is, to what it is organised out of and in a sense *against*. Strictly of course this happens every time a poem of any power is written; art is shattered and rebuilt. But normally the poet has not to build upon reality unaided; he has the scaffoldings of tradition. Consider two parts of poetry: attitude and tone of feeling, metre and vocabulary. The Romantic poet, say, has Wordsworth's

* *The Oxford Book of Modern Verse.* 1892-1935. Chosen by W. B. Yeats. (Clarendon Press, 1936).
Milton and Wordsworth. By Sir Herbert J. C. Grierson. (Cambridge Press. 1937).
Poetry: Direct and Oblique. By E. M. W. Tillyard. (Chatto & Windus. 1934).
English Poetry and the English Language. By F. W. Bateson. (Oxford Press. 1934).
Revaluation. By F. R. Leavis. (Chatto & Windus. 1936).
Reason and Beauty in the Poetic Mind. By Charles Williams. (Oxford Press. 1933).

[1] The Irish poets stand apart, and I am leaving them out of consideration altogether.

example to show him roughly when and what he should feel, and how he should poetise it—with what metre and words. This is very well so long as there is enough freedom and enough difficulty. But traditions tend to make poetry easy by making it mechanical, and false by divorcing it from reality. Wordsworth's latest followers thought that to be a poet it sufficed to follow Nature with a notebook, or even just to "stand and stare"; and in a wholly changed England to murmur over in his metres the social and religious philosophy of the master. Wordsworth had had to fight for the right to call rustic things by their names (*Spade! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his land*); his descendents thought that nothing else might be mentioned in poetry. It took another great revolution to destroy that effete Arcadia and bring into poetry the bus, the putting competition, the newspaper word, and the life of modern England.

Like Wordsworth's revolution and others before it, this one has been a return to reality. And as usual reality has been over stressed. Wordsworth sometimes wrote as if rural things were poetic in themselves and needed only to be copied. Modern poets have thought they did enough when they imitated urban squalor and the noises of the machine.

But the Moderns have outdone all predecessors in crassness of realism. For other causes than a mere reaction from artificiality have operated: those doctrines of the age which deny the spirit and exalt matter. Once they threw themselves among things it was hard for the Moderns to rise above them. The idealisms—religious, philosophical and social—on which they might have risen had been shattered or weakened.

What can the Modern poet do in a chaotic world? Mr. Tillyard gives him three alternatives. He can join one of the political or religious orthodoxies; he can, if he is a robust individualist, build a personal creed out of the wreckage; or he can submit to chaos and make his poetry a passive reflection of it. As for the first, it must be said that Anglo-Catholic orthodoxy has enabled Mr. Eliot to write the one large work of the age, *Murder in the Cathedral*. But most of the orthodoxies are too flimsy for poetry. There is no British Fascist poet; and though many try to sing Communism, their voices break at it. The isolated personality may sometimes suffice for a poet, as it does for Mr. Yeats, who as an Irish Protestant was trained to isolation; but it very barely suffices for him. In truth, isolated personality is as flimsy as the orthodoxies, because personality depends much on social relations. English life is surely not so decayed, so empty of good and reasonable causes, that the poets will not sooner or later find a course lying between Mr. Tillyard's first two alternatives—and better than either.

But the third alternative, passivity, has been the rule; the post-war poets were the disgusted and hopeless contemplators of a waste land and wasted selves. We must examine this poetry of passivity because it bulks so large, because it is far from finished yet, and because it will probably leave a permanent mark on the attitude and methods of English poetry.

The first implication of passivity is realism. The poet submits himself to the inundation of things, and his verse presents them as truly as may be. But how does language give things, as distinguished from ideas of things? By imitative sounds, by onomatopoeia, which is therefore much used; often it is reinforced with foreign words (when they happen to be better imitations) and by invented words, until the whole becomes a "gorilla Esperanto." But a whole poem cannot be made of imitative noises. Beyond that, what the poet must do with words is to give them their head, so that their chaos may stand for the chaos of things; the realist becomes a nominalist.

Passivity means of course not complete passivity, which is silent; it means that the reason and the imagination of ordinary poetry (which is akin to reason) are passive, but other faculties active. The nerves are acutely awake. What is called the sub-conscious mind is at work. By this is meant the mind when it is occupied with neither thought nor imagination nor purpose, when it is not concentrated or choosing, but is in a relaxed and dreamlike awareness of its environment, of its memories (including perhaps inherited memories), and of the animal life of the body. A technique has been formed, with the aid of certain new sciences—psycho-analysis and a new psychology, and anthropology—by which one may lapse into and foment and observe this chaos. I describe the thing in its full degree, and extreme examples might be quoted in which there is no order and therefore no art; but I prefer to illustrate the middle way of Eliot, who sacrifices some but not all of the control and unity of ordinary poetry:—

> A rat crept softly through the vegetation
> Dragging its slimy belly on the bank
> While I was fishing in the dull canal
> On a winter evening round behind the gashouse
> Musing upon the king my brother's wreck
> And on the king my father's death before him.
> White bodies naked on the low damp ground
> And bones cast in a little low dry garret,
> Rattled by the rat's foot only, year to year.
> But at my back from time to time I hear
> The sound of horns and motors, which shall bring
> Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.
> O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
> And on her daughter
> They wash their feet in soda water
> *Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole!*

Eliot's method sometimes brings the accidental and arbitrary into his work; but sometimes it enables him to deepen the legitimate mystery of poetry. I do not touch the question whether the habit of exploring beneath the personality, which everybody else will learn from the poets, is likely to enrich or destroy the human mind. It certainly has done no great harm to Mr. Eliot's.

The piece I quoted is bitter, like most of this poetry. It was bitterness that made the poets passive, and passivity kept them bitter, for the poet naturally desires to command. It is the poetry of futility, and can live, since futility is deadness, only on the sparks of crushed hopes; it is therefore a weak thing and always in danger of complete extinction. A favoured method of enlivening it has been *wit*, which Eliot and his followers use very brilliantly. But this brings a danger of division—that is, not witty poetry, but wit *and* poetry, possibly in conflict. Thus the line about infidel suburbia:

> The land of lobelias and tennis flannels

is too funny to be effective in admonition. It is a paradox, but for all their gloom the Moderns have contributed to the gaiety of the nation.

In metre, also, the Moderns went back from an effete regularity to nature. They would not take a standard metre for a poem and modify it appropriately; but let the poem make its own metre, or rather let every picture and feeling take its own momentarily appropriate rhythm. Done fully, this must destroy art, whose aim is to bring nature to harmony, multitude to unity. But the real poets have not gone the whole way.

Free verse is prose that is divided into units borrowing the line pause and something of the line intonation from traditional verse. It is nearly but not quite prose, and the *not quite* allows fine subtleties. Mr. Turner writes his *Hymn to the Unknown* in it:—

> In despair at not being able to rival the creations of God
> I thought on her
> Whom I saw on the twenty-fourth of August nineteen thirty-four
> Having tea on the fifth storey of Swan and Edgar's
> In Piccadilly Circus.

Free verse sometimes gives a sense of the miraculous—the poetic idea without the apparatus of sound; we get it in some of Mr. Waley's Poems from the Chinese. But bodiless poetry is not wholly satisfying, and its visitations anyhow are fickle; besides which, free verse has its own body of sound which tends to be ugly and dull. It does well enough, with an excited and emphatic diction, for such purposes as a dramatic chorus (*Murder*), especially when it is strenghtened by taking some regular metre for a line here and there, and giving well-marked cadences, and perhaps rhyme to the line end. But for most purposes

the poets have wanted something that will give them the use of ordinary speech rhythms and yet hold the rein of art fairly tight.

They have gone back to a selection of the old metres ; and have used pure stress metres, and even pure syllabic metres. Blank verse, as most fatally overworked, has been avoided, but otherwise the five foot line retains its eminence. Mr. Auden has an interesting way of varying it, by an internal pause :—

> Grim as a tidal rock-pool's in its glove-shaped valleys

where we are to read in hemistichs of three and two feet. This sounds a little like Piers Plowman metre ; which in fact, with its stress pattern, neglect of syllabic counting, falling rhythm, and alliteration, has greatly influenced the Moderns. Thus Mr. Day Lewis :—

> Like Jesuits in jungle we journey
> Deliberately bearing to brutish tribes
> Christ's assurance, arts of agriculture.

Mr. Read and some others, on the other hand, have tried pure syllabic verse, neglecting stress.

No description will show the interest and promise of the modern experiments as well as to take and read Auden's *Look, Stranger* or Eliot's *Murder*. In *Murder* there is stress verse, free verse and, exceptionally, a fine passage of blank, modelled on Chapman. The following will illustrate the syllabic freedom of the four-stress line :—

> Then I leave you to your fate
> I leave you to the pleasures of your higher vices . . . .

and this the beauty that can be put into it :—

> Fluting in the meadows, viols in the hall
> Laughter and apple-blossom floating on the water,
> Singing at nightfall, whispering in chambers,
> Fires devouring the winter season,
> Eating up the darkness with wit and wine and wisdom.

Eliot, in this play, puts new life into rhyme. He often omits it, he makes it inexact (*together, sever ; ceremony, acrimony ; gravity, levity*), he uses remote assonances for it ; yet it sounds new and intoxicating, because it does not trot along in the old, too familiar pairs.

Two things remain to be said of the Moderns. They are not so very modern. Whitman had written free verse, Hopkins stress verse, and both had thrown off the traditional poetic diction ; Bridges had declared ordinary English metre and rhyme exhausted, and had experimented in new forms ; the Georgians, such as Owen, had built on these foundations before the war. In France, there had been Mallarmé, writing out of the subconscious before it got its name ; and a poetical wit very like Eliot's is in Hugo's *Chansons des Rues et des Bois*. The other thing is that the Moderns have no great poet. Yeats, a great poet, stands among them almost like Milton among the Meta-

physicals. Eliot is perhaps not much more than a Cowley, yet he remains decidedly the most considerable. Turner, Read, Auden, Lewis, Spender are the others; and MacNeice and Dylan Thomas, a very young poet, extraordinarily vigorous and crude.

As always, the poetic revolution has been accompanied by a new criticism. This has reached, and bewildered, people who do not know its background and cause, the poetry. Here again Mr. Eliot is leader. He comes, like P. E. More, of the fine school of Babbitt, which derives from Emerson and from Arnold, whose teaching held better in New than in old England. But Eliot has not had the steadying effect he should have had; he has not, till lately, taught the lesson of his American school, that poetic *matter* is important, that poetry is a criticism of life. At first he wrote with the wild dogmatism of youth, and later with the strong prejudices of the working artist, to which he unfortunately gave the form of impersonal judgments. Much wildness and intolerance has been the result.

The doctrines of the new critics are very close to the Modern poetry already described. They insist much on language. We often hear a poem defined as "a form of words." Swinburne, poet of words, is preferred to Arnold, who is apt to be called a poet of ideas, meaning no poet at all. The insistence on language comes largely from the notion of the passivity of the poet, with its consequence that language does the work. Further, language means *a* language, English; whence it arises that a poet is good in the proportion of his Englishness. The studies the new critics have made, English rather than classical, tend to encourage such a fallacy; and racialism is in the air. Mr. Bateson puts aside Yeats and Eliot because the English language does not speak through them; and this is part of the charge against Milton.

The insistence on the poem as merely a texture of words condemns the long poem and the drama, because they evidently contain more than words—characters, plot, etc.; and some critics have followed their logic so far. But in and for themselves the *other things* found in much of the older poetry stand condemned. To the poets of the subconscious there is an offensive clarity about the poetry which is allied to philosophy, theology and history; they are quick to call it "impure poetry" or "prose" in respect of its containing such things. Perhaps it is not really for the falseness of his ideas that Shelley is so much cried down, but because he has ideas at all.

There has been going on a revaluation of the English poets and a realignment of the main tradition of English poetry. Milton has been dethroned. "Milton's dislodgment," says Dr. Leavis of Milton's University, "after his two centuries of predominance, was effected with remarkably little fuss." So little, indeed, that many people have not even heard of it! Shelley, as I have said, has come down

also. But certain concrete, suggestive, *English* writers have gone up: Keats, Donne, Hopkins. The wit writers have gone up—Pope to a ridiculous height.

It is on Milton that battle must be joined. Arnold foresaw the danger fifty years ago, and declared that when Homer and Virgil went out of ordinary education, we must hold to Milton as the sole exemplar in English of the grand style; losing Milton, we must lose the glory and greatness of the poetic art. Dr. Leavis attacks Milton for "exploiting language as a kind of musical medium outside himself," and says: "There is no pressure in his verse, no suggestion of any complex and varying currents of feeling and sensation; the words have little substance or muscular quality." Very well, but Milton was not registering his immediate physical surroundings, his subconscious, his momentary distractions; his music is "outside himself" because it must be, if it is to carry a great and therefore not an immediately personal theme. Milton is the citadel that must be defended by those who do not wish to see great poetry fall into contempt and fragmentary poetry usurp the highest place. Mr. Charles Williams has done good work; quietly, and ignoring the enemy, he has strengthened the citadel. He has indicated how Romantic misinterpretations ruined for us the structure and unity of *Paradise Lost*, its organic growth upon a single great thought; misinterpretations which, incidentally, helped to discredit structure and thought in poetry themselves. Sir Herbert Grierson enters the battle openly. In a way he is not quite as good a champion. For he seems to concede the dangerous Romantic postulates that Satan is the hero, and that for the rest there is not integral poetry but a prolonged fabric of words and rhythm, which he thinks glorious and his opponents tiresome. But this veteran of English criticism shows his well-known acumen and scholarship when he defends Milton's diction, and re-establishes against the Moderns the traditional derivation of English poetic style. J. J. HOGAN

SOME FRENCH IMPRESSIONS

BY V. M. CRAWFORD

Is France heading for a revolution? Is M. Léon Blum fated to be a French Kerensky reluctantly preparing the way for a second Lenin? Is France destined, like unhappy Spain, to be the battlefield of a fratricidal war? These are some of the gloomy prognostications that have been uttered, not without some reason, during the past twleve months; and indeed the whole situation is so complicated and presents so many novel features that any sort of prophecy as to future developments would be rash. At best one can only give personal impressions gathered

during a recent visit, and how superficial and partial such impressions may be we know from the confusing reports of the many recent investigators of the Spanish conflict.

The first solid fact to bear in mind is the enormous growth of the Communist party in France ever since the Paris riots of February 1934. It is far more powerful than it was in Spain previous to the outbreak of the civil war, there having been only 14 Communists in the Spanish Cortés after the Left victory of February 1936, as against 72 Communists elected to the French Chamber in May of last year—an increase of 62 on the previous Chamber. In all, the party registered 1,503,000 votes within a complete Popular Front vote of over 4 millions. Nor were the Communist voters entirely confined to industrial centres. It is true their main stronghold lies in the *banlieues* of Paris, but they also polled heavily in and around Lyons and Marseilles, in the Pas de Calais, and even in purely rural districts such as the Corrège, where they secured 20 p.c. of the votes polled.

Further confirmation of the growth of Communist influence may be derived from a well-documented article in the Dominican review *Vie Intellectuelle* (March 1937), which gave—as a warning—a complete bibliography of French Communist publications, starting with the well-known *Humanité* and the new illustrated evening paper *Ce Soir*, and followed by a surprising number of periodicals, large and small, many specially directed to definite sections of the nation, such as *La Terre* for agriculturists and *Mon Camarade* for children.

It is this phenomenal growth of Communism, combined with the closing up of all the parties of the Left into the solid Front Populaire and its consequent victory at the polls, that so alarmed the upper classes last year that not only were vast sums transferred abroad, but a certain number of rich people (so I was assured) pusillanimously shut up their houses and took refuge abroad themselves. A further factor in the present situation has been the truly marvellous discipline enforced on its members by the C.G.T. (Confédération Générale du Travail) and the way its orders to-day are implicitly obeyed. It is true that the widely indulged-in stay-in strikes of last June were far more a spontaneous manifestation of working-class solidarity than a planned Communist or C.G.T. demonstration, but the half-day strike after the Clichy riots was a very striking example of trade union discipline—ending to the minute as ordered, with 100 per cent. participants in certain industries. It must be remembered that trade unionism has never hitherto flourished in France as in England, but since the Paris riots adhesions have flowed in, so that to-day the C.G.T. can claim a membership of five millions—and this apart from the C.G.T.U. (the federation of Communist trade unions) and, of course, from the Christian syndicates, whose membership is far smaller. A real danger of the

moment for these Christian unions is that the C.G.T. will attempt to ignore their existence altogether and will try to insist on the engagement of workers only from its own ranks or from those of the C.G.T.U.

Taking all these facts into consideration, it appears to me grossly unfair—as the newspapers of the Right are doing—to attribute all the immediate troubles of France to M. Blum, who day by day is attacked with that personal vindictiveness which is so unfortunate a feature of the French press. Indeed it might well be argued that, without M. Blum at the helm, France might already be plunged, if not in revolution, at least in grave disorder. As it is, I was assured on all sides that throughout the country there is to-day less fear both of revolution and of war with Germany than a year ago.

It must be remembered that Léon Blum, far from being a Communist himself, has all his life been a reformist Socialist of the refined intellectual type. He is not a great orator ; he has nothing of the popular appeal of a Jaurès or even a Lloyd George ; indeed he never enjoyed a wide popularity within his own party until the cowardly attack made upon him by some young Royalists at the funeral of Jacques Bainville in February 1936, which rallied the rank and file of the Left to his support. After the Left victory at the polls it was inevitable to have a Left government, and M. Blum took office at a moment of exceptional difficulty when the flight from the franc and the export of gold had already started. Both the Communists and the C.G.T., while promising general support to his policy, refused to enter his cabinet, and ever since have been the source of quite half the Premier's troubles. Exposed to attacks both from the extreme Left and from the extreme Right—the *Echo de Paris* is ceaseless in its vituperation—M. Blum has remained in power for a whole year, a fact due not only to his own skill and diplomacy, but to a very widespread conviction that his overthrow might easily entail disastrous consequences for internal peace.

The actual social reforms clamoured for by the Left—holidays with pay, full trade union rights, shorter hours of labour, etc.—have in them nothing revolutionary (France until now has been far behind England and Ireland in social laws) ; the trouble has arisen from the tempestuous haste with which the workers have insisted that these complicated reforms should be carried into effect. At the moment of my stay in France much discussion was taking place over the sudden imposition by ministerial decree of the 40-hour week, which closed all retail shops both Sunday and Monday in Paris and all large towns. Clearly such a hard and fast rule was bound to cause much inconvenience to many people, and the press of the Right made the most of it, foretelling the ruin of French luxury trades and urging the depressing effect of closed shops on the week-end foreign tourist. No doubt, before long a scheme will be worked out for retail shops as little irksome

as our own Early Closing regulations, but meanwhile much ill-feeling has been aroused. The application of the 40-hour week is far more difficult in regard to factories; indeed between steeply rising costs and the obstinacy of some employers on the one hand and rising prices and the impatience of the workers on the other, the problem will not be easy to solve. At the time of my stay prices for foodstuffs had not risen abnormally, but the process is clearly going on. Unhappily, with the high protection insisted on by farmers and peasants, it is almost impossible to reduce them; nor can the export trade—on which the industrial prosperity of France so largely depends—be revived without allowing a freer flow of foreign goods into the country.

To turn to the Right side of the picture, it must not be imagined that the dissolution of the Croix de Feu means the extinction of Colonel de la Rocque. His friends and supporters are being enrolled in the new Parti Social Français (P.S.F.), and in spite of assertions to the contrary made by the Left in the hope of getting it too dissolved by ministerial decree, it would appear to have no definitely militarist aims, and its members wear neither uniform nor badge. Nevertheless it has succeeded in making itself somewhat of a nuisance to the Blum government by peaceful demonstrations, with the slogan "La France aux Français," which have helped to rehabilitate la Rocque—*le grand vaincu* of the May elections. At Compiègne, hitherto a stronghold of the parties of the Right but where Communism has recently gained ground, I was assured by an active worker for the P.S.F. that it has nearly three million members and is growing every day. It claims to be moderate Republican, patriotic, anti-Communist and, somewhat vaguely, to stand for all that is best in France. Its women members, I gathered, were to be taught to retire to *le foyer* and no longer to usurp man's place in industry. I was further assured that the Communist vote had passed its zenith, that many people had merely voted Communist "for a change" and were already regretting their rashness. This somewhat optimistic view was partially at least upheld by a very intelligent hotel-keeper in a remote and picturesque village in the Jura, where he also filled the functions of Mayor. He assured me that many of the peasants had voted Communist at the last election without in the least understanding what Communism implied, and when he explained to them that it would mean the end of uncontrolled peasant proprietorship, they one and all declared that no power on earth should deprive them of their land.

Unhappily the slow decline in that peasant population by which the prosperity of France has been so largely built up in the past appears to continue unchecked; for in that same village, apparently prosperous, with a fine old church and a resident *curé*, we were told that the village school, which forty years ago accommodated some sixty pupils, to-day

contained only twenty. And indeed we were struck by the comparative absence of boys and girls in the village street—very different from the poverty-stricken Spanish villages with their swarms of ill-clad black-eyed children.

When la Rocque and his friends were in low water last summer, a new militant anti-Communist party came into existence. This is the Parti Populaire Français founded by Jacques Doriot, the well-known mayor of St. Denis and recently re-elected Deputy for the same municipality. The party is worth mentioning, as among Doriot's supporters I gathered there were a certain number of democratic Catholics attracted by his vivid personality, his undoubted courage and his forceful oratory. For long a leading member of the Communist party—from which he was expelled three years ago—he is now a fierce anti-Communist, dealing hearty blows at his old comrades, and it seems probable that events may move him more definitely to the Right. If so, except that Doriot is of frankly working-class origin, there would seem hardly sufficient to differentiate him and his party from that of la Rocque. It is far too early to predict as yet whether the local cry of *Doriot au pouvoir* has any chance of being realised.

Perhaps in estimating the growth or otherwise of Communism in France mention should be made of André Gide's little book *Retour de l'U.R.S.S.*, published last autumn. There seems no doubt that it has made a profound impression in educated circles. For Gide is still one of the most admired of French writers and for at least three years he has been inflamed with enthusiasm for Russia, proclaiming the Soviet Republics as a guide and example for France. Yet a stay in Russia of a few weeks has been sufficient to shatter his idol. He is still, indeed, full of admiration for certain material results obtained—the rest-houses for workers, the children's Homes, the *parcs de culture*, etc. But he frankly deplores the complete " depersonalisation " of life on the collectivised farms, the oppressive unity of opinion on all subjects, the appalling superiority complex of the modern Russian mind, and the smug petty bourgeois outlook of the better paid workers. Alexander Werth, in his *Destiny of France*, gives as his opinion that this " bitter pamphlet " has opened the eyes of many Frenchmen to the true results of Communism and has made them more critical of its claims.

Perhaps at the moment the best we can hope for France, in the undoubted crisis through which she is passing, is that Léon Blum should remain in power as long as possible. Whatever may be urged to the contrary, he at least is determined to keep the peace of Europe at almost any cost ; and not being a Communist, he will surely resist extremist demands as long as possible. But if he falls, no one can foretell to-day what the outcome will be.

V. M. Crawford

REVIEWS

Biography

BARON FRIEDRICH VON HUGEL. A Study of his Life and Thought. By Maurice Nédoncelle, Docteur en Philosophie de l'Université de Paris. Translated by Marjorie Vernon. London : Longmans. 1937. 8s. 6d. net.

THE Abbé Maurice Nédoncelle has given us a more readable exposition of the Baron von Hügel's religious philosophy than Dr. A. Hazard Dakin. Readers of *Studies* will remember that in my review of the latter's volume (December 1934) I spoke of the enigma of the Baron. Dr. Dakin is not concerned to establish his orthodoxy or explain his Modernism, but the Abbé Nédoncelle makes a valiant effort to, shall I say, rehabilitate the Baron as a Catholic thinker, and his volume bears the imprimatur of Westminster. The book seems to have been originally written as an academic thesis, and it is quite a model in that form of literature. Notes and bibliography are beyond praise, and the exposition of doctrine is as clear as could possibly be expected ; for von Hügel cultivated a great perversity of style.

When he wished, von Hügel could write exquisite English, as I said in my former review ; but his general style is atrocious. Most of his doctrinal and didactic paragraphs and sentences are so " massive " (as his fans call them), such all-embracing conglomerates of disparate ideas, images and sentiments bound together with a German-Oxford cement of pseudo-philosophic jargon, as to defy the heresy-hunter and the benevolent expositor alike. You get the impression of " massive " learning, ponderous architectonic feeling, fuligenous lightning, general uplift—not " light but darkness visible." If you are in a fault-finding mood, you are too frightened to say so, like the Prime Minister in Hans Anderson's tale of " The King's New Clothes." It looks like a huge intellectual spoof, to use the language of the naughty nineties ! And yet von Hügel was esteemed and loved by those who knew him best. They would reject as a foul calumny any charge of hypocrisy, of crypto-heresy, and they knew their man. But they have not yet explained him.

The style is the man, as Buffon says. There is a very characteristic note running through these massive paragraphs and sentences. Every twist of phrase carries a certain hallmark of feeling-tone, each intricate pattern features an emotional rather than an intellectual value. Each abstraction is qualified with endless sub-abstractions ; the generic theme is developed and sub-developed until you are lost in the maze of the Baron's mighty mind. He pours everything together : positions, sub-positions, contra-positions—a Gothic cathedral set in a Sargasso Sea ! He seeks a totalitarian expression of mind, a concept of the individual entity, a generalization of the unique. He takes quite a joy in discrepancy ; his thought is

luxuriously deckle-edged. This is not the vanity of a literary artist seeking to amaze his public by verbal dexterity. No, it is the quest of the emotive force of raw and inconvenient fact. Dogma without difficulties has no attraction for him ; it is not costing enough to rouse his will to apprehend the fact behind the notion. Doubt seemed to stimulate rather than depress his special type of personal religion.

One finds in von Hügel, it seems to me, a curious sort of spiritual masochism ; it is the costingness of religious experience, its difficulties and felt incompatibilities, what plain people would call temptations against the Faith, which give religion its value and savour for him. He loves the word *costing*. I do not know if " he counted it a bondage to fix a belief," but he undoubtedly got a huge amount of spiritual enjoyment out of doubts and difficulties ; the effort of emulsifying the felt incompatibles gave him an aesthetico-spiritual thrill which worked strongly on his centres of sensible devotion. He felt well rather than thought well.

Normally dogmatic doubt has a devastating effect on the lower prayer centres ; it is the most horrible of distractions, that most terrible feature of the Dark Night, which St. John of the Cross calls the " spirit of giddiness." This love of what is interiorly costing in the order of Faith seems peculiar to the Baron. It was not incompatible with his prayer, but rather an adjuvant. This, I think, points to a spiritual abnormality, a species of hyper-affectivity. Is emotion, however sublimated and directed, the ultimate psychic element in religious experience ? " Without Faith it is impossible to please God," and Faith is not primarily an emotion. Nor is the Fiducia of the Reformers an emotion *primo et per se*. The Apostles asked Our Lord to increase their Faith. If we deny Faith the primacy in religious experience and give that first place to felt emotion, we are on the high road to illusion.

I think the key to the enigma of Baron Friedrich von Hügel is to be found in his religious sentimentalism. His psyche was predominantly affective, and in the block of his emotions he found his supreme psychic values and criteria of reality. He judged his groups of concepts as religious entities by his emotional reactions ; *qua* concepts he judged them critically and sceptically. He was not unduly disturbed when they refused to fit in and make a pattern with Roman decisions, for he felt he could emulsify the incompatibles and construct a tolerable mayonnaise of principles. Yet he lost appetite when Loisy and other logicians took a hand in the cooking, but he kept his Modernism all the same.

The ecclesiastical authorities did not disturb Baron von Hügel, but their toleration does not justify us in considering him to be a safe Catholic writer. Apart from incidental errors, into which any Catholic writer may fall, the general trend of his teaching is thoroughly un-

acceptable. To the English mind, with its ingrained nominalism, clear-cut dogmatic statement of religious truth is repugnant. The more devout-minded sublimate dogma into colourful emotion with a garnish of symbolism and ritual. They love to feel, for it pains them to think. The Baron's most useful work from the Catholic point of view was the induction of thought through feeling. In some respects he was a good chapel bell; he made some of our separated brethren listen-in. But for the instructed Catholic he has, in my judgment, no lesson; he is but a sower of doubt and a confuser of counsel. On at least the more specifically religious of his works, we must, I think, put the note: *Caute legenda!* JOHN HOWLEY

AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By G. K. Chesterton. London: Burns Oates and Washbourne. 1936. Pp. 348. 10s. 6d.

G. K. CHESTERTON. A Portrait. By W. R. Titterton. Dublin: Browne & Nolan. 1936. Pp. 248. 5s.

WE have heard that when Fr. Knox spoke the eulogy of G. K. Chesterton, the great cathedral several times resounded with laughter—as it had to, if G. K.C. were to be really remembered. Nor will his spirit allow us to take over-solemnly this book from beyond the grave. As if to prevent it, he opens with a joke; and throughout he makes no allusion to his illness and approaching death, but keeps up, without the least hint of constraint, something more than his usual good humour.

"I was born," he says, "of respectable but honest parents;" and he goes on to fix exactly their social position and outlook. They belonged to the vanished middle class that really was middle—a world in which nobody was any more likely to drop an *h* than to pick up a title. The description of London and Londoners as they were in his childhood is detailed and vivid, a masterpiece in the painting of a social scene. Admirable is the portrait of his father, with his humours and his many hobbies—which make his son think he lived a richer life than his own, and deplore the modern giving up of hobbies for mere games. Trying, then, to go within himself and recall his own earliest being, the child Gilbert Chesterton, he is baffled in a way that many people may have experienced, but which has never been so well analysed:—

> "Really, the things we remember are the things we forget. I mean that when a memory comes back sharply and suddenly, piercing the protection of oblivion, it appears for an instant exactly as it really was. If we think of it often, while its essentials doubtless remain true, it becomes more and more our own memory of the thing rather than the thing remembered."

But he remembers enough to establish a few points in child psycho-

logy : such as, that the child likes moral tales and that the child is if anything less prone than the adult to confuse make-believe with reality.

The book then revives the schoolboy Gilbert. But after that it seems to change. In a chapter headed *How to be a Lunatic*, he writes in rather a baffling way about his aberrations, especially in spiritualism. He does not, for some reason, give a coherent picture of himself at that stage ; and for the rest of the book there is hardly any attempt to revive earlier selves.

Therefore, if we go to the book for the revelation of secrets, we shall be disappointed. Of course, it may be said that Chesterton was always an open secret and that there was nothing to reveal. But this is only a way of speaking, for there must at all times have been a reserve of privacy. This remains private still—perhaps because he was too little of an egoist to think it worth going into. The result is the lack of any sense of *development* in the book. It is not the absence of dates that causes this, but the presenting of the fully-made G. K. C. almost at the beginning.

The book is really a recapitulation of his social life, a final advocacy of all the good causes he had battled for. And a final praise of his friends, the heroes of each good cause. Chesterton's style is here at its best ; it is more careful, as suits the greatness of the occasion, yet not subdued or lifeless. There are no damp squibs, there is no mere juggling with words. The writing is great in such pages as those on the war and in a dozen character sketches. Here is a part of the account of Chesterton's closest friend :—

> " These two voices of Belloc, so to speak, were so distinct that he could sometimes pass from one to the other and make it seem like two persons speaking ; effecting a transition on a platform almost as dramatic as the dialogue of a ventriloquist with his doll. When he stood as a Liberal member for Salford, he often managed to bewilder his hecklers by spraying them with these sharply alternated showers of cold and hot water. Salford was a poor and popular constituency, in which there were many strata of simple and provincial people, retaining the prejudices of our great-grandfathers ; one of them being a touching belief that anybody with a French name could be made to cower and growl by any allusion to the Battle of Waterloo. This was probably the only battle of which the heckler himself had ever heard ; and his information about it was limited to the partly inaccurate statement that it was won by the English. He therefore used to call out at intervals, " Who won Waterloo ? " And Belloc would affect to take this with grave exactitude, as a technical question put to him upon a tactical problem, and would reply with the laborious lucidity of a lecturer,

> "The issue of Waterloo was ultimately determined, chiefly by Colborne's manoeuvre in the centre, supported by the effects of Van der Smitzen's battery earlier in the engagement. The Prussian failure in synchrony was not sufficiently extensive, etc." And then, while the unfortunate patriot in the audience was still endeavouring to grapple with this unexpected growth of complexity in the problem he had propounded, Belloc would suddenly change his own note to the ringing directness of the demagogue, would openly boast of the blood of the Pyrenean soldier who had followed the revolutionary army of Napoleon and risen in its ranks, through all the victories that established a code of justice all over a continent and restored citizenship to civilisation. "It is good democratic blood; and I am not ashamed of it."

Mr. Titterton knew G. K. C. for many years, and was for a time his assistant editor. He says he wants to be first in the field of the mob of Boswells; but, although he is early in the field, it is not as a Boswell. He does give some records of conversations; but he found it impossible to enjoy and memorize at once, and he was human enough to choose enjoyment.

Mr. Titterton has a fervent admiration for the greatness and goodness of Chesterton and a tremendous gusto for the joke of him. This will carry the reader past many faults. The Chestertonian style, as here used, sometimes tires by its very liveliness. Too large and careless a manner admits many small things that will irritate the fastidious; thus, it seems to be suggested that Swift was a "hired assassin"; it is said that "the songs of a troubadour must never be studied"; Shelley is needlessly called "Mr. Percy Shelley"; and we are expected to think that the difference between perfect and imperfect art is merely a superficial polish. More serious is the lack of a clear chronological arrangement. Chesterton himself despised dates, but someone must give them.

But we should not ask Mr. Titterton to give what he does not set out to give. His book is a generous one, written in a white heat of feeling. In many scenes he communicates his full emotion to the reader, making us to feel, amidst the glorious confusion of the office, the very presence of "the old man." I would like to quote a few lines from the last scene at Beaconsfield :—

> "A policeman at the gate of the cemetery said to Edward Macdonald: 'Most of the lads are on duty, else they would all have been here.' As Edward Macdonald says: 'He was the Lord of the Manor. And he never knew it.' So we left him."

That is worth having, and there are many things like it in this book.

J. J. H.

BLESSED AGNELLUS AND THE ENGLISH GREY FRIARS. By Fr. Gilbert, O.S.F.C.

A DIALOGUE OF COMFORT AGAINST TRIBULATION. By Saint Thomas More. A modernised version by Right Rev. Mgr. Philip E. Hallett.

MOTHER MARGARET MOSTYN. By Sister Anne Hardman, S.N.D. With a preface by Most Rev. Archbishop Mostyn. London : Burns Oates & Washbourne. 1937. 5s., 7s. 6d., and 5s. respectively.

THESE three volumes may be taken as so many witnesses to the old English tradition of Catholic piety, which has left its abundant traces in the history of English literature. The short life of Blessed Agnellus, by a Capuchin scholar, carries us back to the early days of the Franciscan foundations in Canterbury, London and Oxford. Father Gilbert has drawn an attractive picture of the fervent Italian friar, to whom England owes the glories of her Franciscan tradition. His figure is shadowy enough, for the story of his life is mainly the story of his foundations, first in Paris and then in England. But there can be no doubt as to the personal eminence of this saintly friar ; and his conviction that learning was part of the Franciscan life has left its traces deep in Paris and Oxford. The story of Robert Grosseteste's interest in the first Oxford friars, of the simplicity of their lives, the poverty of their home, and the great learning of their patron and master, is told once more ; and well deserves the telling. Father Gilbert has added a slight—indeed, too slight—a sketch of the later history of the Franciscans in England, and seeks to guide the reader through the complicated story of the various Conventual, Observantine and Capuchin foundations. Last year was the centenary year of the death of Blessed Agnellus. It is good to know that one section at least of his beloved Friars Minor are now firmly established near their old home in Oxford.

Saint Thomas More inherits the tradition, not of the friars, but of the English Carthusians and their ascetical outlook on life. His *Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation* is the fruit of his year's imprisonment in the Tower. It was completed during the year 1534 ; and the saintly Chancellor had begun a second work, a *Treatise upon the Passion*, when the rigour of his confinement was so increased as to make further literary work impossible. He was martyred on July 6, 1535 ; but the *Dialogue* was not printed until 1553. As Mgr. Hallett points out, the delay was not without its advantage for More's family : the parallel between the Great Turk of the *Dialogue* and Henry VIII is too pointed to be overlooked, and Henry was not in the humour to overlook such criticism. Mgr. Hallett has modernised More's English but has sought to keep, so far as possible, the full flavour of the original text. He has done a real service to all lovers of the saintly martyr.

Mother Margaret Mostyn is a full century later in the history of English piety; but her remarkable life in the two English Carmelite convents of Antwerp and Lierre, where she was Prioress for twenty-five years (1654-1679), shows us the surviving traditions of asceticism and mysticism among these English refugees. Mother Margaret was one of a family which gave many of its members to the religious life in this century; and her sister Elizabeth was with her as a Carmelite in Flanders. This story of her life, with its sympathetic study of her spiritual experiences (in which she was much aided by the guidance of the English Jesuit, Father Andrew White) will be read with pleasure by all students of English Catholic history. And it is fitting that Archbishop Mostyn, as the most eminent living member of the Mostyn family to-day, should pay tribute in a short preface to the good work which Sister Anne Hardman is doing by her singularly competent studies of this period. P. D.

Education

SAFEGUARDING MENTAL HEALTH. By Raphael C. McCarthy, S.J., Ph.D. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co.; Dublin: Fitzpatrick. 1937. 10s. 6d. net.

"To have the management of the mind," says Dr. Johnson, "is a great art, and it may be attained in no small degree by experience and habitual exercise." This dictum of one whose life had been rendered miserable by distresses arising from mental disorder, might serve as a text for Fr. McCarthy's plain and sensible exposition of the procedure advisable in the preservation of mental health.

The book is not designed for formal students of the sciences concerned with the mind in health or disease. It is addressed to ordinary readers, particularly to those who have to do as parents or teachers with the up-bringing of the young. Its purpose is to make available, for practical application by the average intelligent man or woman, the established facts of mental therapy, and it is not too much to say that it does so with admirable lucidity and comprehensiveness.

One of the most disquieting features of present-day life is the increase in mental instability. This is due to various causes inseparable from the conditions of modern life as compared with those of even the generation immediately preceding our own. The tempo at which the life of to-day is lived is much faster, and the tendency is to greater speed. The result is that the man of to-day is subjected to progressively increasing strains and stresses, which impose on the nervous system a tension too great for it to bear. The consequence can be seen in the statistics of nervous disorders, which present anything but a comforting picture of the future. Since the conditions of modern life do not seem to be likely to revert to the simpler and more leisurely ways of the past, there is need for guidance of the type which this book provides.

The problem of the mental hygienist is by no means an easy one. His procedure cannot be said, as regards a large part of it, to rest on anything more secure than empiricism, and this fact not unfrequently exposes his practice to the charge of charlatanry. Doubtless there are often grounds for such a charge: for, like faith-healing, mental healing relies too often on popular ignorance as affording the best field for its operations. Nevertheless psycho-therapeutics is a department of the healing art likely to be more and more widely used, and if the layman is to resort to it, it is a distinct benefit that his practice of it should be guided by one who, like the writer of this book, knows through study of the mind and body what he is talking about.

As the title of the book suggests, Fr. McCarthy is concerned with the preservation of mental health where it exists rather than with its restoration where it has failed. While one thinks that the sub-title as given on the wrapper—a key to self-mastery and a successful life—makes a claim for it that is somewhat over-ambitious, one must admit that its pages contain much that will be useful to every one interested in conserving mental well-being, his own or that of others; and not the least of its merits is that it clearly shows that many of the common mental weaknesses, which are so great a handicap to many, are amenable to preventive treatment, for such things are not inherited, but only the predisposition to them in the presence of an exciting cause.

Fr. McCarthy is well aware that many of his prescriptions lack the precision that one looks for in procedure based on science. Temperaments differ so fundamentally that vagueness is inevitable in any attempt to lay down general prescriptions. Hence arises the possibility of danger in the use of such a book as this by unintelligent people. His counsels of the general kind are sane, and have the merit of conforming to the age-old practices of all sane systems of education. For such doctrines in the training of the young as those that insist on freedom from restraint he has nothing but well grounded contempt; and for the up-bringing of youth in the ways of mental health as well as for its maintenance in adults it will be found that his pages contain much that is of value to those who regard the perfectly balanced mind as the greatest human possession. W. J. W.

EDUCATION WITH A TRADITION. An account of the educational work of the Society of the Sacred Heart. By M. O'Leary, Ph. D., M.A. University of London Press. 1936. Pp. 363. 12s. 6d.

PROFESSOR F. A. Cavenagh, who writes the Preface to this serviceable record of educational enterprises in many lands during the past three half-centuries, tells its readers that it was submitted as a thesis at the University of London, and notes the need for enlightenment concerning the purposes and, above all, the practical achievements of the larger

eaching Institutes. In both respects, this volume will be found very seful, both by those who like Professor Cavenagh, find the whole natter to be of a rather novel character, and by those who have firm ontacts with the main and solid work of Catholic education.

It is not to be expected that this account of one teaching Institute hould not bear the traces of its academic origins and immediate pur- ose, as well as of their specific environment. Many of the antecedent lements which are made, in the earlier chapters, to co-operate towards he tradition designated by the title, have but slight connections indeed ith either the education or the experience of Sophie Barat : and some f these, by reason of their obvious sources in systems of education, rench indeed by nationhood yet steeped in false theology and in false hilosophy, would be held by her to be none of hers. That finely- ducated child of the French tillage farm was given the full measure of ntegral classical studies, Greek and Latin ; in the same tradition that vas insisted on by Saint Thomas More for his daughters as well as for is sons. So it is well that so much educative power and action since 800 has an immediate source so fully complete and adequate for its ublic service.

The story of its achievement extends to many lands ; and here again he zeal of the academic worker has given us a multitude of facts, an rray of allusions, so eagerly active over many chapters that it makes he reader anxious to keep to the footing afforded by the definite radition. Perhaps more definite insistence on the exact nature of that radition, distinct from administrative details, would be found specially helpful in regard of those national characteristics with which adminis- trative workers have in recent decades to make terms. This would be f real assistance in relation to the matter of French practice, coming into close and living contact with the Spain of a century ago, with the Italy f the Savoy period, and with the Germany of to-day, to which this vivid writer makes allusions all too brief. T. C.

History

HISTOIRE DE L'EGLISE depuis les origines jusqu'à nos jours. Publiée sous la direction d'Augustin Fliche et Victor Martin.

III. *De la paix constantinienne à la mort de Théodose.* Par J.-R. Palanque, G. Bardy, P. de Labriolle.

IV. *De la mort de Théodose à l'élection de Grégoire le Grand.* Par P. de Labriolle, G. Bardy, G. de Plinval, Louis Bréhier.

Paris : Bloud et Gay. 1936-7. 60 fr. each.

THIS great enterprise, in which is to be found the most imposing example f modern French Catholic scholarship, may now be said to be securely aunched on its stately voyage. With the end of the fourth volume he second stage of the Church's history, the period of its recognition

by the still united and powerful Roman Empire, comes to a close. The two scholars who brought the story down to the eve of Constantine's conversion have yielded place to a fresh team; but once more all the contributors are writers of first-rate authority, who have already made their reputations in the subjects here assigned to them. The sole newcomer is M. de Plinval, who writes two interesting special chapters, on Pelagianism and on doctrine in the Gallo-Roman church, for the fourth volume.

The task of recounting the often-told story of Constantine's great revolution and of his troubled dealings with the Church is in the extremely capable hands of M. Palanque, who has recently written a monograph on the first Christian Emperor. His treatment of his complicated and much-discussed subject in three brief chapters is masterly. On the question of Constantine's sincerity he decisively rejects the views of M. Grégoire, which have made such a sensation. It is interesting to note that in this rejection he has the support of Dr. Ernst Stein, now at the Catholic University of America. He is followed by Dr. Bardy, whose work on the origins of Arianism was reviewed in these pages last March. The task of dealing with the rise, triumph, and decline of this most dangerous heresy, which was so successful that, as St. Jerome said, the whole world was surprised to find itself Arian, is a truly formidable one, but we need not say that Dr. Bardy accomplishes it with triumphant ease. Scholars in search of enlightenment on such niceties as Schwartz's theory about a second Council of Nicea will find it generously provided in these pages. After Dr. Bardy comes Professor de Labriolle, whose many chapters in both volumes have a special value and importance.

In general, while doctrinal questions are treated by Dr. Bardy, M. de Labriolle is responsible for the literary and cultural background of fourth and fifth century Christian life. There is probably no one in any country more admirably qualified, or who unites to such a supreme degree exact scholarship, originality and independence of judgment, and great literary charm. M. de Labriolle continually delights his readers by some peculiarly Gallic turn of phrase or touch of gentle irony. From among his contributions to both these volumes it is difficult to single out any one where all are excellent; but perhaps because of the importance of their subjects, we may point to his "Les Débuts du Monachisme" in the third volume and to his treatment of St. Augustine in the fourth. There is nothing more "savoureux" in the whole work than his two pages on the *daemon meridianus*. In other chapters he discusses with the same masterly touch the relations between paganism and Christianity, the Church and learning, and the impact of the barbarians. Here the conversion of Ireland comes within his scope, but only briefly.

In the fourth volume, the lion's share again falls to Dr. Bardy, who, having finished with Arianism, brings down the history of the other very important doctrinal conflicts to the beginning of the reign of the Emperor Justin. Besides the great heresies and their consequences, Dr. Bardy also has valuable chapters on the Papacy and on the Church beyond the boundaries of the Empire. From the year 518 onwards, the leadership passes into the experienced hands of Professor Louis Bréhier, and it is not necessary to emphasise the fact that his chapters on the confused relations between Justinian and Pope Vigilius are both very interesting just now and written with the fullest accuracy and authority. In all respects these two volumes keep up the high standard set by their predecessors. Apart from an occasional misprint in the very full bibliographies, we note two errors in Volume Four. Jaeger is not the author of a work on St. Augustine attributed to him on p. 53, and on p. 562 there is surely something wrong about the date assigned to Martin the Irishman who was professor of Greek at Laon. M. T.

THE CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY. By Various Contributors. Vol. VIII. The Close of the Middle Ages. Cambridge University Press. 1936. 50s. net.

It would perhaps be futile now to direct attention to the advantages which the composite or co-operative method of writing history offers or to the drawbacks which it so often displays. At a time when historiography has become more and more a matter for experts, whose limit of subject and period seems to become ever more confined, this method affords the opportunity of getting the recognised authorities for each subject and even for each subdivision. Quite obviously many advantages must be sacrificed for these considerable gains. History may claim to be a science, but experience warns us that we should expect no unity of approach or method common to the different chapters. Unfortunately, too, we should not be wise in expecting a uniformly high level of treatment; and yet it was in the achievement of this that the main justification of such collaboration was to be found.

The present volume fully illustrates the truth of these remarks. The individual chapters have been entrusted to recognised authorities, and the editors have not hesitated to seek these in every country. Yet the result is rather disappointing. Many of the efforts are good, most of them are decidedly useful, but few reach distinction. At times the reader feels that the authors have allowed themselves to be overwhelmed by their subject. More than once there is a hint that the writer is almost offering reasons for refusing to write history. This can be easily understood; recent research and the accumulation of material have made it increasingly difficult for the expert to satisfy the rigid canons that he sets himself, with the result

that he contents himself with marking time so far as definite conclusions are concerned. The same causes explain the tendency, sometimes noticed, to "write about" a subject. All of this is quite easy to understand—but is apt to be disappointing to the ordinary reader interested in historical events.

That no unified picture of the "outgoing Middle Ages" emerges is probably not mainly due to this composite method or to the authors. Neither the method nor the authors can be blamed for not finding a pattern where perhaps no pattern actually exists, or if such a pattern does exist, where our knowledge has not yet reached the stage of discovering it. Of course a historian may discover and put a pattern before us. But is it at the sacrifice of truth? Has he unduly succumbed to his enthusiasm for unity? Does he unduly impose on facts a neatness and tidiness which are really foreign to them? True, one of the Editors, Dr. Previté Orton, in the Epilogue strives to gather some of the many strings together and to assess the significance of the period. In doing this he has written one of the most interesting and provocative sections of the work. Though he is well aware of the arbitrary character of any attempt to fix a date for the "Close of the Middle Ages," one cannot but feel that for him the stirring events of the fifteenth century have a value mainly for what they are fated to introduce. Some more sympathetic grasp of, I do not say agreement with, the task but also the standpoint of the Church might be expected from a historian of Europe—and more especially of the Middle Ages.

It was an age that saw the growth and strengthening of centralised power. The failure of the older and looser forms of government—from which the element of consent was not lacking—to cope with the growing needs of the time, security and the opportunity for the accumulation of wealth and material comfort, led people to place their trust in the ruler. This is seen in the France recovering from the Hundred Years' War, but also in Flanders, to some extent forgetting the communal liberties of its cities and accepting the rule of the House of Burgundy. The chapters dealing with these lands are excellent, and the editors were lucky in getting from the pen of the great historian of Belgium, the late M. Pirenne, the summary of his life-long study of the history of the Low Countries in the Middle Ages. M. M. Calmette and Petit-Dutaillis are responsible for the treatment of the recovery of France after the Hundred Years' War under Charles VII and Louis XI—a treatment which displays the qualities of ripe scholarship and sound judgment. Mr. Laffan is successful in dealing with that extraordinary confusion which went under the name of the Empire. The Italian chapters also merit mention. In both cases the countless details, in which one could so easily get lost, are well mastered. Finally, I

would like to direct attention to the two chapters dealing with Hus and the Hussite movement which were entrusted to Professor Kamil Krofta. Though he is a strong sympathiser with Hus and though at times this leads to some questionable judgments, yet we have a careful and well balanced narrative free from exaggeration.

This fifteenth century was one of the great centuries of the Renaissance, yet no satisfactory account of that movement or its significance is given. In fact what we have served up to us in this connection compels us to put ourselves the question whether the Renaissance movement really consisted, in the main, in the activities of antiquarians, grammarians and collectors. We fear that here the expert has allowed the purely scholarly point of view to obscure the main features of the movement. We doubt if anyone from reading this—or the previous—volume could form any idea of what the Renaissance for good and ill meant for European civilisation.

Of the portions of the volume dealing with "cultural" matters we welcome the chapter on magic, witchcraft, astrology and alchemy by Professor Thorndike and that on education in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries by Professor Potter. The ecclesiastical side of the work is probably the least satisfactory, though there is much that is useful in the opening chapter in the volume, on the Councils of Constance and Basle, notwithstanding that it displays a certain "hardness" and lack of sympathetic understanding. J. M. O'S.

ENGLISH MONKS AND THE SUPPRESSION OF THE MONASTERIES. By Geoffrey Baskerville. London: Jonathan Cape. 1936. 15s.

MR. BASKERVILLE claims that "this book cannot be expected to please everybody, and it makes no attempt to conciliate those who prefer sentiment to truth, or who allow their historical reading to be distorted by present-day controversies." This preface is dated July 1936; and it is followed immediately by a longer introduction, in which Mr. Baskerville shows us how to do it. Discussing the fundamental problem of the trustworthiness of Henry VIII's commissioners in their reports—evidence which forms the substance of Mr. Baskerville's book—he writes: "The object of the government was nationalization, and if poison gas could most easily secure it why not use it? . . . . A left wing government, with a capital levy in view, might appoint a commission to inquire, not only into the financial assets, but also into the morals, of the merchant princes and princesses of this country. . . . In like manner, a fascist government might make inquiries of the habits and customs of the potentates of trade unions, etc." Has Mr. Baskerville been wholly successful in forgetting the politics of 1936? The surprising fact is that the author, who has been for

many years a history tutor in Keble College, cannot conceal his satisfaction as he recounts the ignominious end of so many great English monasteries. Catholic readers, who have noted with increasing bewilderment during the past winter how quick certain members of the Anglican clergy have been to excuse the savage fury of the mobs in Barcelona, Madrid and Valencia, and how eager they have been to denounce every act of violence by Franco's army, will wonder whether Mr. Baskerville is not perhaps something more than a gentle, well-meaning intruder into the angry controversies of the sixteenth century. In his preface he claims to have striven "to hit the golden mean most exactly in the middle." Let the book speak for itself.

In his opening chapter Mr. Baskerville seeks to assess the value of monastic life for the ordinary Christian; and he quotes very aptly St. Paul's precept that Christians should be "instant in prayer, distributing alms to the necessity of the saints, given to hospitality." Prayers, alms-giving, hospitality: these were expected of all monastic communities, and it is the duty of every competent historian to assess their value, when given, and the extent of the loss to a Christian community when the communities were dissolved. Mr. Baskerville quotes evidence from Cromwell's own agents to show that men and women all over England were conscious of the loss they suffered in the loss of all these prayers; but in his final summing-up he dismisses the whole problem as "what the Germans call a meta-historical question." No doubt it is impossible to reckon prayer in human values; but the main question remains. Was the community richer or poorer for this deliberate rejection of the Christian tradition of communities devoted to prayer? Mr. Baskerville's judgment may best be illustrated by his account of the London Charterhouse, which attracted so strong a soul as Thomas More and which gave the Church martyrs whose memory is cherished to this day. "They were so full of scruples that they would not answer the royal commissioners' inquiries about the assessment of their property, and they were much addicted to revelations, some of which seem to have been almost as puerile as those of the Nun of Kent herself." "People who were suffering from what Carlyle calls spiritual belly-aches" is another of his phrases.

On the more tangible questions of observance of rule, laxity in the celibate life, failure in alms-giving, neglect of study, dissipation and self-indulgence, Mr. Baskerville has much to say. These were the topics on which Cromwell's agents were eager to hear scandalous details, and this book is filled from cover to cover with extracts from what they wrote to their masters. That many of these scandals were only too true, may be freely admitted. In England, and in every European country of the later Middle Ages, reform was urgently,

desperately needed; but reform was not impossible to those who believed in the power of God's grace. And reform was attained in other countries. The main charge against Henry VIII is that, for the sake of money, jewels, and fair fields, he broke the tradition of monastic life in England, for good or ill. Mr. Baskerville treats his policy as obviously sensible. He forgets that the English crown, like every other European monarchy, was charged with a responsibility that was as much spiritual as temporal. And he never really faces the issue which must determine our final judgment. How far were Henry's agents deliberately using falsehood and calumny as weapons in the execution of a policy which was known to be the King's policy, and which was so plainly in their own interest? The few pages in which Mr. Baskerville seeks to defend, or excuse, the character of the royal commissioners, are perhaps the most maddeningly flippant and misleading in this whole volume.

It would be tedious to argue the evidence, case by case, and show how quick this Keble historian is to accept a charge of laxity or immorality on very doubtful evidence, and how easily the generalised judgment slips from his pen. One point may be noted. With that misleading habit of using modern terminology in his account of sixteenth-century life, Mr. Baskerville classes his witnesses as "conservatives" and "left-wing reformers." If a "conservative" makes a charge against the monks or friars, the charge is presumed to be true—even when the "conservative" is, for example, so pliant a courtier as Bishop Stephen Gardiner. And Mr. Baskerville seems never to have heard of the century-old rivalry between friars and secular clergy in the Middle Ages, when he is content to sum up the case against the Dominican order by quoting the words of a Bishop of Rochester: "I want to get the London Dominicans to change their habits . . . and abolish utterly the physiognomy of anti-Christ."

The most noteworthy section of this book is the account of what actually happened to the dispossessed monks and nuns after the suppression. Mr. Baskerville, eager to prove Cardinal Gasquet a "sentimentalist" and to write his narrative off as so much "sob-stuff," has gone to immense trouble to collect the available evidence, and has undoubtedly shown that the lot of many of these monks and canons regular was exceedingly comfortable in the new livings that so often came their way, either through family influence or through the judicious offer of a bribe to the royal commissioners. It is a pitiful tale, and those who hold by the standards of religious life may learn here how easily men slip from high ideals to looser standards of comfort and worldly ease. But who was most to blame: these men and women who took the easy path when the highest power of the land was against

them, or the King's government that showed them the way? And how many there were whose striving to abide by the promises they had made has been hidden from us for ever by the slanders so assidously collected by the king's commissioners? Once more to quote from Mr. Baskerville's preface: "The object of the government was nationalization, and if poison gas could most easily secure it why not use it?" A. G.

THE FOUNDATION OF AUSTRALIA: 1786-1800. By Eris M. O'Brien, M.A., Ph.D. London: Sheed and Ward. 1937. Pp. 435. 12s. 6d. net.

DR. O'BRIEN, already a practised writer on broad areas of Australian history, has in this latest of his many volumes struck deeper levels than any other worker on an essentially modern subject. As is entirely consonant with the academic practice of the great school of historical studies to which he belongs, this exposition, covering just fifteen years at the most critical period of European history, is firmly based on sociological facts and principles. That basis is firm, because it is specific: its substructure is English penal practice; its upper layers are compact of penal colonisation.

The penal practice is not merely that of England and Scotland in the epoch of Thurlow and Braxfield. It extends, and that very fully, into that English administration within Ireland, for which Fitzgibbon, Scott, and Toler were representative figures. For the more thorough academic study of the history of Ireland, and of the Irish people, many of its pages will be of very marked value. Working, as he invariably does, from sources available in England and in Australia, and using Irish documents as well, Dr. O'Brien gets well into the heart of his matter when he explores the alleged administration of English justice within Ireland. Hence it is that we have here, in ample measure and from an expert investigator, the scientific sociological setting for that Ireland which extends from Dwyer and Harold on to the final outcrop of great literature which we owe to the pens of John Mitchel and John Boyle O'Reilly, more than half a century later.

Perhaps such a description of its human background would not be definitely in the mind of so impartial and tireless an explorer of new territory as Dr. O'Brien here shows himself to be, or in the thoughts of his Australian forerunners and readers. Yet they, too, will have ample reasons for satisfaction with this plenary and definitive presentation of a distinctive, an almost unique historical record, whose every chapter testifies to judicial scholarship and to clear comprehension, human alike and scientific, of how a great people struggled forward to its fullness of national being.

T. C.

IRISH SAINTS IN ITALY. By Fra Anselmo M. Tommasini, O.F.M. With an Introduction by the Rev. Father Gregory Cleary, D.D., O.F.M. Translated, with some additional notes, by J. F. Scanlan. London : Sands. 1937. Pp. 532. 15s. net.

THIS is a translation into English of the Italian work *I Santi Irlandesi in Italia*, which was published at Milan in 1923. Its author is a gifted friar, Fra Anselmo Tommasini. In a charming preface to the present volume Father Gregory Cleary compares him very fittingly with our own renowned countryman, Michael O'Clery ; for the Italian, like Brother Michael three centuries since, is a simple lay-brother in the great Franciscan Order. Father Cleary relates that, before Fra Anselmo donned the religious habit, his professional duties carried him from end to end of Italy ; and that, struck during these journeys by the frequent occurrence of the names of Irish saints, he determined to investigate the subject fully, should opportunity offer. We in Ireland have reason to rejoice that his wish, at last, was gratified.

The work is divided into three sections. Part I treats of the conversion of Ireland to Christianity ; the labours of Irish missionaries, ascetics and scholars abroad ; the general influence of our people on mediaeval Europe ; their sufferings at the hands of Norse, Anglo-Normans and English down to the close of the Penal Days. This is obviously meant for the Italian reading public and is an excellent summary of the material made available by authors of repute. Feeling, no doubt, that its substance would already be familiar to readers of English the translator, Mr. Scanlan, has added valuable notes of his own ; nor has he hesitated on occasion to give more copious renderings than are justified by the original text. The result is all to the good.

Part II, the body of the book, over two hundred pages in length, deals with the cult of the Irish Saints in Italy. Seventeen, in all, are mentioned ; but these include St. Patrick, St. Brigid and St. Gall, whose cult admittedly did not derive from their bodily presence in the southern country. Of the remaining fourteen only three—St. Columban, St. Cummian of Bobbio and St. Donatus of Fiesole—are well-known as Irishmen. A fourth, Blessed Thaddeus Machar of Ivrea, belongs to the fifteenth century. The ten, therefore, of particular interest to us are St. Ursus of Aosta, St. Gunifort of Pavia, St. Fulco of Piacenza, St. Aemilian of Faenza, St. Pellegrino delle Alpi, Saints Fridian and Silus of Lucca, St. Andrew of Fiesole, St. Brigit of Opaco and St. Cataldo of Taranto. In the legends of all ten an Irish origin is asserted. But are the legends reliable ? Certainly not, as Fra Anselmo himself frequently confesses. What, then, is acceptable, what to be rejected ? It must be said with regret that Fra Anselmo does not tell us, for he refrains from instituting a critical study of the sources. In other words the fundamental question of origin remains unsettled.

What is, however, clear from the book is the conviction of Italians in the later Middle Ages that Ireland was pre-eminently the Island of Saints. Strangers who won a reputation for holiness were held, almost *ipso facto*, to have been born and reared on Irish soil. Deep as was the impression left by St. Columban (and the imposing list of works, including one by Pope Pius XI, written about him or Bobbio, shows how deep it was), it could scarcely be sufficient to account for this belief. Hence there is a presumption in favour of the view that the obscure saints, of whom little is known outside of legend, were in reality Irishmen.

Part III of Fra Anselmo's work is an interesting essay on points of comparison and contrast between the early Irish monastic and the Franciscan spirit. He complains that certain distinguished Irish writers have tended to stress the similarities unduly. As the representative of the Irish monastic system he takes St. Columban ; would that he had taken St. Colmcille instead, for the combination of strength and gentleness, zeal for learning and missionary fervour, in the great Uí Néill saint makes Iona a more typical Irish settlement than Bobbio or Luxeuil. Comparing the Columban with the Benedictine and Franciscan Rules he says judiciously : " The text of a rule acquires illumination and value only from the spirit of those who seek to apply it." In the matter of Rules the tradition of monasticism was eclectic and remained so, quite ostentatiously, in the seventh century. Thus (not to multiply examples) St. Benedict Biscop, founder of the celebrated monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow, reminds the brethren that the Rule under which they lived, though compiled by himself, was really not his own, since it was derived from the practices of the SEVENTEEN best monasteries visited by him on his travels (*Venerabilis Baedae Opera Historica*. Ed. Plummer, I, p. 374-5). Fra Anselmo sees the chief reason for the decline of the Columban Rule (and, he might have added, of many others) in the favour shown to the Benedictine Rule by the Holy See. Very important, too, was the esteem in which it was held by Charles the Great.

What, then, have the old Irish monks and the Franciscan friars in common ? They represent, answers Fra Anselmo, " the only two religious movements in history which, drawing inspiration from the example of Our Lord and His earliest disciples, contemporaneously assumed the three forms, the monastic, the solitary or eremitic and the apostolic, both for individuals and communities." Ardent love of poverty is another point of contact between the two movements. The Irish also had the Franciscan " gaiety," and felt the same need to express it in poetry and music as St. Francis. Both were " Knights of the Eucharistic Christ and of the Mystic Christ which is the Church."

Points of contrast, according to Fra Anselmo, are that Irish monasticism was national, the Franciscan spirit international; that Irish monasticism was poorly organized, whereas the Franciscan Order was powerfully directed by a strong, central government. In a short review it is unhappily impossible to subject these views to the critical examination which they merit.

A special word of praise is due to Messrs. Sands and Company for the delightfully tasteful and competent manner in which they have performed their task as publishers. J. R.

Studies in Literature and Aesthetics

DIE ITALIENISCHE PLATONRENAISSANCE und ihre Bedeutung für Frankreichs Literatur- und Geistesgeschichte (1450-1550). Von Dr. Walter Mönch. (Romanische Studien, Heft 40). Berlin: Ebering. 1936. 16 M.

NEOPLATONISM OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE. By Nesca A. Robb. London: Allen and Unwin. 1935. 12s. 6d. net.

NOTHING is more striking in the history of European thought and literature than the continued vitality of Platonism, especially as reformulated by the so-called neo-Platonists of the third, fourth and fifth centuries A.D. On the one hand, with St. Augustine and the Greek fathers, it became a part of the main Christian tradition. On the other it entered, by a series of curious revivals, into the continuous movement of literary creation in every important centre of western culture, becoming a formative element both in the Renaissance of the early fifteenth and the Romantic revival of the late eighteenth centuries. In its literary phase, it always tended, when strongest, towards unorthodoxy and a kind of recurrent pantheism, from the long triumph of which in the nineteenth century European poetry may be scarcely said to have yet recovered. Very often this tendency was due simply to either a wrong emphasis on certain parts of Plato's teaching or to a more or less complete misunderstanding of him. Perhaps the first example of such a Platonic renaissance was the Byzantine movement in the tenth and eleventh centuries which reached its height in the work of Michael Psellus. For western Europe the fourteenth-century revival, represented by Gemistos Plethon, was very much more important.

Both the books before us deal with this second Platonic renaissance and its enormous repercussions, first in Italy and later in France. Dr. Mönch's work is much the more solid and interesting of the two. He follows a thorough critical and exegetical method, and proceeds from clearly-stated first principles to a well-defined end. Beginning with the coming of Plethon to the Council of Ferrara in 1438, he gives a lucid account of that strange figure's curious pseudo-Platonic theosophy, and then passes on to the much more important work of his pupil

Cardinal Bessarion, whose treatise *In Calumniatorem Platonis*, a defence of Plato against the vulgar attacks of his compatriot George of Trebizond, marked a turning-point both for western philosophy and literature. Bessarion was a really great scholar and a very clear-sighted, though hardly original, thinker, and his treatise, admirably analysed by Dr. Mönch, was at the origin not merely of Italian but also of German Renaissance mysticism.

Dr. Mönch next gives a similarly thorough and lucid account of Ficino's celebrated commentary on the *Symposium*, through the medium of which, along with his other works of like nature, a whole flood of Platonic theories penetrated into Italy. Ficino was a great admirer of Bessarion, and both exercised a great influence on Pico della Mirandola—"der Abschluss der italienischen Platongeneration," as Dr. Mönch calls him. In the second part of his study, Dr. Mönch surveys the development of Platonism in France, from Bessarion's friend Guillaume Fichet to the physician Symphorien Champier, to whom is devoted the longest chapter in the book, and ultimately to the generation of the early sixteenth century, where Marguerite of Angoulême, Queen of Navarre, sister of François I, and authoress of the *Heptameron*, was the recognised leader of a kind of neo-Platonic school. Finally, he shows how this Italianate Platonism passed on to the poets of the Pleiade in the next generation. It was always tinged with unorthodoxy, and scholars have recently shown that Marguerite was partly influenced by Luther. This was undoubtedly the cause of its disappearance in the next century, whose classicism, perhaps for that reason, is less sympathetic to German and English students. Dr. Mönch's survey is entirely admirable for its completeness and clarity.

Miss Robb's work is slighter in scope, and is rendered irritating to the reader by too frequent misprints in her numerous Latin quotations. She has not the same definiteness as Dr. Mönch in her grip on philosophical problems, and for that reason sometimes goes off into vagueness. Nevertheless her treatise, with its many excerpts from the Italian poets of the Renaissance, will be found very interesting, especially by the general reader. In some parts it overlaps Dr. Mönch's work, and there the slightness and comparative inadequacy of her treatment is apparent. She begins with Petrarch, who really lies outside the Platonic movement; then discusses Ficino and the Florentine Academy, the Medici circle, and the very interesting "trattato d'amore" through which Ficino's ideas on the Platonic Eros filtered down into popular literature. Her concluding chapters, on neo-Platonism in the arts and on the poetry of Michelangelo, suffer a little again from the want of depth in her method. As she points out herself, the other arts were looked upon by the Renaissance Platonists as unimportant in comparison with poetry, the value of which they exaggerated by a mis-

understanding of Plato's *Ion*; while Michelangelo is rather important as showing how far neo-Platonist ideas had penetrated than as an original thinker. Both these works, in their different ways, will be found to open up new vistas for the student of Plato and his influence.

M. T.

AESTHETICS AND PSYCHOLOGY. By Charles Mauron. Translated from the French by Roger Fry and Katherine John. London: Hogarth Press. 1935. 4s. 6d.

ART AND MORALITY. By O. de Selincourt. London: Methuen. 1935. 10s. 6d.

Each of these two very different books makes a definite contribution to the study of aesthetics and in some points are mutually confirmatory. M. Mauron contends that aesthetic investigation concerns not only the objects of art but the reactions to them of the audience. Art in fact is a subject for the psychologist. He, therefore, sets out to provide from his own conscious reactions to art, certain data on which professional investigators may base their conclusions. In a limpid style, which loses nothing in the translation, he distinguishes art as contemplation of the present from scientific thought, which is ordered to future action. The pleasure of such contemplation, he finds, depends on three elements: an increased sensitiveness by which the spectator becomes aware of characteristics in objects too subtle for ordinary observation but vastly enriching the pageant of the world; secondly, the manifold suggestions and things connoted by analogy with the object of contemplation; thirdly, the reorganisation of imaginative forms, that in reality subserve a dynamic order, into a static order with a new purpose.

M. Mauron brings much delicate and new observation to bear on the details of his conclusion; but one or two incidental surmises will probably provoke astonishment. Thus he tries to prove that pleasure is not necessarily the satisfaction of an appetite. What private meaning he attaches to the words "pleasure" and "appetite" is not clear. He also omits from his list of observed data the Aristotelean *κάθαρσις*, an indubitable fact of aesthetic experience, but a fact that cannot easily be explained consistently with the materialism that M. Mauron confidently professes.

Mr. de Selincourt's book deserves much wider recognition than it seems to have received in the press hitherto. It is apparently a pioneer work, the first monograph yet written in English on a question of great importance. Perhaps its austerity of style and complexity of argument have baffled the intellectual tenacity of most reviewers: for indeed its method of procedure is neither metaphysical nor introspective. The author has preferred to base his conclusions on the

commonly accepted principles of art and morality, which he interprets by eliminating, after due consideration, all unreasonable interpretations one by one and determining the truth by survival of the fittest. An argument that concludes by the rejection of irrelevancies must consider much that is irrelevant on the way and so must meander. The book is hard to read, but worth the reading for all who seriously study its problem ; for the method, such as it is, is applied with great ability.

Only a long article could suffice to summarise the contents of the book and only a long commentary to discuss them. Perhaps, however, the following brief summary will do no injustice to its main conclusions. Morality has reference to action, but a work of art is ordered to contemplation. Hence it is not in itself subject to moral judgment. But it excites incidental reactions that are related to morality. It communicates emotion in order to liberate the receiver from emotion (the *κάθαρσις* of Aristotle). It also gives a certain outlook, determined by the artist's personality, on the world—representing it universally as elevated above changes of space and time and revealing latent aspects of truth. These effects are morally valuable. Nevertheless the purpose of art is not morality, but rather part of the purpose of morality is art. For "morality is no more than the business of choosing which activity is to be pursued in practice and of pursuing that on which the choice has fallen" ; it is "directed to the achievement of all our activities." Art therefore can only be morally reprehensible when, in pursuing artistic value, the artist sacrifices some greater value with which the artistic value is incompatible. It cannot be morally reprehensible in itself, but only in comparison with a greater good that it excludes.

The method of argument does not allow any peremptory proof of these conclusions, which remain somewhat tentative. One difficulty to which we have in vain sought an answer in the book is intrinsic to the argument. Contemplation is not only an action, but is itself ordered to further action. It should therefore be subject to moral judgment. The author is in agreement with these statements. How then is contemplation, and therefore art, not subordinated to morality ? This difficulty does not seem insuperable, but there is a graver one.

The view of morality adopted, on which the whole argument turns, is the Benthamite doctrine identifying moral good with whatever is useful. This does not square with the testimony of conscience. The ordinary man finds dinner a very useful thing, but he will not make a virtue out of eating it. The Scholastic doctrine, that moral good is that action by which man's supreme appetite is directly satisfied (namely, the will directed by the reason) and not any good by which some subordinate appetite only is directly satisfied, is sounder metaphysically and more in accordance with facts. Nevertheless, even if not a definitive work, the book should, we repeat, be read by all serious students of its problem.

A. L.

REALIZATION. A Philosophy of Poetry. By Hugh McCarron, S.J. London: Sheed & Ward. 1937. 5s.

In the present anarchy that seems to be invading art, a scion of a wider anarchy, any serious study of the nature and purpose of art is welcome. Father McCarron's view is thus summed up by himself: "Poetry is primarily imaginative, an affair of sight and insight. By imagination we mean, in this connection, grasp by the human mind of real things, not in abstraction, but as they exist, somewhat in the round, as it were. These real things are distinct and separate, but interacting as in a story or fragment of a story. Such action upon one another is the evidence of their interrelationships. This interrelationship is the object of poetry."

Fr. McCarron explains the emotion that he rightly associates with poetry as a reaction to the fortunes of external things, dependent on our recognition of kinship with them. The theory has a certain attractiveness, though it does not seem to be new in essence. Thus to realise an object with pleasure is to apprehend its beauty, for beauty is simply the good of the intellect. The intellect finds its good in the perception of order, and thus to regard an object as placed in an order with others is merely to regard a more extensive beauty. It seems therefore not unfair to state Fr. McCarron's idea of poetic activity as the contemplation of the beauty of the external world.

Fr. McCarron neither claims nor disclaims originality. Nor is it against his theory that it is not new. On the other hand it is much in its favour that it is a simple and obvious and sane explanation of many facts of poetical experience. It must indeed contain much truth. But if it contained the whole truth, it would surely have won universal acceptance long ago. It is noteworthy that its explanation of poetry explains nothing, for example, about music, and surely the two arts have a common genus. It may also be objected that the delighted wonder at the pageant of the world, which is for Fr. McCarron the specific effect of poetry, is not recognisably different from the effect of pure scientific investigation, that is of scientific investigation with no purpose or utility beyond pure knowledge. None of these objections will probably be found insuperable, though the answer to the last given in the book (that poetry is distinguished by "appreciative enthusiasm") will not seem to many convincing, and the others are not answered at all. But perhaps the greatest difficulty is the power of evil to become a poetic subject—evil on which so many literary and philosophical theories have foundered. Milton's line—"The study of revenge, immortal hate"—is patently great poetry, though when taken thus out of its context it is incomplete sense, abstract and ugly in its idea and in all the logical connotations of its idea (three qualities which Fr. McCarron seems to deny as compatible with poetry). The delight

it gives cannot derive from what it states but from something made known by the expression of what it states in language of a certain music and rhythm. What is that further "something" made known by the sound, the imaginative overtones, of the line to the reader? An important question to which Fr. McCarron gives no convincing answer. Nor, in our opinion, can any version of the direct contemplation theory do so, for this theory does not embody the whole of the truth.

But we can give unreserved praise to the really brilliant way in which the earlier and later chapters of the book handle educational topics. Whether he speaks as an educational philosopher or as a strictly practical pedagogue, Fr. McCarron shows a mature mastery of his subject. Anyone who wishes to acquire the technique of teaching literature or to hear the case for classical education or kindred matters will hardly find a book where they are treated more deeply, more soundly, more briefly. A. L.

Miscellaneous

DIE GEISTESSTROEMUNGEN DER GEGENWART. Dargestellt und beurteilt von D. Dr. Johannes Hessen. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herder. 1937. 2.20 M.

DR. HESSEN's book is a survey of the intellectual and spiritual currents in twentieth century Germany. Dr. Hessen, who is Professor of Philosophy in the University of Cologne, has been writing on philosophical and religious subjects for over twenty years. His previous works point to him as a follower of Saint Augustine and, judging by the titles of his religious books, I should say that he was an admirer of Bishop P. W. von Keppler (of Rottenburg), from whose writings he quotes in the volume before me. Dr. Hessen is an optimist; he not only refuses to attach any importance to the pseudo-apocalyptic visions of a Spengler, but he definitely states that there have been from the beginning of this century in Germany—in the sciences, in philosophy, in art—signs of a definite return to God and religion. His treatise unfolds itself under four main heads. Firstly, the developments in Natural Science in the last thirty years. Secondly, the overthrow of naturalism in art and literature, where impressionism or the representation of the surface facets has been replaced by expressionism or the evocation of the soul of the object. Thirdly, the new spirit in philosophy: Nietzsche's denial of absolute values and his postulation of the so-called vital values and Klages's exaltation of instinct and intuition and his denial of mind have been countered by the Catholic philosopher Scheler as well as by Hartmann and others. Fourthly, religious currents in Germany—including such anti-Christian movements as the "German Faith" under Hauer and Bergmann and the Christian reactions among the Protestants and the Catholics.

I should like to stress the objectivity of this little book ; its clearness as a brief general survey ; the easy simplicity of its style and the absence of polemics. The author's title effectually limits his field and keeps him clear of a domain that would be likely to be dubbed political. National Socialism is only mentioned twice : once in connection with the theory of blood and race, the new biology which the author shows to have been already condemned in 1928 by a "leading German philosopher," Schwarz, who is now working towards a formulation of National Socialist "philosophy." It is mentioned a second time in connection with the "German Faith" movement, when he notes with natural satisfaction that Karl Kindt, on behalf of the National Socialist ideal, dealt sharply with Bergmann, whom he labelled a danger for Germany and whom he pilloried in the names of the Third Empire, of German History and of German Truth. It is Bergmann who wants a German theology free from Christian elements and who would restrict women to their function as mothers– "whether within or without the marriage bond is a matter of indifference."

The last chapter on religious currents, with its admirably concise account of movements within and without the Churches, is interesting, particularly in its pointing to efforts at an United Christian Front against organised godlessness. In this connection the author mentions Soviet Russia—but not Germany ! He promises us a detailed study of the currents of philosophic thought which were too briefly and incompletely dealt with in this volume. The spread of intellectual and spiritual ideas is often slow, and their influence takes a considerable time to permeate the masses. To the observer who is at a distance from Germany, it would seem as if Nietzsche's postulation of antichristian values and Klages's denial of mind are more nearly reproduced in some features of the Germany of to-day than the ideas of a Scheler or a Hartmann. I should like to see Dr. Hessen enlarge his chapter on the Change of Spirit in Art and Poetry so as to bring his observations down later than Rilke or George and to extend them farther than Morgenstern. Germany is moving quickly, and Germany's poets and thinkers are being turned in on themselves—which has its advantages.

MARY M. MACKEN

LES RACES HUMAINES. Par P. Lester and J. Millot. Paris : Armand Colin. 1936. 13 fr.

LE DESTIN DES RACES BLANCHES. Par Henri Decugis. Paris : Librairie de France. 1936. 42 fr.

AT a time when so many atrocities are perpetrated and so much persecution justified on the ground of the alleged superiority of one race over another, it is most important that every student of politics should correctly understand precisely what the term "race" means.

Mankind is divided into groups marked by different languages, different cultures, different political units, and different races; but it is only in the most exceptional cases that these various divisions coincide. Race is a purely biological distinction, and endless confusion is caused by using the term as synonymous with those psychological unities which are the driving force of national policies. M. Lester and Professor Millot have earned the gratitude of all who wish to think correctly on these vital problems by the publication of their very clear, detached and learned study of the races of mankind. The subject is treated from the standpoints of anatomy and physiology, and the general conclusion is reached that it is almost impossible to find a pure race in the modern world. In the remote past racial groupings were clearly defined; but, as the result of thousands of years of migration and intermarriage, the races have become mixed, and, even within such generally accepted pure groups as the Jews, there is very little racial homogeneity to-day. This important thesis is most attractively and convincingly presented, and it is impossible to overpraise this small but comprehensive work.

M. Decugis is less interested in biological than in economic problems, and he may therefore be pardoned for using "the white races" to mean the people of Europe—who, he asserts, are losing the position of predominance in the world which they enjoyed in the nineteenth century. This loss of hegemony is attributable to the industrialization of the newer countries and the consequent decline in the complementary trade between the new and the old world which rendered Europe so prosperous in the past. The European countries, deprived of their overseas markets, have been thrown on their own resources, and each nation is trying to develop the greatest possible degree of self-sufficiency. This policy of autarky involves the regimentation of the people, and internal liberty is being lost as a result of the decay of external freedom of trade. Everywhere in Europe self-sufficiency breeds poverty, which in its turn breeds tyranny, which finally breeds war.

In his extremely well-documented survey of the world to-day M. Decugis finds no ray of comfort for the European nations. Everywhere in Europe birth rates are falling and declines in population are imminent. The failure of mere man-power itself constitutes a military weakness. If the quality of the population is examined, the position becomes even more discouraging. Differential birth rates are tending to favour the survival of many socially undesirable strains, while degeneracy—physical, mental and moral—is on the increase. This weakened continent, instead of economizing its resources to the utmost by means of co-operation and the division of labour, is dissipating its waning strength in preparing for internecine war.

It is impossible to deny the truth of this very gloomy picture, but

is difficult to see how things can be improved unless by a change of heart which is quite beyond the bounds of the most buoyant optimism. M. Decugis is to be congratulated upon the courage and ability with which he has played the unpopular role of Cassandra. While eloquent in defence of his views, he is never guilty of exaggeration, and his book is a storehouse of valuable facts and statistics not readily available elsewhere. G. O'B.

HEROISCH. Von Erich Przywara, S.J. Paderborn : Schoningh. 1936. 3.60 M.

FATHER PRZYWARA, in his volume *Heroisch*, makes an attempt to analyse the content of the term "heroic." Heroism is the ideal that is very properly set before German youth to-day. But it is an ideal that they are made to believe inconsistent not only with international pacifism, whether of bourgeois or of communist stamp, but also with the Christian spirit as inculcated in the Sermon on the Mount or preached from the Christian pulpits. Fr. Przywara's method is to reveal, in a series of frescoes, embodiments of the heroic spirit, whether Christian or Pagan, and to show that there is not only no inconsistency but that the Pagan is, when closely examined and rightly interpreted, a prefiguring of the Christian. His persons are not limited to the world of action : writers and thinkers, men and women, body forth the heroic in the characters that they delineate or the ideals which they advocate. There is a heroism of despair—exemplified in periods of decadence by "prophets" like Nietzsche. There is a heroism of accomplishment, when the day of the prophets is past and the time for action has come. There is a heroism of service and surrender—which, if less obvious than the militant virtue, is none-the-less heroic. On both planes there is the categorical : either—or ; there is no room for half measures—no compromise.

The characters whom Father Przywara selects to illustrate his thesis are illuminating : Donoso Cortés, the Spanish nineteenth century soldier and would-be priest ; Nietzsche, the foe of Christianity in his despair—but, considered from another angle, a "heroic" protest against the impossibleness of a so-called Christian age ; poets like Rainer Maria Rilke, Stefan George, Derleth and Dietrich Eckart—all followers of Nietzsche in their protests against the reigning "civilisation" : women writers like Sigrid Undset and Gertrud von Le Fort. From the latter especially Father Przywara quotes at considerable length. Her types are profoundly Christian and Catholic, and they fulfil all the demands of the heroic. There is also the heroism of surrender and devotion going out from the artist herself in her Hymns to the Church and her Hymns to Germany. The very forms she uses are the worthy garment of the heroic. Father Przywara then sketches

in the great figures of antiquity: Plato, Aristotle, Heraclitus, and beside them the great Apostles and Fathers of the Church—St. Paul, St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Ignatius, St. Teresa, St. John of the Cross, the hero culminating in the Saint. It is a pity that the author's style makes the reading so difficult. There is a breathlessness, a rush, an element of the apostrophic that interferes with the value of the content, which is full and philosophic and "actual" in the French sense of that word.

Germany and German literature are interesting at the moment. The air is alive; there is growth and there is struggle. The Churches are threatened on several fields. But there is eagerness and watchfulness to guard the treasures of the past and the eternal values. Polemics are necessary; but there is a more fruitful field outside that domain—the field of constructive thought and of artistic expression of a great content. That content Catholics have in full measure, and if artists like Gertrud von Le Fort and thinkers like Hessen and Przywara are spared them, their sowings will be fruitful and their harvests gathered in due time.

MARY M. MACKEN

THE MYSTIC LIFE OF GRACES. Authorised Translation from the third German Edition published by the Jaegen Society. By Hieronymus Jaegen. Translated by Rev. W. J. Anderson. London: Burns Oates & Washbourne. 1936. 7s. 6d. net.

THIS is a very extraordinary book, a brief *Directorium Mysticum* by a German layman whose whole life was spent in active public work—as a soldier, engineer, banker and Landtag Deputy—and it is based on his own spiritual experience! A Jaegen Society has been formed to promote the cause of beatification of the author, who died in 1919. He was clearly a very great servant of God; and if his mystical life has been justly recorded by him without trace of illusion, he must be unique in the annals of sanctity. For he was not alone a perfect active, but an extraordinary contemplative to boot. I cannot recall any case in which Martha and Mary worked together so energetically—and that too in the world and not in a cloister. Banker and contemplative, politician and mystic—could you have greater incompatibilities, sin of course excluded?

I take it that Hieronymus Jaegen was such a unique type of Christian that we cannot ground any general system of direction on his special experience. Hence I must disagree with the translator, Father Anderson, as to the general utility of this book as a spiritual directory. I fear it will nourish illusion rather than promote piety. *Caute legenda, cautius tradenda!*

JOHN HOWLEY

DICTIONARY OF WRITERS OF THIRTEENTH CENTURY ENGLAND. By Josiah Cox Russell, Ph.D. (Special Supplement of the Bulletin of Historical Research). London : Longmans. 1936. 7s. 6d.

JUST a few words of grateful acknowledgment for a piece of work that must have cost endless time and trouble, and will be a boon to those who are trying to sort out the materials for English medieval history. Dr. Russell has brought together the names of some 350 English writers of the thirteenth century—in itself a revelation of the intense intellectual activity of the time. But he has done far more than this. He has searched most patiently and methodically through a very large number of scientific periodicals, and has put together the endless new details of biography and bibliography that have been accumulated in the past two or three generations of scientific research. And the result is a very real addition to our knowledge of the period. Leland, Bale and Tanner were the pioneers in this field of work ; but even Tanner's *Biblioteca Britannico-Hibernica* is badly out of touch with modern needs. All thanks then to Dr. Russell and to the various learned institutions in America that have made his work financially possible. And may he soon add a similar Dictionary of the Writers of Fourteenth Century England ! A. G.

FAKIRS ET YOGIS DES INDES. By Edmond Demaitre. Paris : Hachette. 1936. 12 frs.

A SUB-TITLE printed on the wrapper shows the "red light" : *Le sadisme, les atrocités, les perversions du fanatisme.* M. Edmond Demaitre has written a book on popular Hinduism, a distinctly scabrous subject, as only a French writer can : he is explicit without being gross. A number of the facts he has to deal with are singularly foul ; but thanks to his own artistic skill and the native tact of that wonderful French language in which he writes, his book, though unsuited for general reading, will be of use to those who would wish to know something of the darker side of Hinduism—if only to correct the fashionable enthusiasm for the various breeds of Oriental occultism.

Several times have I had occasion to criticise in the pages of STUDIES some of the higher subtleties linked with Yoga practice, and I have tried to show the ultimate poison underlying Hindu thought, the Ninth Circle of the Hindu pantheon. M. Edmond Demaitre takes us through the other circles and enables us to see in what a real sense Satan is King of Benares.

But that is my inference from the facts he relates. The author's standpoint is that of a moderate Cartesian rationalist rather broad and open-minded. He is very candid and, while seeking a natural explanation for the marvellous, is yet ready to admit that there may

be things undreamed of in his philosophy. Personally I think he is rather too credulous as to the powers of hypnotism ; I am much more sceptical than he is as to collective hypnotisation and such like hypotheses. His summary of Yoga in Chapter IV. is a very remarkable bit of work. I wonder, however, if his identification of the *Atman* with the Western *Ding an Sich* is acceptable. The huge difficulty in dealing with Oriental philosophy is the equating of Oriental terms with those used by Western thinkers. " For East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet."

In conclusion, I think this small book is both interesting and valuable, but it is not for general reading. JOHN HOWLEY

HISTORIC CYPRUS. By Rupert Gunnis. London : Methuen. 1936. 8s. 6d. net.

THERE are few more romantic places in the whole world than the Greek island which lies between Egypt, Syria, and the south coast of Asia Minor, and which was acquired for the British Empire in 1878 by Lord Beaconsfield, after a period of much storm and stress. In ancient times it was a land of curious survivals ; it had its own syllabary, derived from the mysterious script of Crete but used for writing Greek, and its local kinglets were still building themselves Minoan palaces in the sixth century B.C. Its population must be one of the most mixed in the world : it was conquered by Thothmes III and attacked by Assyria, formed part of the Persian and Macedonian Empires, was occupied by Greeks, Phoenicians, and Egyptians, later on by Romans and Arabs, and in the middle ages conquered by Richard Coeur-de-Lion, who passed it on to the French house of Lusignan, and these in turn to Venice, from which the Turks conquered it in 1671. It is now a not very contented British Crown Colony.

The author of this book is Inspector of Antiquities on the island, and he has compiled a charming historical companion for those who are fortunate enough to visit it. Mr. Gunnis is wisely generous with quotations from former travellers and historians ; and although he warns the reader that it is " to be read in small doses and not in a single draught," there is hardly a page in his book that does not contain a picturesque legend or historical incident. Its usefulness is increased by a preliminary chapter on " Icons and the Greek Church " from the authoritative hand of Professor D. Talbot-Rice, by a note on the arrangement of an Orthodox church, and by an excellent series of plans and a large folding-map. There is a brief history of Cyprus to begin with, in which the only thing to cavil at is the statement that the ancient inhabitants spoke a language " tinged with the dialects of Greek." Like everything else in the island, its Greek dialect was a survival of Homeric or even pre-Homeric times, in which words like

"anax" were still in everyday use. This is followed by separate chapters on the principal towns, whose names—Nicosia, Famagusta, Limassol. Paphos—are poetry in themselves. Finally the villages, castles, and monasteries have a chapter devoted to them. The book is adorned by a series of excellent photographhs M. T.

LE PELERIN DE PARIS. By Albert Garreau. Paris : Grasset. 1936. Pp. 320. 15 fr.

This book has no great literary merit ; but it is crammed with carefully verified information covering the centuries from the first coming of St. Denis to Paris to the building of the Sacred Heart basilica on Montmartre—in itself a marvel as great as almost any the author has to relate. He describes for us not only the churches and shrines of Paris, both past and present, but supplements this with brief sketches of the Saints and saintly personages connected with them. M. Garreau allows no sentiment to tone down his strict adherence to often painful facts, and the pious pilgrim may rest assured that no false relics, however attractive their legend, will be palmed off on him. Thus he is firmly reminded that all the royal tombs that fill the ancient basilica of St. Denis are mere reconstructions ; and in a charming chapter on St. Geneviève, the beloved of Péguy, he is again reminded that this Saint's popular *chasse* at St. Etienne-du-Mont is really empty, her remains having been burnt and her ashes flung into the Seine during the Revolution.

Yet from the same source we learn afresh of the amazing vitality of the Church of France and the inexhaustible Christian charity shewn in the variety of her *oeuvres*. Take especially the seventeenth century, with St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul, St. Louise de Marillac, all labouring simultaneously in Paris for the evangelisation of both rich and poor ; or again the marvellous upgrowth of new religious congregations immediately after the period of the Terror, led by such women as St. Sophie Barat and Camille de Soyecourt. We are pleased to note, by the way, that the author holds the once much-belauded Viollet-le-Duc, with his sham Gothic reconstructions scattered over France, in proper detestation. V. M. C.

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